

My Brother's Keeper

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Fandoms:	Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP , DreamSMP
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Ghostbur - Character , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Michael MICHAEL_Beloved , Badboyhalo - Character , Skeppy - Character , Mumza (mentioned) , Alexis Quackity , Charlie Slimecicle
Additional Tags:	sbi , Alternate Universe - Zombie Apocalypse , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings , TW: Blood , tw: injury , Past Character Death , Zombies , Ghostbur and Wilbur exist at the same time but trust me there's a reason , Angst with a Happy Ending , Hurt/Comfort , Mystery , TW: Violence , TW: Cannibalism (Because of zombies) , POV will often switch , Ghost Wilbur Soot , Sleepy Bois Inc as Family , Sleepy Bois Inc-centric , Still learning how to write the characters so please bare with me! , Zombie Wilbur Soot , Protective TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo has amnesia , Survivor Groups , BBH and Skeppy in Chapter 64! , SBI meet up in chapter 69! , Lots of angst in later chapters! , Depressed Philza , Infected Characters , New characters introduced for Chapter 88! , Horror Elements , multiple POVs , Rest In Peace Technoblade.. I'm going to try my best to honour your memory in this.. , Sequel story is in the works , Author has poor memory so sorry if there's continuity errors! , Twins Wilbur Soot & Technoblade , Injury CW for Chapter 100 , I'm going to try cleaning up some of the tags , Heavy Angst , Slow Burn , Corruption among survivors , Zombified main-character , I don't support Wilbur. In fact I'm furious at him. , I want to continue this but I don't know what to do. , Nothing matters anymore. , Everything is ruined because of him , I have nothing left now
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My Brother's Keeper

by [BornOfFire](#)

Summary

The zombie apocalypse hasn't been easy for Tommy. Having to learn how to survive alone after getting separated from his friends and family had been hard at first, but he seems to have learned the ropes now. Meeting the ghost of his brother had been unexpected, but at least Tommy wasn't alone anymore.

The only issue was that the corpse he found.. would not leave him alone.

Notes

Hi!! Sorry if this story is bad! I'm still learning how to write the characters. I feel like I've gotten a bit better at writing Tommy, but I'm not sure about the others. I'm so sorry if it's not good though. I was inspired to write this after I read another Zombie Apocalypse Dream SMP story and I wanted to try writing my own version!

There's actually a lot of things to explain, especially about the Virus, as it was actually used in an old story (for a different fandom that I am no longer interested in) but I still really liked the idea and the thought I put into it so I decided to re-use it for this and just change a few things! I hope that's alright.

Also, again I'm really sorry if this isn't good! I can delete this if you want me to! I'm still learning how to write the characters but I'll try my best to do it okay.

A Faint Memory.

Chapter Summary

Tommy finds someone from his past. A person he wished had stayed dead.

Chapter Notes

Sorry I keep apologizing, it's a bad habit I have. Also again I apologize if this isn't good. I had a huge headache while writing the notes, tags, and summary, the headache is still here too. So sorry if everything is all over the place!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was quiet here. *Too* quiet.

The only sounds to be heard were the pitter patter of rain drops on the roof, and his small groans of frustration. He didn't want to be here. Why did the *blonde thing* put him in this room? He doesn't remember coming in either, but then again the young man's memory isn't exactly reliable.

No food. No nothing. Alone. He's alone.

There was food a while ago. Tasty and delicious. That was before he got stuck in here though.

He didn't think he liked being alone very much.. At least if the man were outside he'd be able to find comfort being around others like himself. Had he done something wrong?

Cold. So cold.

Warmth. He wanted warmth.

Curling in on himself, the man uselessly tried to keep warm. Attempting to bury himself in his coat, but that couldn't shake away the shivers. No. He doesn't like this. It's too quiet. He wants the blonde thing to come back. The man doesn't want to be alone.

Where did the group go? He was with one not too long ago.. What happened to it? There's safety in groups. He didn't feel safe here. He wanted to get out. He needed to get out.

Let him out let him out let him out!

Maybe if he screamed loud enough someone would help him. It was always when he didn't want to think, when he thought the most. Why was he thinking now? Stop. Stop it. Just let him out.

It's cold in here.

So *cold*.

He's hungry too.

Regular zombies were pitiful and dangerous enough, but seeing the reanimated corpse of your older brother? That was even worse. First, how did Wilbur turn? Tommy thought that he'd been killed before he could. Second, where the hell did he come from? Was his brother really around here this whole time?

The sight was gut-wrenching to say the least. He'd seen this on all zombies. Dark sickly veins, black eyes that almost looked hollow, skin too pale to be normal, and blood dripping from their mouths, noses and eyes. But it looked so much worse on Wilbur. Seeing a family member like that, it's just wrong..

Thank goodness Ghostbur wasn't here. He went somewhere after spotting what looked like a sheep in a field, and said he'd be back later. His ghostly brother would be fine, Ghostbur may be naive but he's smart. Zombies can't hurt him anyway.

It didn't seem like Wilbur realized he was back yet. Whether that was on account of his broken glasses, or the poor vision zombies seem to have, Tommy didn't know. He could see his older brother sitting against the wall in the corner of the room.

Was he.. shivering?

His relationship with his brother had been tense before Wilbur had been bit. The man seemed to be losing his mind from the weight of everything on his shoulders. He hadn't done anything to exactly hurt anyone.. but he seemed close to snapping. It reminded the boy of a spark that just grew bigger and bigger before erupting in flames. But.. They were still family, and it still hurt when Tommy found out Wilbur had been bitten.

Then how much more it hurt when he found out Phil had *killed* him..

'Stop. Stop thinking about it, big man.' Tommy thought, trying to get himself to calm down. Although who would be calm in a situation like this? Probably not a sane person.

The boy was snapped out of his thoughts when he saw that Wilbur was shivering again. It was.. a sad and strange sight. It wasn't a hot day, but it wasn't particularly cold either. His brother appeared to be freezing; however, he kept holding himself as though trying to warm up. Maybe the undead are sensitive to the cold?

Tommy wasn't sure if he'd noticed the infected doing that before. Much of his time spent around zombies consisted of either running from them, hiding, or trying to kill them before

they could bite him. So the boy never really had the time, or the care to just observe them.

It was upsetting to see Wilbur like that. Tommy found himself wishing there was something he could do to help him, but the boy knew that the corpse would sooner try to rip him apart than say thank you. It may look like his brother, but it wasn't Wilbur anymore, but for some reason.. It hurts to watch.

Maybe there was something he could do to get his brother to stop looking so miserable? Tommy still had his bandana. It wasn't much.. but maybe it could help Wilbur warm up a bit?

He'd probably end up wanting this back later, but the boy took his green bandana off, and carefully tossed it over to the zombie in the corner of the room. Which earned a surprised noise from it.

The man tensed up. Shivering still present, but he looked around now with nearly sightless eyes, attempting to spot where the green fabric came from. He started to sniff the air, which made Tommy panic a little. The boy forgot that the undead have a really good sense of smell. *'Oh shit oh shit oh shit. He knows I'm here. He's going to find me.'*

Instead, nothing happened. Surprisingly the zombie seemed more interested in the piece of clothing that landed in front of him, grabbing it and staring at it. He looked confused. Which made sense as Wilbur probably can't even think anymore, much less know what's going on. At least he wasn't shivering as bad as before.

If he had any semblance of thought, although unlikely, Tommy wondered what could be going on in the man's head. Would it be like the lights are on but nobody's home type of thing? It seemed that way.. judging by his brother's behaviour. Wilbur was still staring at the bandana, holding it tightly and slowly blinking as though it were some kind of puzzle to be solved.

Well. Tommy supposed there was nothing left to do now. He should probably head home and find Ghostbur. Could come back and check on Wilbur tomorrow. It's not like the zombie could go anywhere.

At least. He was about to leave, when he thought he heard something.

A weak, raspy voice.

"T-T..om..my.."

Oh shit.

Tommy spun around to see Wilbur still holding his neckerchief. The man wasn't taking his eyes off the fabric, and Tommy felt his heart starting to race. Wilbur.. said his name?

How..?

How did he do that?

Chapter End Notes

Hi! Sorry again if this story isn't good! Like I said before if you guys don't like it I can delete it. If I find any problems later I can try to fix it but only if you guys want me too. I hope you like it despite any problems there might be! Also, Ghostbur is in this! But his existence is bit of a mystery!

A Soft Thing and a Name.

Chapter Summary

Wilbur finds a soft thing, and Tommy tries to hide something from Ghostbur.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I really hope you liked the first chapter! I tried really hard with it! I'm actually going to try to post the third chapter tomorrow too!

I really hope you like this chapter as well, and if you have any questions feel free to ask! Also once again sorry if this isn't good. I'm still learning how to write the characters, and if I find any problems with this later I'll try my best to fix them!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Green.

There's a green thing in front of him now and he's not sure what it is. It's soft.. it feels nice. Although he's not sure what to do with it.

Is it a blanket? It's too small to be a blanket.. wait what's a blanket anyway? Oh well, those thoughts vanished just as fast as they came.

It.. smells *familiar*. Kind of like food but not at the same time. Did it belong to the Blonde Thing? Was Blonde Thing here? He looked around but he couldn't see anyone. Everything is too dark and blurry. It makes his head spin.

Hmmmm..

There's something there. It's right on the tip of his tongue. A name.. who's name? An important name? Tommy. It's Tommy's name.

...

Who's *Tommy*?

"T-T..om..my..?" He asked no one in particular. Simply wanting to try to say something for the first time. It came out strained and whispery. Speaking as the fast-things do, isn't as easy as it looked he guessed, after all the young man couldn't really understand what the fast-things say.

Name. He knows a name now. Not his name, he doesn't remember it. Still a name. Important name. Can't forget this name.

"T-To..mmy.."

He won't forget this name.

Cold. It's cold again. Hands still clutching the soft thing. He's still not sure what it's for. Was it just to calm him down? Why?

Nothing makes sense.

Everything hurts. He doesn't remember the last time he hadn't felt pain. It's a dull, bitter pain. In his head, in his stomach, in the blood flowing through his veins. Blood that was currently dripping. Staining the soft fabric the young man was holding.

Oh.

Oh no.

Soft Thing.

It's dirty.

No, no, no. He didn't mean to make it dirty.

It was an accident. Familiar things are special. Familiarity is important, it's all he has. The clothes he's wearing are familiar. The wound in his chest is familiar. Soft Thing is familiar..

"N-No.."

How can he fix this? The man began to tremble. Dropping it and backing away. No he can't touch it anymore. He'll just end up making it worse.. but it's soft. He likes the Soft Thing.. It helped distract him from the hunger. It helped him remember a name.

Was he going to forget it all over again?

It's so cold..

Wilbur said Tommy's name.

He said his name..

That's not possible. Wilbur is dead. The creature in this warehouse is nothing more than an empty shell that the boy can't bring himself to get rid of. The only thing that's truly left of his brother is Ghostbur. So if anything, that corpse has no soul. Right? What the hell does this mean?

How could the virus be so cruel?

Is that what this is? A trap? A trick by whatever piece of shit caused this apocalypse? Trying to draw people in through a false sense of security?

Tommy blinked his tears away angrily. That's not his brother. It's just a monster pretending to be. Maybe all zombies acted like this. Perhaps the whole patheticness is just an act, so survivors can feel sorry for them and get eaten when they're least expecting it.

That.. that had to be it. Nothing else made sense. Surely, it was some kind of ruse. The shivering, the lost expression, and the.. are those *tears*?

Wilbur had dropped the neckerchief. It appeared to be covered in blood, as there were numerous dark stains on the green fabric. He looked absolutely distraught. Seemingly backing away from it and slowly shaking his head no.

This was getting way too messed up. Tommy needed to go outside. Get some fresh air. He'd have to come back for his neckerchief later and get it washed-

"Hi Tommy!" Ghostbur suddenly appeared. Waving and smiling at Tommy, but unfortunately not watching his volume. Tommy heard movement and started to panic, but thankfully he was able to think quickly enough to form a plan of distraction.

"Ghostbur shhh! There's women here! Loads of hot women! We can't let them see us! Be quiet, big man." The boy lied. Ghostbur didn't really seem to understand that there was an apocalypse going on. Zombies couldn't hurt him, they mostly kind of ignored him, but Ghostbur seemed to think they were normal people. Tommy didn't want to upset him, as the truth would probably crush his brother.

"Ohhhh! Okay! I'll be quiet Tommy. Are we going home now?" The ghost asked in a much softer voice. Thank goodness. Tommy was worried he was about to become his former brother's lunch.

"Yeah, we're going home, Ghostbro. I'm glad you're still with me." Sighing in relief, Tommy meant what he said. He was glad that Ghostbur was at least with him in this lonely, messed up world.

"T-T..om..my..?"

Oh no. Not this again. Ghostbur looked confused, and was about to go investigate, but the boy grabbed his hand and basically led the ghost out the door. "Uh. Ignore that! It's nothing! Come on, let's go home."

Looking back on this though, Tommy probably should've double checked to make sure he closed the door.

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter! If you liked it please tell me what you thought of it in the comments. I'd love to have some feedback if that's alright! I'll try to post the next chapter tomorrow!

Missing You.

Chapter Summary

Wilbur goes exploring, while Tommy misses someone.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I know I said I'd post the next chapter tomorrow, but I got too excited and decided to post two in one day! I hope this makes you guys smile and I really hope you like it too! If I find any problems with this story later I'll try my best to fix them!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Noise. There was noise. A voice. It sounded like food, but he didn't smell any food. Or well, he thought he smelled a bit but it might be from Soft Thing.

Soft Thing.. It's dirty now. He felt sad again, but he was so hungry. Forgetting about the comforting fabric on the floor, the man got up and stumbled after the noise. Where is it? The room is so dark-

Pain.

Panic.

Danger?

Something hit the man. It was cold and hard. Like some sort of barrier. Oh, it's a wall. He accidentally walked into a wall. It hurt a little but the pain was dull. Everything is dull except for hunger.

He was kind of annoyed that he hadn't seen the barrier in front of him. Kicking it lightly with a frustrated growl.

Noise again. Familiar noise. Familiarity is good. Follow the good noise.

Things with voices usually have names, don't they? Something far away told him that they did. What's a name he knows now?

"T-T..om..my..?"

It's the only name he knows.

He wondered what the Blonde Thing's name was.

Keep walking. Follow the noises. Growing fainter. Pick up Soft Thing. More walls. He traced his free hand on the walls, it hurt a little when he bumped into it. He doesn't want to hit it again.

Strange wall now. Open? It's open. Follow the voice. Out now.

The young man looked around. He left the cold place. Confused for a moment, as he wasn't able to leave earlier. Why had he only been able to now?

There's blue above him and green below him. It's nice out here. So many colours and new sounds, but there was one particular sound he wanted to focus on. He listened carefully for the familiar voices again. They were still there, but much quieter.

The man continued to follow after it.

Being alone has taught Tommy a few things. He knew how to pitch a tent, knew how to cook his food, and how to start a campfire. So it wasn't so bad. He did have Ghostbur which helped a lot with the loneliness part.

Ghostbur was babbling about a sheep he found earlier. A blue one named Friend. It probably didn't exist, but it seemed to make his brother happy so Tommy let him ramble while he tried roasting some rabbit.

"He was so fluffy Tommy! I wish you could've seen him!" The ghost smiled happily, sitting next to his little brother and flapping his hands a little. "His wool was so soft!"

"That's nice Ghostbro. I'm glad you had a good day." The boy smiled back, although it was a weak, small smile. Which Ghostbur seemed to pick up on.

"Are you alright Toms? You seem sad.. would you like some blue?" Ghostbur pulled some blue out of his pockets, holding it out for his little brother to take. He wore a patient smile, if Tommy didn't want any it's okay.

"I'm fine, big man.. just missing someone is all." He stared into the fire. Memories of the past flashing in his head. Things that hurt to remember now that everyone is gone.

"Oh.. well, don't worry! I'm sure whoever it is *misses you too*, I bet they'll be very happy to see you when you meet again!"

"Thanks Ghostbur.." The boy suddenly pulled the ghost into a hug. Tommy knew he needed to be strong if he wanted to get through this. If he wanted to find his friends and family again, but you can only stay strong for so long.

"Tommy?-"

“S-Shut up, okay? I-I just need this.” It was stupid. It was so dumb. He felt like crying and he hated it. Tommy went through this already when he found out Wilbur died (*although turns out that was a lie*), so why did he care so much?

“It’s going to be okay Tommy..” Ghostbur hugged him back, even rubbing circles into his little brother’s back to try to calm him down. It was cold, but Tommy didn’t mind too much. He just wanted his big brother to hold him.

A twig snapped nearby, but neither cared to investigate at this moment.

Yet just like always, something had to come along and ruin it.

Coming from the woods, was a lifeless groan. Tommy didn’t even need to turn around to know it was a zombie. Luckily the boy had a hunting knife. He’d already used it a few times before so it wouldn’t be too bad.

Ghostbur seemed to understand the situation and let go of Tommy. He didn’t really understand the whole zombie apocalypse thing, in fact the innocent ghost thought that the countless undead walking around were actually normal people. Tommy had seen his ghostly brother try talking to them quite a few times. Of course, they never answered the friendly spirit, but Ghostbur didn’t seem to mind.

What Ghostbur did understand however, is that there seemed to be a lot of bad people in the world now, and even though he didn’t like violence he knew that Tommy needed to defend himself. “Be careful Tommy! If they offer you candy, don't take any!”

Tommy would’ve laughed at that, but he was just too emotionally worn out. Instead he simply nodded and picked up his knife. He could make out a silhouette through the trees. “Hey! You chose the wrong camp bitch!”

To his absolute horror, it wasn’t a *regular* zombie approaching his camp.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you liked this chapter! Sorry if it wasn’t good though! I’ll fix any problems I find later! Oh and if you guys did enjoy this, could you please leave a comment? I’d love some feedback on my story! The next chapter will be out tomorrow too!

A Fight Between Brothers.

Chapter Summary

Wilbur finds his way into Tommy's camp. A fight unfortunately breaks out.

Chapter Notes

New chapter! Yay!! Okay though to honest I was afraid to post this one because, well.. I don't swear. I never ever swear. I know it's silly but I just don't. I can't say the F-Word, but knowing how much Tommy says it, I unfortunately had to write it a few times. I kind of had to look away as I typed it though. Gosh I wish I didn't have to write it lol, but I felt that Tommy wouldn't sound like himself without the swears. Again sorry if that's silly. Anyway, I hope you guys like this chapter! I worked really hard on it! Though if I find any problems I'll try my best to fix them later!

Also I originally wrote "tent" as "trnt" as a reference to the tent Tommy had during exile, but I decided to change it back to "tent" to avoid confusion lol.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He found Blonde Thing again. There's someone else with Blonde Thing, but it's not very interesting. No tasty smell, no familiarity either. For some reason Blonde Thing seems very angry. It's holding something sharp and pointing it at him. It's shouting at him.

"What the fuck are you doing here, man!"

The man tilted his head to the side, not understanding what the Blonde Thing was saying. Why was it yelling at him? Did he do something wrong? He doesn't know, it's so hard to think. Muddled voices whisper in his ears. His thoughts are all fogged up.

He didn't like it. Stop yelling. *Stop it.*

"Just go away! Get the hell away from me you brain-dead bastard!"

"Tommy, who is that?"

"No one, Ghostbur! Go inside the tent! I'll be fine!"

The other figure disappeared, which distracted him for a moment. How did it vanish like that? His attention was brought back to the angry fast-thing shouting at him though when it almost hit him with a rock.

Blonde Thing screamed about something again and threw another stone. This time, hitting him in the head. It didn't really hurt but it was definitely annoying and starting to stress him out. Maybe he should just eat the thing now. Sure the man was curious, but he was still very hungry.

"I needed you! I needed you Wil, but you had to run off and get bit!"

Another rock. More annoying pain.

"JUST GO AWAY!"

He started to growl. He hadn't done anything wrong, at least he thinks. His stomach was hurting and even though Blonde Thing had been kind of interesting, it was food. He wasn't sure why he hadn't killed it yet.

Hungry. So hungry.

Kill it. Kill it now.

Lunging forward, in an attempt to grab at the fast-thing, he tried to grip onto its arm. To his surprise, the food was faster and managed to avoid the attack with a quick step to the side. Causing the clumsy zombie to stumble, falling to the ground.

Tommy didn't know what to do. He was just so angry and heartbroken. Of course the boy accidentally left the door open. Great. Just great.. and Wilbur just had to follow him back to his camp. That stupid corpse just HAD to look at him with that pathetic expression. How could this get worse?

Oh right, his brother could be trying to eat him. Which is currently happening. Wilbur had just lunged for him, eyes soulless and dangerous. A snarl on his bleeding face. The zombie would've grabbed him by the arm if the boy hadn't moved out of the way fast enough.

Thank god these things were dumb. Clumsy too. One of the things he had learned from his time in the apocalypse, was that zombies can be fast, but could hardly stay on two feet. They're always falling over, tripping and slipping on things. It was like they didn't know how to walk and run properly. Admittedly Tommy thought it was kind of funny seeing them fall down, but it was just depressing now.

Wilbur was on the ground. Having lunged and lost balance. His corpse didn't seem very happy about it. Tommy could hear his frustrated growls even as his brother was face down in the dirt, struggling to get back up.

Meanwhile Ghostbur was worried. It sounded like Tommy was in an argument, but the boy told him to stay in the tent. He wanted to help, except Ghostbur didn't like confrontation. It wasn't an easy thing for him. Nervously, he hummed to himself, trying to drown out the noise with something comforting. When Tommy started shouting even louder he grabbed his blue and held it.

“D-Did Phil do this Wilbur?! He told me he killed you! H-He lied! HE FUCKING *LIED!*” All of this is too much. It’s all too much. Tommy started punching the zombie as it tried to stand up again. It wasn’t a bullet to the brain, so it wouldn’t kill the monster, but Tommy didn’t care.

Knocked to the ground, although this time to his back. Seemingly stunning what had once been his older brother, Tommy kept punching. One heavy blow after another into Wilbur’s chest. Tears spilled from the boy’s eyes and vented his anger and sadness into each hit. “WHY?! WHY COULDN’T YOU HAVE JUST FUCKING DIED?!”

He sobbed. Tommy just kept hitting until he couldn’t anymore. Honestly, he didn’t care if Wilbur tried to kill him now. He’s too tired. Heck.. Ghostbur might not even be real. The spirit could just be a hallucination due to his isolation. He doesn’t even know if his friends and family are still alive. Why is he still fighting to survive when he has no one?

“T-T..om..my..?”

“S-Shut up Wil..” The punching had ceased, now the boy just felt hollow. Wiping tears from his eyes, and backing away. He couldn’t even look at the thing. It was so pathetic. The way it was staring up at him with those confused, lost eyes. That strange little frown like it was concerned. Even after it just tried to bite him.

“T-To..mm..y..”

“G-Go away. Y-You’re not Wilbur.”

The real Wilbur was the spectre that was hiding in the tent. This is simply an empty shell brought back by some horrible virus that now puppeteered it. It’s not a person. It’s just a disgusting imitation.

“T-Tom..-“

“P-Please just shut up..” Tommy was tired of screaming. He just wanted to be normal again. Have a normal life with a regular family and friends. Missing the way things were before the virus. When everything was okay.

Tommy barely noticed the small tap on his arm. Or the soft fabric that was now touching it. He merely waved it away. Until an insistent whine drew his attention back to Wilbur.

Oh.

His green *neckerchief*.

Wilbur was holding his neckerchief up to him from where he sat. It was covered in dark stains, but it almost looked like the zombie was trying to.. return it.

“T-To..ms..”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys like this chapter! We're getting closer to when I need to start writing more! These chapters are actually previously written, and now I'm running out lol! So I got to start writing again! I really hope you enjoyed this! If you did please leave a comment if you can! Sorry if this chapter isn't good though! I'll try my best to fix it when I can!

A Need for Meat.

Chapter Summary

Wilbur decides Tommy isn't food, while Tommy wonders what to do next.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!! New chapter! I hope you guys like it! Oof I'm going to have to start writing tomorrow, because we've reached the end of all the pre-written stuff! I really hope I can continue to update this story! I've had a lot of fun writing this story and I want to keep writing for it. :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy.

He didn't know why.. but something far away told him that Blonde Thing was Tommy.

Maybe it was because Blonde Thing gave him Soft Thing. Soft Thing made him remember the name.

But.. who's Tommy?

The man was on the ground. His chest ached as though something might've been broken. A rib perhaps. Not that he knows what that is, nor did it matter.

Blonde Thing, or Tommy, had been hitting him repeatedly. For some reason he stopped though. Now the boy wasn't so close. Sitting on the ground with his head in his hands. He seemed upset, but the man didn't know why. All he really knows is that he doesn't really want to eat him anymore. Something just didn't seem right.

The boy smelled like food, looked like one of the fast-things that he and so many others wanted to eat, but.. eating this one just felt wrong now. Maybe it's not food.

Maybe it's just.. *Tommy.*

"T-Tom..my.." He rasped, poking the boy with the Soft Thing. It had calmed him down earlier. Maybe it would calm Tommy down too. Honestly he'd only really attacked him because he didn't like the rocks, and well, he was hungry too..

Tommy felt too familiar to eat anyway.

Talking is.. nice. It's hard but fun despite the fact that understanding the fast-thing's language was next to impossible for him. He was happy to have learned one word, or one name.

He poked the former-food with his Soft Thing again. Tommy gave him a bad look. Mumbled something that the man couldn't understand. Tommy is not happy. He is angry, sad? Both? These feelings are hard to pin-point on fast-things. His kind felt things too, just not quite in the same way. Fast-things make too much movement with their faces.

Quiet. It's quiet again.

Hungry.

Sniff. Smell. Food. Meat?

Meat is burning. Not good. Stop burn.

The man grabbed it. Tommy made angry shouts but he ignored the boy. Small furry thing was above fire. Cooking? *Cooking*.. What's cooking? The word resurfaced from somewhere deep in his mind. Cooking.. ruins meat, but hungry. So hungry.

Eat.

Ghostbur was worried about his little brother. Things had gotten quiet but Tommy told him to stay in the tent. Should he go out anyway? The ghost doesn't know. He keeps squeezing his blue, trying to wash away his fears and worries. "Tommy's okay.. I'm okay. Everything is okay."

Meanwhile Tommy had nearly given up. Wilbur's corpse invaded his camp, tried to eat him, and is now being poked with his neckerchief by the zombie in question. Who no longer seemed to want to bite him for some unknown reason.

Why is this happening? What the fuck is going on?

"Can't you take a fucking hint? Get lost." Tommy mumbled, pushing the neckerchief away. Part of him knew that at this point Wilbur was probably not going to go away, although that wasn't going to stop the boy from voicing his displeasure about the situation. The zombie was kind of just staring at him with his creepy black eyes.

"Stop staring at me, bitch! If you're not going to kill me then what do you want?!"

Unsurprisingly there was no answer. Wilbur did stop looking at him though, which was a relief. Well, at least it would have been if it weren't for the fact that he stopped looking because he noticed the rabbit that was cooking.

"H-Hey! Don't-"

Uh oh.

His zombified brother had snatched the undercooked rabbit from the spit, and shoved it into his mouth.

“ARE YOU KIDDING ME MAN?! THAT’S ALL I HAD TO EAT! WHAT THE FUCK!?”

The zombie ate it like a wild animal. Tearing it apart with sharp, bloody teeth. Which was highly disturbing and honestly terrifying. Tommy was too angry to care about that though. When Wilbur had finished devouring Tommy’s only bit of food, he turned around and looked at him innocently. Like he’d done absolutely nothing wrong.

“Y-YOU’RE AN ABSOLUTE PIECE OF SHIT WILBUR!” Furious was an understatement. Tommy was livid. It took him hours to find just one rabbit, and now his brother, who should be dead, had just eaten it. None of this was making sense. The boy was just so angry.

“T-Tommy? Um.. d-did I do something wrong?” Ghostbur came out of the tent. The spirit was wringing his hands nervously, and Tommy felt his heart sink. Shoot. Ghostbur must’ve heard him shout his name.

“No! No you didn’t Ghostbur. I.. it’s.. shit! It’s hard to explain, big man. Just stay in the tent. Everything is fine.” The boy tried to calm the ghost down. Ghostbur had done absolutely nothing wrong. He can’t help what his body is doing, he’s not even in it. Some stupid fucking virus is controlling it.

Thank goodness the spectre hasn’t noticed it yet either. Which Tommy had to admit was kind of odd.

“Oh.. okay. Well, if you need me I’ll be here, in the trnt.. and how about we do something fun tomorrow?” The sweet ghost smiled weakly. It was clear Ghostbur was worried, but wanted to cheer Tommy up. Ideas for fun activities were pretty slim however. Not much to do in the apocalypse other than trying to survive.

But Tommy couldn’t say no.

“Yeah bro.. let’s do something fun tomorrow. I’ll be inside soon, just gotta take care of something. Some women stole my rabbit earlier.” Tommy lied again. It’s better that the spirit doesn’t know.

“Okay Tommy! We can go fishing tomorrow then! I’ll make sure no women steal your food again!” Ghostbur laughed happily, before heading back inside. Tommy felt a little better seeing how easily the ghost cheered up. Fishing sounded like a great idea.

One issue though.. What should he do about *Wilbur*?

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys!! I hope I can finish writing the next chapter tonight so I can post it tomorrow! If you guys liked this please leave a comment as I would love some feedback! I'm sorry if this chapter isn't good though! I'll try my best to fix it later!

Alone Again.

Chapter Summary

Wilbur finds himself alone again, while Ghostbur talks about stars.

Chapter Notes

Hey!! New Chapter! Heck yeah! Unfortunately updates may be slower now as I've caught up to all the pre-written chapters. Now I have to get back to writing again! Sorry if this chapter is small! Although I've noticed a lot are small. I'll try to do better! I really hope you like this chapter despite the shortness! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Food was fine. Not bad, not tasty, but it will do.

Tommy was yelling again. He wasn't really listening. Maybe the boy just liked to yell? He didn't really know.

A shiny thing came out of something for a bit to talk to Tommy. The man didn't understand what they were saying, and when the shiny thing went back inside Tommy suddenly pulled him up into a stand before pushing him away from the camp.

"T-To..mm..y..?"

"Go on. Shoo! Get lost! Go hang with your undead friends." The boy said. Pointing in the direction of the woods he emerged from. The zombie tilted his head in confusion again.

"G-G..o..?"

"Yes! Go! Stay the fuck away from us!"

Go.. That word means leave, right? He didn't want to go.. no. No he got closer instead. Taking a few small steps forward. Leaving would mean he'd be alone again.

Tommy started yelling again and grabbed something long out of a bag. While all the man could do was blink confusedly. The confusion increased into slight fear when the boy started pushing him away from the camp and into the woods.

Where were they going?

“T-T..om..-“

“Shut up Wil! I-I can’t fucking kill you, but I can’t have you around either! You’ll scare Ghostbur, and I’m not gonna let you eat anyone!” The boy kept pushing him. Further into the trees they went. As they walked, Tommy kept mumbling to himself angrily. If only the young man could understand..

Eventually Tommy stopped pushing him. Arriving at a large tree. He looked up at it. It’s nice. He likes the sound of the wind blowing through its leaves. The man was so distracted by the noise that he didn’t notice when he was nudged closer to the tree’s trunk.

He didn’t notice that the boy had turned him around. Bleeding eyes focused on the green above. Unaware of the rope slipping around him either.

Tight. It’s tight all of a sudden. Move?

Can’t move.

Struggle.

Fear.

“Hah! All tied up now bitch! Good luck trying to eat me, you stupid zombie bastard!” Tommy made a loud noise, a strange sort of breathing. Like.. laughter? Yes. Laughter. He remembered that word. Tommy is laughing.

Panicking, the young man tried to move again. The ropes were so tight. He couldn’t get out of them. He’s trapped again.. why?

“Why are you?- S-Stop making that face! You’re dead Wilbur! Stop trying to trick me! GOD! Even in death you’re still trying to manipulate me! Well I’m done with this shit!”

No.. He didn’t mean to. He doesn’t know what he did wrong.. why is Tommy so angry at him? He’s sorry. How the young man remembers that word, he doesn’t know, but he’s so sorry.

“S-So..rr..y..”

Tommy paused. A broken look in his eyes flashed for only a moment. Fury returned soon after. *“Y-You’re not sorry Wil. If you were, you wouldn’t have left me when I needed you!”* Giving him an betrayed look, before turning back in the direction of the camp.

Then Tommy left.

All alone again.

Tommy walked back to his camp with grim determination. The boy wasn’t going to crack because of one stupid zombie. Even if it had been his brother. No matter how much pain the

sight of Wilbur caused. With his lost eyes and pathetic expression..

No.

Stop thinking about it.

It's not Wil.

It's not even a person.

Ghostbur is all he has left. Tommy wasn't going to abandon him. If the ghost was really a hallucination brought on by loneliness then so be it. At least the spirit was a positive force in his otherwise miserable existence.

When the boy returned to his tent, he found the ghost floating above his sleeping bag. He smiled at him, but his eyes were still crinkled with worry. "Hi Tommy! Is it time for bed now? I'm so excited for tomorrow I can hardly sleep! Not that I need it, being a ghost and all."

"Yep. Time for bed, big man. Been a long fucking day.." Tommy zipped the tent shut, and crawled onto his sleeping bag. Taking off his backpack and other gear and placing it next to him. The tent was small but Ghostbur always seemed to find ways to make it feel a bit more homey. Usually by gathering assortments of blue flowers and hanging them around the ceiling.

"Don't worry Tommy. Everything will be better tomorrow! I'm sure of it, even if it isn't, at least we have each other! Oh and there's my blue too!" Ghostbur patted his little brother's shoulder before turning the camping lamp off. Hovering closer to his own sleeping bag.

Unzipping his sleeping bag and getting inside, Tommy gave a slight hum of agreement. Who knows where the boy would be now without Ghostbur? Would he be dead in a ditch somewhere? Perhaps wander around as one of the undead? Of course the spirit couldn't help in terms of combat.. but the madness a person can suffer from isolation can be devastating.

"Toms?"

"Yeah Ghostbro?"

"Can we sleep under the stars tomorrow?"

Under the stars? That's.. a nice idea. If only the world wasn't so dangerous. Tommy felt his heart sink at the thought of telling his ghostly brother no. Hopefully Ghostbur would forget asking by the next night.

"Sure.. sure. That sounds pog, big man. Let's get some sleep now, okay?" Tommy knew how excited the spirit was for tomorrow. It might be early to go to bed, but sleeping is important. Making sure you're rested enough to think clearly, is vital in the apocalypse.

Ghostbur smiled warmly and wished the boy goodnight. Soon the two of them fell asleep to the sounds of chirping crickets..

Unaware of the approaching *danger*.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys liked this chapter!! I'll try my hardest to get finish writing Chapter 7 tomorrow!! If you liked this please leave a comment as I'd love to hear some feedback! Sorry if this chapter isn't good though! If I find any problems later I'll try my best to fix them!

A Scream in the Night: Part One

Chapter Summary

Wilbur decides he doesn't like trees, and Tommy hears a scream.

Chapter Notes

New chapter! Yay! Sorry if it's short!! I kind of rushed myself to finish this last night, so I'm sorry if it's not very good. I really hope the chapter is okay! I have to write chapter 8 now, I really hope I can keep getting chapters out day by day. Anyway, I hope you like this chapter guys! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The night air was cold. It prickled on his skin and made him shiver. It's so dark. *Tommy* tied him to a large plant. Too large. It made him feel small..

He didn't like this.

His familiar things are gone, and he needs them.

Please.

Couldn't he have at least that for comfort?

All there was to do was call for help, the young man supposed. Maybe one of his kind will be nearby? Able to help him get free? Surely they would, right? After all they share the same *blood*.. they all do.

It's nice being in such a big family. A family that doesn't turn their backs on each other. The ones who do get punished severely. The man would know. He'd seen it happen. At least.. he thinks. It's so hard to remember.

So he started to call out. A sorrowful sound. One that would hopefully be loud enough to grab the attention of any other beings like himself.

To his relief. Someone was heard in the distance. Their groans and growls slowly translated themselves in the young man's mind.

*'Hungry. Eat. **Kill.. need eat.**'*

Need eat?

Eating sounds good right about now.. the small creature he ate wasn't very filling. For a few minutes he spaced out. Forgetting about his predicament and instead wandered away. Free of the tree's grasp. Stumbling after his nearby kin. Yes. They could *hunt together. Catch and eat. Kill! Yes yes yes yes yes-*

Except.. a familiar smell brought him back. Freedom was just an illusion. He's still tied to the tree.

The only food the man could smell was Tommy.. and he'd already decided that even though the boy looked edible like the fast-things, he wasn't one. Tommy is something different.

Tommy is something *new*.

He had to tell the *other*. It doesn't know that Tommy isn't food yet.. he needed to get out. He needed to tell them!

Something is wrong.. he can feel it. There's no emotion he can sense other than its hunger.

A painful shriek tore from his throat.

~~NO! NO! GO!~~
No! Please stop. Please stop moving. Don't go there. Tommy is there. Not your Tommy, *his* Tommy.

Why?

Why won't they listen?

There's no way it couldn't hear him.

~~THERE'S JUST NO WAY~~

As much as Ghostbur had tried to get Tommy to feel better, the boy couldn't help but fall into an uneasy sleep. Fears and worries prodded the back of his mind.

The fear of Wil breaking into his camp and eating him alive during the night terrified him. Tommy swore he could still hear his brother's lifeless groans, even with how far the boy led him away.

Ghostbur on the other hand, slept peacefully. Dreaming of blue sheep, in a sunny green field. His whole family was there too, having a picnic. Tommy, Techno, and Phil. Despite not having met his other brother and his father yet, he could tell they were perfect. The spirit hoped they would be as excited to meet him, as he is to meet them.

Another person appeared in the spectre's dreams too, but the figure was far away. Too blurry to make out from the distance. However, Ghostbur sensed that they were sad.. he wondered why, as everyone is welcome to join his family's picnic. Doubting that anyone would mind.

With the crickets continuing their midnight chirps, the brothers drifted further off into sleep.

...

Until a horrible, blood-chilling *scream* broke the silence.

Tommy jolted awake with a gasp. Ghostbur also woke up, a startled expression on his face. Knowing something was definitely wrong, the boy got out of his sleeping bag, turned on the portable lamp, slipped his backpack over his shoulders, and took out his flashlight.

"Ghostbur, before you say anything, I heard that.. and I'm going to check it out. Don't come with me, alright big man? Stay here where it's safe."

"B-But Tommy! I-It sounded scary! I don't want you to go out there by yourself!" The ghost shook his head. Clearly not happy at the thought of his little brother investigating that noise. Tommy found it sweet that Ghostbur was worried for him.. but really, the ghost shouldn't come. If something bad were to really happen he wouldn't want the innocent ghost to see it.

There's no way that Tommy would let the horrors of this world ruin the one good thing keeping him going.

"Ghostbro.. look. I-I.. I'll be fine. I promise. It was probably a raccoon.. or maybe some hot lady." '*Definitely not a hot lady.*' Tommy told himself. "I'll only be gone for a few minutes.. then we can go back to bed, and think about those stars. Okay?"

"W-Well.. I guess it did sound a little bit like a lady.. maybe it's the one who stole your dinner earlier? Is she okay Tommy?" The boy has to try not to laugh a little at what Ghostbur said, because that scream did not in fact, sound like a woman at all. He just said that to make his ghostly brother feel less afraid. What the boy had really heard, sounded monstrous.

"You know what, Ghostbur? I think it was. She's probably fallen in love with me. It's like I told you bro, women are always falling in love with me." It's getting harder not to laugh now. Whether it's because the boy found this genuinely funny or if he was nervous Tommy had no idea. Although.. that unsettling *chill* running down his spine told him it was probably the latter. "I'm going to go see if she's alright, okay? I'll be back. I promise Ghostbur."

"O-Okay Tommy. Be careful out there! If she asks for your phone number, run away!"

"I will, don't worry. Just sit tight, I'll be back before you can say pogchamp." With that, Tommy left. Zipping the tent shut behind him. Not before grabbing his hunting knife from his bag though.

Looks like this is going to be a *long* night.

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! If you did could you please leave a comment? I'd love to get some feedback! Sorry if this chapter isn't great though, I'll try my best to fix it if I find any problems later!

A Scream in the Night: Part Two.

Chapter Summary

Tommy finds himself ambushed, and Wilbur makes a decision.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!! Chapter 8! Wow! I never thought I'd get this far! Gosh, I'm actually kind of proud of myself for continuing and managing to post every day. I've always struggled with writer's block in past so I'm glad I'm getting through this. :D

I really hope you like this chapter guys, I'm sorry if it's not good, and honestly if it's too dark and scary. I'm going to put some trigger warning here because this chapter is a bit heavy. I'm really sorry if this upsets anyone!

TW: Cannibalism

TW: Death

TW: Violence

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Leaving Ghostbur alone in the tent is for the best. The ghost can't be harmed since he's already dead.. but it was for his own good. Why did this make the boy feel so guilty?

Was it the possibility of never coming back? The idea that Ghostbur would probably wait there, for who knows how long, hoping Tommy will return?

These thoughts were heart-wrenching to the boy..

'It's not going to happen.. I'm not a child, I'm a big man. I've never died and I'm not willing to start now.' Tommy wandered through the darkness of the forest. The trees were tall with thick heavy leaves, blocking much of the moonlight. So all he had was his flashlight to guide him.

'Fuck.. I can barely see a thing out here. I think my eyes have gone deaf and shit.' Waving his flashlight around, all the boy could see were more and more trees. Honestly, even being out here in such a short time, Tommy felt like he was going in circles.

An owl hooted and Tommy nearly jumped. Something he was not very proud of. There's worse things out there to be afraid of and a bird is not one of them. Internally Tommy swore

at himself for being so cowardly.

Worse, it was at that moment a twig snapped from somewhere close, in which Tommy whirled around. Casting the light of his flashlight into the bushes. Nothing. The boy held his head in his free hand, sighing in frustration.

This is just getting fucking ridiculous.

'Forget it. Whatever made that sound, it's not worth checking out. Too dark out here anyway..' Hopefully whoever screamed is long gone by now. It's just too risky out here. Probably would be safer to head back to the tent anyway.

Trailing his way back, Tommy found himself unable to concentrate. That shriek.. he's heard that sound before. Zombies usually make that before a kill. At least that's what the boy thinks. It's not like he can just ask the undead what it means. Either way, Tommy wanted nothing to do with it.

Weirdly enough though.. It sounded desperate. There was *emotion* in that inhuman scream.

Well, at least the boy was getting closer to his camp. He could see the faint light of the lamp, and Ghostbur's spectral glow. Tommy could feel his fear lessen with relief-

Then out of nowhere, Tommy was suddenly knocked to the ground. His head was spinning, from the suddenness of the hit, his body landing in the grass and dirt. Stunned for a moment, Tommy tried to snap himself back into focus.

"W-What the hell?" Lifting his head, the boy looked up to see a *figure*. His flashlight was thrown aside due to being knocked off the ground, so it was too dark to see their face.

Their shambling gait and growls weren't needed to tell that this was a zombie. Tommy already knew.

"H-Hey. Back off you freak! I have a knife! I-I've killed things like you a million times! You don't scare me, bitch!" Tommy tried to get back into a stand, while he also fumbled for his knife. Pulling it out of his bag, and waving it around.

Clearly the zombie wasn't scared either, because it started to advance on him, shuffling forward on unsteady legs. Yes, at first glance it's just a regular slow zombie. Yet when these things want to be fast, they can be. Thankfully their balance is almost as bad as a toddler who just learned how to walk.

Those lunges though.. they're hard to avoid. If that creature manages to grab him then it would be next to impossible to get that thing to let go. The dead have a death-grip.

Oh shit.

That's exactly what it's going to do.

It's preparing to lunge. What does he do? Why is he frozen? He's killed these things before. What is wrong with him? Should Tommy run? Kill it? Or-

Too late.

The zombie had grabbed Tommy by the arm, and Tommy held back a scream. If one zombie is here (*not counting Wilbur since he was tied to a tree somewhere*), then there could be more.

A snarling face snapped its teeth towards his shoulder, and the boy struggled to push the corpse back. Tommy's knife, he just needed to shove it into the monster's head.

But to Tommy's horror he saw the faint light of Ghostbur moving in the tent, obviously coming out to go check on his little brother. Shit! Not now!

Then suddenly he heard that scream again. Louder, much louder this time. Another zombie, it's close. Oh god. This is how he dies? In a forest all alone with his brother's ghost? Never seeing his friends and family again?

Shutting his eyes tightly, not wanting to see it coming. Tommy braced for the end.

Instead, to his surprise. Something slammed into the walking corpse. Sending it to the ground, much like it had done to Tommy. An argument seemed to be breaking out, as the two figures growled furiously. Causing the boy to scramble backwards. "W-What?! W-What the fuck?-"

Moonlight made its way through the forest's branches, just enough for Tommy to catch sight of a face. The face of the zombie's attacker.

The boy's heart froze.

"W-Wilby?"

His brother's corpse paused for a moment as the other zombie struggled. No life could be seen in those black eyes, however he looked back. Staring at Tommy for one small moment, before baring his teeth and *sinking* them into the monster's head.

Tommy's eyes grew wide, and he turned his head away. Refusing to look.

Kill.

Kill it.

Not your Tommy.

HIS Tommy.

Only his.

Familiar thing.

His kind knows how important familiarity is.

No No No this is wrong Please stop Please make it stop
Can't kill his own kind Can't No He's sorry He's so sorry

It stops moving.

So does he.

...

Everything is fine now.

Tommy safe.

Tommy safe..

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Sorry again if this chapter is really messed up!! If it makes you happy I can delete it! I don't want to upset anyone I promise. I worked very hard on this chapter but you guys are more important to me. If you guys did enjoy this though please comment, as I would love some feedback! If I find any problems with this story later too I'll try my best to fix them!

Eyes Closed.

Chapter Summary

Tommy closes his eyes and counts, while Wilbur deals with the guilt of his actions.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 9 guys!! Sorry I posted a bit late! I was busy earlier! I really hope you enjoy this chapter! I didn't have a very clear head while writing it so I'm sorry if it's not very good! I'm a little worried I messed up on writing Tommy this chapter, but I'm happy that I've almost made it to 10 chapters! Anyway I hope you like it guys! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur got free.

He.. got free.

Now he's.. hes..



Tommy can't look. He's too scared and this time he can admit it. His eyes are closed, but he can hear the horrific sound of flesh being torn apart.

Zombies don't cannibalize each other.

This has to be some kind of nightmare. Truly. Some kind of horrific dream. He starts pinching his arms and it hurts, but the boy keeps doing it. He has to wake up. He has to wake up!

"T-To..mm..y..?" A raspy broken voice called his name. A mockery of Wilbur's voice. Stolen by a monster that wore his face.

Something nudged his shoulder but he didn't look. Tommy couldn't look. Tears threatened to spill from his eyes. *Go away, please go away. Go away. Go away go away go away go away-*

Tommy screamed and attacked the air wildly with his knife when he felt something else touch his shoulder. So cold.. like ice. "GO AWAY! GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!"

“T-Tommy! Open your eyes! It’s okay! Shhhhhh. It’s just me, Ghostbur!” His ghostly brother wrapped his arms around the boy. The scent of old books and flowers hit his nose, and Tommy could tell just by that that it was indeed Ghostbur. Yet Tommy still refused to open his eyes.

“N-No! I can’t! I’m too scared *Wil!*” In his fright, Tommy accidentally called the ghost by his real name. Something the ghost prefers to distance himself from. Thankfully the spirit didn’t seem to mind this time.

“Toms, please. I promise you’re okay. Remember your breathing exercises? Count with me. Alright? One..” Ghostbur started to count, while rubbing circles into the boy’s back.

“O-One..”

“Two.”

“T-Two..”

“Three. You’re doing great Tommy.”

“T-Three..”

“Four. Is it working? Are you starting to feel a little better?”

“Y-Yeah.. four.”

Tommy slowly opened his eyes.

“Five.”

“F-Five.”

Somehow he was back in the tent. Ghostbur must’ve walked Tommy back inside. Oh. There’s a blanket around him too. That’s *nice*..

“G-Ghostbur.. I think that’s enough counting. I-I’m feeling a little better now.” Tommy gave the helpful spirit a weak smile. Still frightened by what he swore he saw and heard, but wanted to show his appreciation for Ghostbur’s attempts to calm him down.

“Okay Tommy. I’m glad you’re feeling better! Would you like to talk about what happened?” The spirit asked, not realizing that whatever the boy had seen was something he’d much rather have erased.

No.

Tommy doesn’t want to talk about what happened.

“N-No.. no. I-I don’t want to talk about it, Ghostbro. I.. I think I was having a bad dream.” Surely this has to be the case. Tommy must’ve had a nightmare that he heard a scream in the night, when he was actually safe in his tent. That zombie wasn’t real. Wilbur..

What he saw wasn't real.

“Let's go back to sleep then, okay Toms? Don't forget we're going to do something fun tomorrow! I bet it'll take your mind off your bad dreams!” Again, the ghost tried his best to calm his little brother down. Gently brushing leaves out of Tommy's hair, reminding the boy of the fun they were planning to have the next day. Yeah.. yes. Tomorrow will be better. Of course it will.

Right?

Tommy is safe.

The man made sure of it. When one of his kind tried to attack his Tommy, he protected him. Killed it. Punctured their skull and snapped their neck. It was easy.

He was hungry so he tried to eat his kin too. That was a bad idea. Tasted awful and made him sick. Its corpse lay mangled out of sight, the man having dragged it behind the tent so Tommy wouldn't see.

But.. had he done the right thing?

Tommy looked afraid. At least the man thinks he did. Why is it so hard to tell? The boy yelled at him again. Shutting his eyes, until the Shiny Thing appeared and brought him back into the tent.

His kind doesn't kill each other. Well not usually. Sometimes fights break out over food and treasures. Things can escalate. Take from his kin and you will regret it. That Other was trying to take his familiar thing away, so perhaps killing them was justified.

Yet he still felt guilty.

Eating them wasn't okay. No matter how hungry he got. His kind don't eat each other, period. Staring down at the body made him feel confused and upset. Why had he done this?

Those of the same blood are supposed to be family.

You can't eat family.

Something must be wrong with him.

He feels bad.

What has he done?

It looked at him accusingly.

There were no answers he could give. No excuses either.

Something inside him didn't seem happy with him either. Dull pain bloomed in his chest. Almost as if to punish him for such a mistake.

Pain starting to grow, he curled in on himself. Letting out a whimper. It hurts. Why does it hurt? He's sorry. It won't happen again. He'll just kill next time, he promises. It wasn't like the young man wanted to eat them in the first place.

*He was just so hungry.. he needed to eat something. **Anything.***

All he really wanted was to protect his Tommy..

“T-To..mmy..”

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, again I really hope you enjoy this chapter!! If you liked it please comment as I would love some feedback! I'm sorry if chapter isn't great though, if I find any problems with it later I'll try my best to fix it!

A Gift for Tommy.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur makes a friend, while Wilbur meets the Shiny Thing.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!! I can't believe it! 10 chapters! I never thought we'd get this far! Gosh I'm just so happy that I've been able to do this. I often suffer from writer's block and I never thought I could make a story with so many chapters again. I'm just feeling so proud of myself! Sorry if that's silly! Anyway I really hope you guys enjoy this chapter! Sorry if it's not good though! I had a headache again while writing. xD

Oh! Also! Big news! I've made a Discord for my story! I post art there, facts about my zombies and the virus, show snippets of stories and new chapters, and I even share stuff about the characters!! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Surprisingly the two brothers managed to sleep through the rest of the night. By the time the sun was up Ghostbur had gone outside. Tommy was still asleep in the tent.

Birds were chirping. Sunlight spilled through the thick branches of the campsite. Rushing water could be heard nearby as Tommy made his camp close to a stream. The spirit found himself happily humming to a little made up song. Ah. What a wonderful morning!

'I'm glad Tommy is getting enough sleep. He seemed really scared yesterday.' Ghostbur thought to himself. It would probably be awhile before his little brother wakes up. Maybe he can do something nice to surprise him?

Hmmm.. now what does Tommy like?

Well there's music of course! Although Tommy didn't have anything here to listen to.. Tommy likes video games too but Ghostbur doesn't have anything for his brother to play games on either.

There's always telling stories. The spirit always noticed how intently the boy would listen when he told stories about their childhood. The things Ghostbur could remember anyway. It's hard having amnesia after all.

Except.. Ghostbur wasn't sure if storytelling would be a good surprise. He can always tell him stories. What would be really nice and surprising?

Wait. Tommy said that a woman stole his rabbit yesterday! What if he can find him some more food? That would make him feel better for sure, wouldn't it?

Excitement growing in the ghost's spectral heart, Ghostbur immediately took off. Taking Tommy's backpack with him, and flying into the woods. There had to be some food around here somewhere, and the spectre was hopeful that he'd find some.

To his delight, after about ten minutes of searching, Ghostbur found a grove with large bushes. Growing on the bushes were tons of blueberries. Fresh, perfect berries. They're *blue* too!

"Look at them all! I bet these would go perfectly with some pancakes.. or waffles! Next time Tommy and I find a house, I should make some for him!" Ghostbur gleefully thought aloud. Taking fistfuls of blueberries and putting them in the bag before floating back into the forest.

Turns out this place was a great camping area, because Ghostbur ended up finding other things for Tommy to eat too. Not far from the tent were morel mushrooms and wild leeks. Due to the spirit's love of books, he had read something briefly about wild plants and how to cook them.

If he could wash them in the stream, and sauté them then they'd be good and ready to eat. Good thing the boy had brought cookware along for their camping trip. This is going to be so much fun, and Tommy will be happy again! They even have blueberries to snack on.

Feeling proud of himself, Ghostbur popped a berry into his mouth, and savoured the sweetness. Surprisingly ghosts can still eat and taste things. Although food seems to disappear from existence after being swallowed. The spirit doesn't need to eat though, it's just something he likes to do sometimes for fun.

On his way back to the campsite to go start a fire, Ghostbur suddenly heard a strange sound. A moan, or a *groan*. It sounded pained..

"Hello? Is anyone there? Do you need some help?" Oh no. Is someone hurt? The ghost started looking around for the noise. How strange, Ghostbur swore he and Tommy were the only ones here. Except the strange random women who keep causing trouble. Although now that he thinks about it, Ghostbur had never seen them.

A whimper was heard behind a large tree. Whoever it was sounded sad and scared. Poor thing! He needed to help them. Ghostbur rounded a corner, and there sitting up against the trunk of the tree, was a young man. He had messy, almost curly brown hair. Pale skin, and dark eyes. Something about him was vaguely *familiar*, but the spectre didn't think too much about it. The man was holding himself and shaking. Clearly in need of help.

"Hello. Are you alright? I'm Ghostbur." The spirit asked in a soft voice. A gentle smile on his face. Extending a hand for the stranger to take.

The young man looked up at him upon hearing the voice. His expression was empty, but Ghostbur could tell that he's hurting. Timidly the stranger took his hand.

Ghostbur helped him up.

Things went dark for a long time. Small twinkling things filled spots in the sky. They were pretty, and they distracted him from the pain. He reached up, trying to grab one. Wanting to look at them closer, but his arm couldn't reach high enough.

When the dark went away and light came up. He was still sitting up against the tree. His body still ached from the fight with the other. Thinking of that just made his blood burn more. Yet the man is still so cold.

Hugging himself, and trying to suppress a sob. The man didn't notice when the *Shiny Thing* showed up..

The Shiny Thing that was with *Tommy*.

Part of him wanted to growl at it. To tell it to go away.. but if Tommy liked Shiny Thing then maybe Shiny Thing is alright.

Not a threat.

Not like the other he killed.

Something inside him flares up again. Dark liquid drips from his eyes. Running over the previous stains. He holds himself and cries out weakly.

Shiny Thing looks at him, almost sadly. At least that's what the man thinks. He looks back in bleary confusion. What does it want?

"Hello. Are you alright? I'm Ghostbur." Shiny Thing moved his lips. Talking to him in a wispy voice. Soft and echoey, but the man couldn't understand what he was saying.

He tilted his head. So strange. So odd.

Who are you?

This creature looks similar to a fast thing, but this one floats. Fast-things don't hover. They run. Very fast. That's why his kind refers to them as Fast-Things.

Shiny Thing also doesn't smell like one either. The man isn't sure if he can smell anything from it.

"Don't worry! I'll help you! Just take my hand."

A translucent hand was held out in front of him. Transfixed temporarily by the shimmery glow. Yes. He wanted to touch this. Shiny. So shiny.

He took Shiny Thing's hand.

Letting the spirit help him up.

"There you go! See? You're looking better already!" The ghost smiled. It was such a big smile that even with his trouble detecting emotions on Fast-Things faces he could tell this creature was happy. *"Why don't you come back with me? My brother and I are having a camping trip, and you seem lost. I'm sure he won't mind another person!"*

Despite again not understanding, the man found himself nodding. Yeah. He wants to follow Shiny Thing.

Maybe Shiny Thing can distract him from the pain inside. It was still burning, and he ended up doubling over in a coughing fit. Blood spilling onto the ground, but he held his New Friend's hand. It felt cold, yet warm. Like *sunshine* on a chilly day..

Something about this being is keeping him grounded. Giving him a light feeling, although not enough to make him float away into that sea of unknowingness.

Is this what *gratefulness* feels like?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter! I worked really hard on it! I actually did some research on food you can find in the forest, like wild plants that are edible. It was fun! If you liked this please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! Also sorry if this isn't good though! If I find any problems later I'll try my best to fix them!

Faking a Smile.

Chapter Summary

Tommy meets Ghostbur's new friend, while Wilbur sees his familiar thing again.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Chapter 11! Ah! I'm so happy! Although I should warn you, I couldn't sleep last night so I'm sorry if this chapter and these notes are all out of wack. I'm exhausted lol. Also I'm so sorry if Tommy is really out of character. I had a bit of trouble with this chapter!

Oh and we have a discord now! It's mostly to post character art, snippets of future chapters, and facts about the characters and the virus! If you like this story feel free to check it out! <https://discord.gg/83kyH9SR> :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy woke up alone in his tent. A fog in his mind after the events of last night. That entire day being such an emotional roller coaster, that the boy was completely wiped out. He would've questioned Ghostbur's disappearance, but distantly he remembered that his ghostly brother was planning something for him today.

Slowly he got out of his sleeping bag, rubbed his eyes, and then went outside to make some breakfast. Forgetting that the only food he had was the rabbit that the zombified corpse of Wilbur had stolen.

"Mm. Kinda feeling like eggs today. Bacon would be nice too." Phil used to make really good eggs and bacon in the mornings before the apocalypse hit. Heck, Tommy remembers when he used to tease Techno for his love of pigs, and his pink hair. How Wilbur used to join in and joke about all three of them. Calling Tommy a child.

God how he *missed* those days..

Even in his state of slight stupor, Tommy easily reignited his campfire. Was it a good idea to do that in this mindset? Probably not.. but he needed a fire. Can't cook anything without a fire.

Rubbing his eyes again, Tommy blinked. Turning around to grab some canned food from his bag only to find that it wasn't there.

Oh.

Ghostbur must've taken it.

Shit. How's he supposed to eat breakfast now?

Oh well. His brother will probably be back anyway. Ghostbur never goes too far. Tommy always made sure to remind the ghost that he has an issue with getting lost.

Ah, and speaking of the cheerful ghost. Tommy could see him coming back to the campsite out of the corner of his eye. The boy turned around again to greet the ghost.

“Hey Ghostbro-“

Wait.

“Hi! Tommy! Look, I made a friend! Can he stay with us?” Ghostbur floated into the clearing, holding hands with.. with-

Wilbur's corpse.

Tommy found himself frozen in fear. Suddenly the memories of last night came flowing back. When the boy went outside to investigate a scream. How he got attacked and almost bitten by a zombie, only for Wil to show up and mercilessly kill his fellow undead.

It was brutal, specifically because Wilbur seemed to think simply killing that zombie wasn't enough. Apparently eating their own kind isn't off the table when it comes to the undead. Something Tommy has been terrified to learn about.

Everything was real.

But all the courage that the boy had, all the bravery he had mustered up in his time alone vanished upon seeing his brother's face.

“He looked lost and alone! He can stay with us, right Toms?” Ghostbur spoke in an excited voice, but Tommy didn't listen. At least not fully.

“T-Tom...my..”

Black blood was still smudged around his mouth. Evidence of his kill. What's going to stop the zombie from killing him if provoked? Wilbur killed and ate his own kind.. he's less than a zombie. He's a fucking *monster*.

What is Tommy even supposed to say here?

Ghostbur wouldn't understand. He doesn't even see the undead for what they are. In his mind Wilbur is most-likely some sad, injured wanderer all alone in a forest. How can you say no to that?

Although, it is rather strange that the ghost doesn't seem to recognize his own face.

God. The boy may have just woke up, but he's so fucking tired. If Wil's going to eat him, so be it. Ghostbur probably won't know the difference if he turns or not.

"S-Sure.. b-big man, c-course he can stay.." Putting on his fakest smile, as tears streamed down his face.

This would probably turn into a *fatal* mistake.

New friend.

A strange new friend.

This friend is holding his hand and taking him somewhere.

Taking him to *Tommy's* camp. Good. That's good. He gets to see his Tommy again.

A tiny bit of warmth in his chest at the thought of seeing his familiar thing again. The man was still confused about why the boy seemed so upset with him before though. He had protected him. Kept Tommy safe from his kin who wanted to eat him.

Tommy didn't seem to appreciate that though. He wondered why, but he supposed that maybe the boy was simply upset because he liked to get angry. To be fair his former-food did yell a lot. At the same time it was kind of hurtful to him.. he didn't want to kill the other. He didn't want to eat it either.

"*Hi! Tommy! Look, I made a friend! Can he stay with us?*" Shiny Thing spoke to the boy in a strange language. The one that Fast-Things speak. He listened intently, tilting his head again but not coming too close. Trying to show that he was paying attention, and preparing for the boy to start shouting at him again.

Oddly. Tommy didn't shout. The boy just stood there. Like a statue. His expression is too difficult to read.

"T-Tom..my..?" The young man called his name. Tommy isn't yelling. Does this mean he can come closer?

Closer. Yes he wants to be closer.

Familiar things.

They need to be *protected*.

Kept safe.

"*He looked lost and alone! He can stay with us, right Toms?*"

He could keep Tommy safe.

But killing his kin is wrong.

Yet familiar things..

How is he supposed to feel more than what he can now..?

The man doesn't know what he is.

Something tells him he wasn't always this way.

Maybe that's why familiar things are so important to his kind..

It helps to.. it helps to..

...

What was he thinking about again?

Oh. He's with Tommy and Shiny Thing.

Tommy.. *Tommy*.

He's happy to see his Tommy again.

"S-Sure.. big man, c-course he can stay.."

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I really hope you enjoyed this chapter!! I tried my best to write it. Sorry again if it's not great. I edited this but I couldn't sleep last night. I stayed up the whole night. I don't know why. I'm really tired. So I'm sorry if this chapter isn't great. If you do like it though please comment as I'd love some feedback! If I find any problems with this chapter later I'll try my best to fix them!

Also here's the link to the story's discord if you missed it! <https://discord.gg/83kyH9SR>
:D

A New Name.

Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to ignore his problems, while Ghostbur thinks of a name.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 12 guys!! I still can't believe we've made it this far! I really hope I can continue to update this at the rate I'm going! Interesting this for this chapter, is Zombur gets a temporary name! Sorry if this chapter isn't great though, I haven't been sleeping well lately. But I really hope you do enjoy this chapter!

<https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK> Here's the link to this story's discord channel if you're interested in seeing art and snippets of future chapters and other fun stuff! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Oh god. This can't be fucking happening.

Of course Ghostbur would try to befriend his own corpse.

Even worse, he can't even tell his brother to get rid of the zombie. Because Ghostbur doesn't understand. It's not that Tommy wants to treat the ghost like some small fragile child, heck Ghostbur was twenty-four when he died. Although.. now he'd be twenty-five.

It's just that.. the spirit simply is fragile. Childish and innocent. Almost like much of his brother's personality had been wiped away, although not in the same way that the zombie's was. There was probably nothing left in that thing, (*but it is strange that Wilbur remembers his name and protected him..*) but that's not the issue right now.

If Tommy tells Ghostbur the truth about the '*person*' he's happily holding hands with, the ghost won't take it well. Two things could happen, but they always have the same result. His brother could start crying, screaming, unable to fully understand but enough to be extremely distraught. Or, Ghostbur will smile it off in denial, poorly trying to hide how disturbed he is. Refusing to talk about the distressing topic further.

In the end, he'll always *forget*.

Ghostbur never remembers anything that upsets him.. and honestly? As heartbreaking as that is, he deserves to be happy. Without the spectre, the boy would be all alone.

So. As much as he hated it. As much as he wanted to scream, yell, and shout at the monster that used to be his older brother. Tommy had to accept. To let the zombie into his camp, even if it meant he would kill him. Shouldering this burden alone.

“Thank you Tommy! I think he’ll be so happy camping with us!” Ghostbur bounced gleefully as he floated. Meanwhile his ‘*friend*’ just stood there dumbly. Staring off into space while still holding the ghost’s hand.

“Y-Yeah.. I-I’m sure he is, b-big man..” Tommy just smiled weakly. Voice stuttering nervously. Looking away from the creature. Not wanting to make eye-contact. After what happened last night he wasn’t sure if he wanted to see ‘*Wilbur’s*’ face ever again.

A face still stained with dark blood from a fresh kill.

Instinctively Tommy closed his eyes. Keeping them firmly shut. *No. No he doesn’t want to look at him. Please. Please no-*

Thankfully a cold hand placed itself on his shoulder, the sensation was like a cool summer breeze. The boy didn’t have to look to know it was Ghostbur’s comforting hand.

“It’s okay Tommy. I know you’re still sad about your bad dreams. I’ve got something that can make it better though!” The hand disappeared, as Ghostbur took off his little brother’s backpack. Placing it on the ground and searching through it.

“D-Did you get me something?” So the cheerful spirit really did take his bag? Huh. Tommy wonder’s what he did with it. Must’ve found something since he’s searching through it, but due to the lingering foggiess in his mind the boy didn’t really think about it.

“I found you some food! I know you were sad because a woman stole your rabbit yesterday.. so I went out and did some foraging in the woods!” Inside the backpack were freshly picked blueberries, some weird looking mushroom, (*if Tommy had been feeling more like himself, he would’ve joked about it being some kind of drug*) and wild leeks.

“N-Now I know it’s not much.. and it probably won’t be very tasty, but I just really wanted to make you happy and-“ Ghostbur was immediately cut off by a hug from the boy.

Tommy was touched..

Ghostbur had really gone out to find him some *food*?

Well, it probably needs to be cooked, but the thought is still there.

“Thanks big man.. y-you’re the poggest brother ever.” Tommy didn’t let go. He just kept holding the spirit, who joyfully returned the hug. This ghost. This silly, amnesiac ghost with a penchant for getting lost went out and found him food?

“Oh. Tommy! Don’t say that, I’ll cry!”

“I-I know bro..” Tommy just held him tighter. “J-Just don’t ever leave me. O-Okay?”

Having let go of Wilbur's hand, Tommy could see the zombie standing almost shyly in the background. The boy's eyes narrowed suspiciously, even as he still hugged his brother. Wil just watched him, staring at him like he was some kind of spectacle.

Sure.. Tommy would let it stay.

But one wrong move, and that freak of nature is *gone*.

This was going to be so fun!

Tommy let the ghost's new friend stay!

Oh wow! What could they do together? Ghostbur had no idea. Maybe they could draw? Sing a song? The spirit absolutely loved singing. If only he had his guitar. That would be really nice. Playing music while the three of them sit at the campfire under the stars.

It would be so great!

His brother seemed so happy with his surprise too! Tommy hugged him and called him pog! Ghostbur likes to think he's pretty pog already, but hearing it from his little brother was way better. Unfortunately he didn't really know how to cook with these kinds of ingredients (*Tommy knew a lot more about outdoor cooking since their camping trip started two months ago*), so he handed the food he found to Tommy since he knew how.

Now, Ghostbur's new friend on the other hand. Seemed pretty shy. It was kind of sweet that he held his hand on the way back to Tommy's tent. Though now that he thinks about it, the spirit doesn't know his name.

"New friend! I'm so sorry, I think I forgot to ask you your name! Can you please tell me what it is?" Apologizing for his rudeness, the ghost floated back over to the young man.

The young man paused. Looking unsure. Staring at the ground and mumbling to himself.

Oh.

Did he not know his name?

"Are you having trouble remembering it? Are you an amnesiac too?" That's surprising. Ghostbur had never met anyone else with his condition. Then he realized how sad it was that his new friend couldn't remember his name.

"Wait, if you can't remember your name.. then- oh I'm so sorry!" Feeling bad for his nameless friend, Ghostbur pulled out some of his blue. "Here! Have some blue!"

The nameless man held the blue. He looked confused by it, but didn't return it. The strange yet comforting substance started to gain colour. Although instead of turning blue. It was turning **black**.. dissolving into dust in the man's hands.

That's.. *new*.

For someone with such a blank expression, they must be hurting so much.. Ghostbur had never seen anyone so sad. Maybe there was something he could do? The ghost had to help somehow.

“If.. if you don’t have a name, then maybe I can give you a new one until you remember your old one!” His new friend stopped staring at the ground upon hearing his words. A curious look on his face. Did he like this idea?

“Okay! Let me think of one.. hmmm. Techno always liked reading Greek mythology books. Tommy is sometimes called Theseus, he doesn’t really like that however. How about *Icarus*?”

Ghostbur couldn’t exactly remember the legend of Icarus.. though he did recall something about the boy named Icarus crafting a pair of wings and flying too close to the sun. Maybe when Icarus fell, he got lost and couldn’t find his way back?

Is that what happened to his new friend? Did he get lost in the woods, and he’s just trying to find his way home?

Well, however the story went. It seemed the young man didn’t mind the name. He mumbled to himself, but Ghostbur thought he could hear him trying to repeat the name back.

So then it’s settled! Icarus it is!

This is so exciting. The ghost couldn’t wait to tell Tommy.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried really hard with this one but again I’m sorry if it’s not good. If I find any problems later I’ll try my best to fix it! If you did like it though, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Icarus.

Chapter Summary

Tommy thinks about the past, while Wilbur tries out his new name.

Chapter Notes

Notes: Hey guys! Chapter 13! I do need to warn you guys, that I wrote this when I had zero sleep, so I'm really sorry if it's bad or makes no sense. I tried my best! If it really isn't good I can delete it, or I just try to fix it as best I can later. Sorry again!

Also here's the link to the story's discord if you're interested in seeing art, things about the characters and the virus, and story snippets! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy tried to focus on something other than his *technically* two dead brothers. While Ghostbur was insisting on giving the zombie a name. (*despite the fact that he already has one*) The boy could hear the ghost excitedly attempting to teach the monster the name he picked out for him.

“Come on friend! Say it with me. It’s easy! Ic-ar-us. Icarus!”

“*I-Ic..ar..usss..?*”

“Yes! You’ve got it! I think the name quite compliments you, Icarus!”

Icarus.

Huh. Tommy supposed the name was fitting for Wilbur. After all, his former brother was passionate, determined. Perhaps that’s what led to his demise.

The boy can’t remember exactly what was going on, since it didn’t seem too important at the time.. but before Wil was bitten. He had become paranoid. Borderline insane.. Many a night Tommy could hear the man muttering to himself while he tried to sleep. Heard his brother’s frantic pacing around their camps and temporary shelters.

Wilbur seemed to be convinced that there was some sort of plot, or *corruption* going on in one of the survivor compounds. Tommy had heard of it a few times but he’d never actually been there himself. Apparently it was one of the largest and allegedly the most successful compounds. Although not many were permitted inside.

None of that seemed important though. To the boy it just sounded like the paranoid thoughts of an increasingly unstable man. This bizarre obsession caused him to stop focusing on himself and Tommy. In a way, Wilbur had already left him before the bite. Getting infected was just the proof Tommy needed to know his brother was *never* coming back.

In his stubborn pursuit of justice, for an imaginary crime. Wilbur had flown too close to the sun, and his wax wings had melted.

Just like Icarus.

So yes. Perhaps this temporary name fits the man well. Except if Icarus was in a zombie apocalypse and instead of his wax wings melting, he got bitten by the undead.

Oh well.. at least there's food now. Tommy was pretty grateful for that. Although he's never had wild leeks or morels before. Hopefully it'll taste better than the boy thinks? As Tommy sautéed his meal, Ghostbur floated over. Holding hands with his corpse again.

"Tommy! I've named him Icarus!" The spirit happily proclaimed. In his excitement Ghostbur started bouncing. Which earned a confused look from his zombie counterpart. "I think he likes it!"

"T-That's great, big man.. Icarus is a pretty pog name." Shit. Tommy doesn't even know how to talk to the ghost when Wilbur is standing right there. All he wants to do is scream and shout at him, but he can't in front of Ghostbur. Then again.. the boy couldn't even if his brother wasn't around. He just doesn't have the energy.

"*T-To..mmy..*." Wil repeated in a weak shaky voice. It's so fucking weird.. Why does he keep saying his name? Wilbur shouldn't even know his name. God. Tommy is just too tired for this.

"I think he likes you Tommy!" His ghostly brother pointed out. Huh. Well, Tommy had to be blind not to notice the way Wil would stare at him. Or how he followed him around even after the boy started punching him. Then there's the fact that Wilbur had seemingly protected him from another zombie the night before.

But that doesn't mean Tommy should trust a walking corpse. Zombies don't feel things like love, or pain. Sadness and fear. They'd kill their own family and friends without hesitation. They're thoughtless and brain-dead.

Whatever is going on with Wilbur must be some kind of mental glitch. It doesn't matter though. He'll probably snap out of it eventually and try to kill him without a second thought.

"Uh. Y-Yeah. I guess he does. W-Why don't you.. show him your drawings, Ghostbro? I need to finish making breakfast." In an attempt to distract the ghost and the zombie, Tommy tried to direct them to something else.

"Oh okay Tommy! There's blueberries to snack on later if you'd like some!" Ghostbur smiled, but Tommy could tell that the ghost was thinking about something. Maybe he was

hoping his little brother would enjoy the food Ghostbur had foraged for? Tommy was pretty grateful for that honestly. Perhaps he could do something nice for Ghostbur in return?

“Come on, Icarus! I want to show you Friend!” The ghost led Wil off towards the tent, where his drawing pad was located. Probably to show him his pictures of his imaginary blue sheep.

At least they’re having fun..

Tommy wishes he could be happy too.

Icarus..

Is that his name?

No.

It didn’t sound familiar to him.

Shiny Thing seemed so happy to give it though.

He doesn’t know his name either..

So maybe he could be Icarus?

“I-Ic..ar..us..” The young man repeated the name under his breath. Trying to make sure that this name wouldn’t escape him. Names are special. Precious even.

Among his kind it’s very *rare* to have names.

Only a lucky few can recall what they used to be called.

Icarus wasn’t one of them. The only name he was able to remember was Tommy. That was fine though. He likes Tommy, even if he yells at him a lot.

There was a bit of pride in receiving a name, even if he felt that it wasn’t his real one. At least he has something to call himself now.

Shiny Thing is so kind to have done this.

But..

What is Shiny Thing’s name? How does he ask? Icarus only has a very limited vocabulary. Just because Tommy’s Soft Thing helped him remember a name doesn’t mean he doesn’t know other things. The man had picked up a few words from other fast-things he’d heard, while they ran away or fought against him and his kind.

Hmmmm.

Icarus supposed there was no harm in trying. His mind is scrambling to find the right words to form his question.

“Y-Y..ou.. i-is..?” Icarus poked the ghost. Who had been rambling about something for the last few minutes. He felt bad that he had tuned Shiny Thing out, but he was just so happy that he got a name.

“Oh, are you asking me what my name is? I think I already told you, but I’m Ghostbur!” The spirit answered his question patiently. This made the young man think. Ghost..bur? What a strange name..

“G-Gh..”

Okay, maybe that one is a bit too much right now. That’s alright. Icarus will probably get it eventually. Some names are a little harder to say.

Ghostbur seemed to notice his struggle and patted his shoulder comfortingly. Although Icarus didn’t quite understand what he was doing at first. *“It’s okay Icarus! You don’t have to learn it immediately. Things take practice, y’know?”*

Keep trying. That’s what Ghostbur was seeming to say. *(It’s still hard to understand the fast-thing language.)*

Yes. Icarus will keep trying.

Maybe if he keeps trying then Tommy will like him more.

...

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter but once again I’m sorry if it wasn’t good! If I find any problems later I’ll try my best to fix them! If you did like this chapter please leave a comment as I would love some feedback! :D

Better Places to Stay/The Boy in the Ruins.

Chapter Summary

Tommy decides to end his camping trip, while a boy is lost in a city.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Chapter 14! Guess what? I've decided to introduce a new character to the story! I will have to warn you, I've never written him before so I'm very sorry if it's not good. I'll try my best to write him well, but I'm still learning. I hope you like this chapter though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, stuff about the characters, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The rest of the day went by.. somewhat normally. Ghostbur's gift of food was eaten by Tommy, and although a little worried about the taste it wasn't that bad. Ghostbur had been extremely delighted upon seeing his little brother eat the foraged food, that the spirit he kept bouncing.

Wilbur, or Icarus as he is now called. Hasn't done anything too suspicious.. but Tommy still distrusted the creature. Maybe it was simply waiting. Biding it's time until it gains the boy's trust.. then strike when he least expects it. Zombies couldn't be that smart, can they?

'Fuck.. I don't know if I can keep living like this. I'm mad as hell at Phil, but it's getting more dangerous here each day.' Being alone this long with only a ghost (*even though he loves his brother dearly*) for company couldn't be good for the boy's mental health.

No matter how furious Tommy is with his father and Techno, the boy knew he wouldn't last out here alone for much longer. At some point Tommy will have to pack up his things, and go somewhere else. Hopefully "Icarus" won't come with him.

Tommy looked over at the spirit and the zombie. They seemed to be playing some kind of card game.. while, at least attempting to play. Ghostbur didn't seem to understand the rules, and Wilbur probably didn't even know how to fucking read, much less play cards with his ghostly counterpart.

“Hmmm.. go fish!” Ghostbur said after a look of deep concentration. Placing a card down in front of the zombie.

“*Icarus*” just groaned. Seeming confused by this game. He tried to copy Ghostbur. Placing his card down too, but after a moment he picked his card back up and shoved it into his mouth.

What a *freak*.

Getting back on track, Tommy thought about planning when they should leave. Sooner would be better than later. Only issue is that Tommy doesn't know where Phil and Techno are. It's not like he can just call them, or mail them a letter. So what the heck is he supposed to do?

It's not like he can just keep camping here in the forest. Waiting until they show up. Heading into the city is dangerous, with all the undead wandering around.. but the boy just wants to see his friends and family again.

Two fucking months.. that's how long it's been since Wil died. *Two months* since Tommy got separated from everyone he cares about.

Time to start planning where to go next.

Most of the zombies have been coming from the nearby city. That's where he found Wilbur. So getting farther away from the place would be Tommy's best bet. A farm would be good. If the boy could locate an abandoned farm for him and Ghostbur to stay at, that would be wonderful.

A farm would mean a steady food source as he could grow vegetables. Plus there'd be an actual place to sleep other than in some tent. Ghostbur would probably love a place like that too. Less undead in the countryside too.

It's settled then.

Tommy just needed a map.

“Hey, Ghostbro. What do you say we find somewhere else to live?” The fear from earlier had died down considerably with his realization that they should move. Tommy decided there was more pressing matters at hand than a stupid zombie following him around. Even if it had been his brother, and terrified the living daylight out of him the night before.

“Somewhere else? What do you mean Tommy? Are you not having fun on our camping trip?” Ghostbur looked confused and somewhat sad. The ghost had tried his best to cheer his little brother up and make their trip fun. Had he not done enough?

“No no! It's been a lovely trip, big man. I just think we should stay somewhere a bit different for a change. Somewhere like.. a farm. With sheep and uh, cows!” Ah yes. Ghostbur did love sheep. In particular blue ones. If that didn't seal the deal nothing would.

“Like *Friend*?”

“Yeah, like Friend, Ghostbur.”

“Okay! Let’s go! Can we go now? I want to see the sheep!” Ghostbur grinned excitedly at the thought of seeing those wooly animals. Thank goodness the spirit was so easily convinced. Although even if Tommy hadn’t convinced the ghost the boy knew that his brother would come with him.

Guess they’re going to be country boys now.

Somewhere in the wreckage of a city, a *boy* awoke with a start.

Where was he?

Slowly the boy blinked, looking around. Trying to get a grasp of his surroundings. He seemed to be in some ruined building. A faint smell of smoke nearby, cracks in the walls and floor. Dark stains littering the place in random spots.

This place didn’t look familiar.

Body strangely weak and stiff, still feeling a little disoriented as well, the boy groaned and got to his feet. Absentmindedly dusting himself off.

“W-Where am I?” Once the dizziness had cleared enough, the boy spoke in a rasp. Damn. How long has he gone without speaking? Or was he just dehydrated? Some water would be pretty nice right now.

“H-Hello? I-Is anyone here?” Calling out, for someone, anyone. Was he alone here? The boy hoped not. Something felt really wrong here. No he doesn’t want to be alone.

No answer.

“W-Where is everyone..?” Thinking aloud, a nervous habit he thinks, the boy takes a few steps out of the room. It was dark but he could make out some shapes. An office building it seemed. Papers were scattered all over the floor. Chairs were knocked over and computers appear to have been smashed.

Huh. He wondered what he had been doing there.

Looking down at his clothes he found himself wearing what appeared to be a suit. Must be some sort of coincidence, because the boy is certain he’s at least seventeen..

What’s his name again?

No no. He’s certain he’s got this.

Ran..

Randy?

Ranbob?

Ranboo?

Ranboo.

His name is Ranboo.

Huh. What a strange name. Well, the boy isn't complaining though. At least he remembered it.

"D-Did I hit my head or something? God.. I can't remember anything.." The fog is gone now, but his head did hurt a little. Yeah Ranboo is certain he must've gotten some kind of concussion or head trauma. That would explain the memory loss.

"O-Okay.. don't panic. I'm sure there's someone around here who can help me. Maybe they can direct me to a hospital? I should probably get my head checked out.." After reassuring himself, Ranboo left the office building, fully expecting to see other signs of life outside. People who could help him out.

What he found however was the exact opposite.

Several bodies lay motionless on the street. Torn apart and covered in *blood*. Their wounds are similar to that of an animal attack. Half-eaten and mangled. The boy's eyes grew wide, he covered his mouth to stifle a scream.

What happened here?

Suddenly the boy heard a moan. It was close. Oh no. Someone here must be hurt! Ranboo ran after the source of the sound, and although aware that there was probably nothing he could do he still wanted to help somehow.

A *woman* was lying face down on the concrete. She looked pale, but Ranboo didn't notice. Instead he was focused on the fact that she was weakly attempting to stand, and shivering terribly.

"H-Hey! Are you alright? Ma'am?" Without a second thought the boy rushed to her aid and tried to help her up. The woman didn't protest. She simply groaned again as if in pain.

"T-There.. uh. Y-You good now?-"

The boy cut himself off as he noticed something strange. Her eyes.. they're *black*. Something equally as dark is dripping from them. It's leaking from her mouth, her nose. What.. what the hell is that stuff? Something is wrong with her skin too. It's covered in dark veins.

Feeling like he might've made a mistake, Ranboo carefully took a few steps back. Trying to distance himself from this.. sick lady. Yeah. She must be sick with something.

She stared at him with those bleeding eyes.. and something about that look told the boy that he needed to get *away* from her.

“Uh.. you’re welcome. I-I’m just gonna go now. Bye!” Before the woman could respond, or do anything. Ranboo bolted out of the street. Where was he going? He didn’t know.. but he heard an inhuman shriek from behind him, so the boy was certain that leaving was his best choice.

Panic started to set in when the boy ran through an ally, and found himself in a big area full of people. These people were stumbling around on unsteady legs. Their features matched the woman he just saw. Same bleeding faces. They were moaning, groaning, and gurgling rather disturbingly. Something was seriously wrong here.

Unfortunately at that moment, Ranboo in a panic, stepped on a pop can. Immediately freezing in place out of fear from his mistake.

All the faces turned to *stare* at him.

They didn’t look like they wanted to talk.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried really hard. I’ve never written Ranboo before so I hope I did alright. If I find any problems with this story later I’ll try my best to fix them! If you guys did like this chapter, please comment as I’d love some feedback!

Under the Weather.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur gets worried when his friend seems to be getting sick.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Chapter 15! Wow, we're five away from chapter 20! I really hope we can get there! I'm almost finished writing chapter 16 but I need to write the rest. I hope this chapter is good! Sorry there's no Ranboo in this one, but he'll be back! Tommy and Ranboo will meet up eventually!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you're interested in seeing art, facts about the characters and the virus, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur couldn't contain his excitement.

They were moving to a farm?

Imagine all the fun things they could do there. The brothers could start a garden! If the farm doesn't have one that is, but the spirit hoped it would. After all, Tommy needs to eat. Oh maybe there would be carrots? The boy loved carrots.

Would there be a kitchen there? Ghostbur could finally learn how to cook. This is so exciting.

Ghostbur hoped the farm would have rooms for each of them too. One for Tommy, one for himself, a room for Icarus, and two more for Phil and Techno when they finally come for a visit.

They're going to visit.. right?

No. No of course they will. Ghostbur is sure that his father and twin will be just as excited to see him too. They're simply just taking a little while. That's all.

Currently Tommy is planning for their trip to the farm, and Ghostbur didn't want to distract his brother. So he went to go see what Icarus was doing. He liked his new friend very much.

Icarus was a pretty quiet guy. That's alright. He's probably just shy. Ghostbur gets a little shy too when he's around a lot of people so he understands. Things get a little overwhelming

sometimes.

“Hi Icarus! Are you looking forward to our farm trip? I can’t wait until we get there!” Ghostbur floated over to his friend. Wondering what he was thinking. Was he excited they were moving too?

Icarus turned toward the sound of the spectre’s voice. Letting out a mumble to show that he was listening. However, he did seem a little unfocused. For a split second the spirit swore he saw something dark *drip* down the man’s face. When Ghostbur blinked, it was gone. Must’ve been his imagination.

Still. Something felt off.

“Icarus, are you okay? Do you need some more blue?” Feeling concerned, Ghostbur took out some blue, and tried to give it to his friend. Oddly, Icarus seemed to hesitate this time.. he poked the substance very slightly.

His blue turned black again, dissolving into dust.

“*N-N..o..*”

No?

“*N-No..*” Icarus looked upset. His fists were clenched. Body shivering a little bit. Was Ghostbur’s blue making him feel worse? That’s not supposed to happen. It’s supposed to *drain* your sadness, not amplify it!

“I-I’m sorry! I don’t know why it keeps dissolving like that!” Ghostbur started to panic. He didn’t know how to calm his friend down, or why he was even upset. The spirit started to pace. Considering whether he should see if Tommy can help.. but Tommy is planning their farm trip. Ghostbur doesn’t want to interrupt him.

Shoot.. What can he do?

Icarus started looking around in all directions, although rather sluggish. His face showed visible signs of discomfort, in contrast to his usual empty expressions. If the spirit didn’t know any better, Icarus looked *sick*.

Is that what the problem is?

Icarus just isn’t feeling well?

Okay. If that’s the case, then maybe telling Tommy would be a good idea.

Deciding to go do that, Ghostbur left his new friend and flew over to Tommy, who had been writing down a list of important things to look for and take with them on the trip. “T-Tommy? I think something’s wrong with Icarus.. he looks under the weather.”

“I don’t think there’s anything I can really do about that, big man..” Tommy didn’t look at him for some reason. There was a bizarre tinge of bitterness and grief in the boy’s tone that

took Ghostbur by surprise. Where was that coming from?

“W-What do you mean, Toms?”

“It’s fine.. Ghostbro don’t worry about it. I’m sure he’s just nervous or some shit. Let’s just focus on getting to that farm, okay?”

“O-Okay.. yeah! Probably just nervous. You’re right Tommy!” Feeling a little bit better, Ghostbur decided maybe it was best not to worry about it after all. After all, the spirit trusts his little brother, and if Tommy says not to worry, then he’s not going to worry.

Although.. When the ghost looked back, Icarus was still shaking. Ghostbur could even swear that he heard the man coughing.

Icarus doesn’t feel so good.

The hunger is starting to hit him and he doesn’t know what to do.

It feels like his insides are writhing around like snakes.

No. No.

He needs to get away from Tommy. Away from Shiny Thing.. or Ghostbur? That’s what Shiny Thing said his name was right?

Icarus was still so thankful that the ghost gave him a name.

Too bad he didn’t know a proper way to thank him.

Even worse now that the hunger is gnawing at his mind.

The whispers are getting louder.

He needs to eat.

Needs to kill.

Food.

Tommy smells like food.

He needs to get away from the boy. Away from his precious familiar thing.

The man stumbled deeper into the woods when the two creatures weren’t looking.

Sniffing and smelling, but there was no other food.

Well. None except for the rest of the murdered corpse of his kin that he’d hidden.

But no.

He's not doing it again.

It was wrong enough the first time.

Icarus wouldn't devour his own kind a second time. The shame and guilt he felt before was crushing enough.

Then, as if by some miracle, the man smelled something.

Just out of the woods.

Something fresh.

Moving with more purpose, Icarus cut himself on stray branches in his rush to see the other side.

And there it was.

A fast-thing.

Stuck in some kind of metal device.


They looked scared, but that doesn't matter. Fast-things are food. They aren't like him. They're simply meant to be eaten.

Icarus doesn't understand why they fight back though.

The fast thing is making strange noises. Something is running down their face, but it's clear. Not black.

It's trying to escape but it can't.

His stomach hurts. His head hurts.

He 

They scream.

Tastes good..

Icarus keeps eating until the food stops moving.

He'll have to save the rest for later.

For now though, he'll take an arm.

Hey guys! I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Sorry if it's not great though, I've been kind of distracted. If I find any problems with it though I'll try my best to fix them! If you did like this chapter please comment as I'd love some feedback!

Fear of Emptiness.

Chapter Summary

Wilbur worries about becoming an empty, while Tommy makes a grisly discovery.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Chapter 16! Dang I still can't believe how far we've gotten! I will admit I've been having a bit of trouble writing scenes lately, but I really hope I can continue to post every day. Anyway I hope you like this chapter! Sorry if it's not good!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Icarus felt full.

And yet..

He felt empty.

It's a bizarre feeling. Even he's aware of that.

But that's okay.

It's always okay.

It's never okay.

Something inside tells him that there's no point in arguing. Icarus ate what he was supposed to eat this time, and that's good.

Eating dulled the pain.

Doesn't erase it entirely.. but it helps.

The man knows what happens to others who don't eat.

Those ones have nothing left. No thoughts to have, no emotions to feel.

Icarus doesn't want to become like that. If he does, then familiar things won't matter anymore.

That's so sad.

*Absent-mindedly Icarus held the arm he had torn off his fresh kill. Just a snack for later, but all these thoughts of **empties** are making him worry.*

What if he gets hungry and there's nothing around to eat?

Empties are pitiful.. they cause trouble with the way they attack, no regard for their fellow others, but no one can get angry at them.

They don't know what they're doing.

Icarus thinks he almost became one once.. but he's not sure. It scares him to try and remember.

There was.. a lot of screaming. Not in a communicating way.

He's glad he's not an empty.

If the man was, then he'd never care about seeing his Tommy again. Or Shiny Thing-Ghostbur again.

Wanting to go back now, Icarus stumbled through the woods. Occasionally scratching his face by branches. When he emerged from the trees, he could see Tommy and Ghostbur.

Ghostbur is waving to him, and he waved back with the arm he found.

Tommy looks pale.

He's yelling again, pointing. Ghostbur looks confused. He's confused too.

Maybe the boy is just yelling for the sake of yelling.

That's okay.

Icarus sits at the fire. Ignoring Tommy's shouts.

Having a nibble of the fast-thing arm he found.

Tastes so good.

*There's no fear of **becoming** an empty as long as he has food.*

Things seemed to be going well, in terms of getting all his gear packed up and ready for travel. All that was really left was to put out the fire, and tell his brother that they were leaving.

Unfortunately Tommy still didn't have a map.. but the boy was certain he'd find one somewhere without having to go too deep into the city.

Wilbur had wandered off, and he almost felt bad that he was relieved. It was just too dangerous to let that freak of nature keep following him around. Even if Wil truly didn't want to eat him, which Tommy still doubts, the man killed and *ate* another zombie.

Hell, Wilbur has danger written all over him. Keeping him around would be a death wish.

Ghostbur seemed to really like his zombie counterpart however, and that's where Tommy felt guilty. The spirit deserves to have a friend. Someone who can listen to him ramble on about sheep, music, and books. Surprisingly Wil was a good fit for that. Probably because he couldn't say anything that would either interrupt or change the topic.

"Ghostbur, everything is packed up, ready to go find that farm, big man?" The boy slung his backpack over his shoulder, and walked over to his brother who had been staring out into the forest.

"Um. Not yet Tommy! Icarus hasn't come back yet!" The ghost said. His usual smile was still on his face, but his tone sounded worried.

Shit. Tommy was afraid Ghostbur would say that. God. It was stupid, but the boy was kind of hoping they could leave '*Icarus*' behind.

"Oh.. right." Tommy swore internally. "You want us to wait for him then?" *Please say no. Please say no. Please say no. Please say no.*

"Yes, let's wait! I don't want Icarus to think we left him behind. Friends should stick together, Toms."

Damn it. Guess it can't be helped. Looks like the two of them are going to have to wait for a mindless zombie to stumble back into camp.

Hmm. At least this gives Tommy more time to think. Would a map even really be needed? The boy supposed that it would. Knowing their location would prove pretty handy. He's just not sure if it's truly worth the risk of searching.

Would farms even be on a map? Tommy doesn't want to end up getting bitten because he wanted a fucking map.

"Do you see him yet bro?" Tired of thinking about this frustrating predicament, Tommy decided to ask his brother about whether '*Icarus*' had returned.

"Hmm. No.. I don't see him- Oh wait! There he is! Hi Icarus!" Ghostbur looked worried, but once he saw his friend the spirit gave a big smile. Bouncing up and down and waving to the zombie, who was emerging from the woods.

'Fuck.. guess we're taking corpse boy with us after all.' Bitterly the boy thought, as the undead man wobbled into view. Wilbur seemed to be carrying something. Some kind of stick, but Tommy didn't care. To be fair the boy wasn't really looking at him.

“Kay, we ready to speed-run out of here guys?!”

‘*Icarus*’, who had merely wandered back into the former-campground through the corner of Tommy’s eyes, came closer. Now in the boy’s direct line of sight. The man mumbled, rather unintelligibly, but a small smile could be seen on his face.

Along with the colour *red* smudged around his mouth.

“*T-To..mm..y..*”

Tommy looked down at the stick Wil was holding.

Only to see his former-brother take a bite out of it like some disturbing candy bar.

It’s not a stick.

That’s an *arm*.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it’s not great, I keep getting really sleepy while writing. I don’t know why. I’ll try to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this story, please comment as I’d love some feedback! :D

Tough Decisions and Farms.

Chapter Summary

Tommy is once again forced to make a decision, while Ghostbur is excited to go see a farm.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 17 guys! Heck yeah! I really hope you guys like this chapter. I'll admit I had a lot of trouble with it. I'm really sorry if it's not good. I tried my best! Sometimes I really struggle with character dialogue and scenes. I hope that you guys enjoy this chapter despite that.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An arm.

That's an arm.

A fucking arm.

Oh god.

Tommy doesn't know what to be more horrified with. The fact that Wilbur had definitely killed someone, or the fact that another human being was so close.. yet so far. Now they're dead.

No.

Had Tommy put his zombified brother out of his misery, would this person still be alive?

Is it the boy's fault that they've been eaten?

Tommy took out his knife, and gripped it so tightly that it started to hurt. 'Icarus' is watching him. Staring at him innocently as the boy rubbed his eyes with his free hand. Trying to wipe away angry tears.

“T-Tommy? Why do you have your knife out?” Ghostbur saw this, and looked both nervous and confused. This time.. Tommy just ignored him. Approaching Icarus.

“No reason, Ghostbur.. turn around and don’t look.” Killing the undead is how this world works. Wilbur is just another zombie to slay. One who should’ve been killed a long time ago.

“*T-To..mmy..?*” The zombie moaned. Head tilted to the side like a dog. Not understanding. Tommy has a sharp shiny object. He likes the way it shimmers in the sunlight.

The boy froze in his tracks. It’s odd how just hearing his brother’s raspy voice can be enough to make Tommy second guess himself.. but this needs to be done. He can’t ignore the flesh-eating monster anymore.

How the hell is he supposed to kill this thing with Ghostbur *watching* though?

“Ghostbur. P-Please. I need you to turn around. I-I don’t want you to see this..!”

“B-But.. but Tommy! Knives are dangerous! A-And I know you don’t like him very much.. I can tell by the way you look at him, Toms.” Instead of turning around, Ghostbur did the exact opposite. He flew in front of Icarus. Standing almost like a barrier between them.

“G-Ghostbur. You don’t understand.. he’s too dangerous!” No. No. Why isn’t Ghostbur just letting him do this? It’s for their safety that this zombie gets put down.

“*F-Fo..od..? T-To..ms..?*”

“Y-You see, big man?! He wants to eat me! I have to get rid of him before he kills someone else!” The boy was near shouting at the spirit. Why couldn’t he just understand? It’s not that hard. The monster literally killed someone, and he’s eating their arm right in front of them.

“Tommy you’re not making sense! Icarus would never hurt anyone!” Ghostbur, starting to match Tommy’s volume, yelled back.

At this point both brothers were crying. Tommy from having to kill his former-brother, and Ghostbur from seeing Tommy wanting to hurt his new friend for no reason at all.

He felt so guilty. Seeing his ghostly brother upset kills him, and now he’s the cause. Icarus seemed to notice the fighting, and he shuffled over. Still carrying the severed arm.

Too distracted in this argument, Tommy didn’t immediately notice that Wil was now right in front of him, and holding the arm as if to hand it over. No, it wasn’t until the boy heard the man mumble the word: “*F-Fo..od..*” again.

“W-What!? What the hell do you *want*, man!?” Tommy looked back furiously. Only to see that Wilbur, or Icarus wasn’t doing anything. All he did was hold out that disgusting half-eaten arm.

“*T-To..mmy.. f-fo..ood..*” The zombie poked the boy’s shoulder with the severed limb. Out of instinct Tommy flinched.

“T-Tommy, see? Look! Icarus is nice! H-He’s trying to share with you!” The spirit nervously laughed.

Sharing?

Wil poked him with the arm again.

“*F-F..ood..?*” Icarus repeated.

“Y-You.. you *want* me to have this, don’t you?” The boy asked. A bead of sweat ran down his head. Once again thrown into an absolute roller coaster of emotions. It’s obvious that Wilbur must’ve gotten hungry and left to go kill something, but had he specifically taken this arm just to give to Tommy?

“I.. I’m going mad aren’t I, Ghostbur? I-I’ve gone all loopy and shit.” The boy started to laugh. Shaking from shock.

“Don’t feel bad, Toms. I know this camping trip hasn’t been the best.. but look at what we’ve got now! We’re going to a lovely farm, we have a new friend, it’s going to be great. I promise! Put your knife away. Icarus isn’t a wrong’un.”

Maybe Ghostbur is right.

This is probably a terrible idea, but.. Tommy put the knife away.

That doesn’t mean he won’t be *cautious* though.

“Alright Ghostbro.. let’s go find that farm.”

Thank goodness.

Ghostbur was absolutely baffled by Tommy’s behaviour. The ghost knew that his little brother likes to act tough and violent (*with how he always likes to say “I’m going to start stabbing shit”*) but to actually take out his knife, and threaten Icarus.. that was just completely out of the blue!

Icarus wasn’t feeling well, so he must’ve left to go clear his head. When he came back though he had *cranberry sauce* on his face, and a stick. Although Ghostbur didn’t remember finding cranberries while out foraging in the morning, this doesn’t explain his brother’s extreme reaction.

Was it because he was jealous that his friend had cranberries? Did Tommy like those more than the blueberries he found for him?

Even if that was the reason, it’s just too big of an overreaction.

At least they’re not fighting anymore.

Icarus seemed to be able to tell Tommy was angry and tried to give the boy his stick as a form of extending an olive branch. In the end, Tommy didn't take the stick, but must've accepted Icarus's attempt at forging peace.

Happy that all the bizarre random fighting had stopped, Ghostbur thought about the farm some more. Tommy was currently leading the way, and the boy had given the ghost a rope to tie around Icarus's wrist.

Probably so he won't get lost, Ghostbur assumed. He did think it was weird though. Didn't the man want to come with them? Why would Icarus need a *rope*?

They've been walking for at least an hour now. Tommy managed to even find the map he wanted. Though they had to be careful. The boy said he saw some "*sus*" people around there, so he had to be quick to grab it when they got close to the city.

"Tommy, are we going to get there soon?" The spirit was just so curious. He thinks Icarus is too, because he keeps tugging at the rope.

"Not sure yet, bro. This map is not very pog. No touch screen. Fuck.. I miss my phone." Tommy looked at the map while they walked, complaining about the lack of working electronics. The boy actually did have his phone, it's just dead.

Power went out all over the country a few months ago. Tommy had told the spectre about that. His brother said that places with power are hard to find now, but it's possible that if the farm has a generator, they could get it working and have electricity.

"Maybe the farm will have power, Toms! We could watch the tele! Oh! We could call Phil and Techno, and tell them where we are!"

"Huh.. I think you're right, Ghostbro, if we could find a generator and whack it a bit, I'm sure the place could have a phone. Just hope to prime that it works." The boy smiled, which made the ghost feel good. Tommy seems happier now, and in turn so did Ghostbur.

"*G-Gh..*" Icarus tugged on the rope that the spirit carefully held. Trying to say Ghostbur's name. Seeking attention. He looked at the young man, and could see that his friend was confused. Brown eyes darting around as if trying to figure out where they were going.

"What is it, Icarus? Are you wondering when we'll get to the farm too? It's okay! I'm sure it won't be much longer!" Patting his friend's shoulder comfortingly, Ghostbur tried his best to reassure Icarus that they'd get to their destination soon.

"Don't think he really understands bro, but yeah I think we'll get there soon. I can see a house past that hill over there." Tommy pointed to a rolling green hill to the right. Just across it was a meadow of blue flowers, which immediately got Ghostbur's attention. He loved blue flowers so very much.

"Blue! Tommy, look! There's so much blue!" Without much thought, the spirit excitedly flew over to the flowers. Unfortunately forgetting about the zombie that was attached to the rope Ghostbur was holding, so the poor man was *dragged* the whole way there.

“G-Ghostbur be careful! Icarus is still- oh never mind.”

The farm is going to be wonderful, Ghostbur is sure of it.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Once again I'm sorry if it's not good, I had a lot of trouble writing this one. If I find any problems later I'll try my best to fix them! If you did enjoy this chapter please comment as I'd love some feedback!

The Cottage-Core Farm.

Chapter Summary

Tommy, Ghostbur, and Icarus finally make it to their new home, but is it as empty as it seems?

Chapter Notes

Chapter 18 guys! Tommy, Ghostbur, and Wilbur made it to the farm! Hmm. I wonder what's inside the house? I hope you guys like this chapter! I'll admit I'm not good with describing houses and stuff, but I tried my best!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sometimes Tommy expected the worst. Fair considering the year he's had. So when the trio found themselves standing in front of a farmhouse straight out of some cottage core magazine, it felt like a dream come true.

Honestly, it didn't feel real. The boy just stared at it, mouth agape. Everything looked perfect. *Too perfect*. Wheat fields lay outside in rows. Smaller garden plots rested at the steps of the house. Perfect for vegetables such as carrots, potatoes, and others. A large bag labeled "seeds" sat in a pile of other bags next to an apple tree. Behind the tree were a few more apple trees.

As for the house itself. It looked relatively safe. It could use a fresh coat of paint, but it looked very pleasant. Considering the amount of time spent camping, Tommy thought it even seemed welcoming. The only sign of it being touched by the apocalypse were the boarded windows.

"Tommy.. It's just as wonderful as I hoped!" Ghostbur cheered. Spinning in the air with joyous excitement. "Look! There's apples! Tommy, you love apples! We could start a garden! Maybe we can find some sheep and-"

"Calm down, big man. I think it's pretty pogchamp too. We can try doing all of those things, but first I need to make sure I don't have to start stabbing shit. Could be *wrong'uns* hiding inside." Tommy didn't want to burst his brother's bubble, but it's a real threat that needs to be looked into.

A place this good can't be abandoned just like that. If there's boards on the windows then someone had to have lived here at some point after or when the apocalypse started. It would be senseless to leave such a perfect place.

"Would wrong'uns be here, Toms?" The spirit asked innocently. Seemingly having forgotten the dangers of the world again.

"They're everywhere. You never know when one could show up. Worse, what if the woman who stole my dinner is hiding in there, Ghostbro? We have to be stealthy. Like the imposters in Among Us." Alright. Tommy knows this is a dumb explanation, but the random thieving women was strangely understood by Ghostbur to be bad, and the boy did in fact show his brother Among Us videos before his phone died (*yes again, dumb idea*) so he kind of understood if explained a bit differently.

"Ah! Imposter! Sus!" Ghostbur happily said. Having enjoyed the funny words brought by the game, as Tommy had taught him all the silly slang.

"Yeah! Definitely sus! If you see something unusual just shout '*sus*' and I'll come running, okay?"

"Okay, Tommy! Can we go inside the house now? I want to see if there's rooms for each of us!" The ghost glanced at the door. Clearly very eager to get inside. Geez. His brother is acting like a kid in a candy store. Flapping his hands around excitedly. Since he was still holding the rope, Ghostbur ended up shaking Icarus's arm.

"Dunno yet, Ghostbro. Think I should maybe go in first."

After suddenly having his arm shaken. The zombie, being mostly quiet for the trip, finally decided to *pipe* up. Unsurprisingly Wil didn't have much to say. Groaning mindlessly. The boy raised a brow at that.

"Got something to say, corpse boy?" Tommy questioned. He had to admit, as angry and upset he is at the pathetic creature, the boy was interested in what could be going on in Wilbur's head.

Why does he make so much noise too? All zombies seemed to be pretty vocal now that he thinks about it. Perhaps they just like hearing the sound of their own voices, finding it comforting somehow? Nah. Can't be that. They're just *dumb* brainless zombies.

Even if the one currently following him, and strangely not attacking him either. Can magically remember the boy's name, doesn't mean Icarus is smart. In Tommy's opinion, that walking corpse is as stupid as a pile of rocks.

"*T-To..mmmmmy..*." Icarus repeated his favourite word, which happened to be Tommy's name. Dragging it out rather stereotypically.

"Yeah, I get it. I'm Tommy. Shush. I have very important adult things I need to do right now." The boy practically waved the zombie off. It got kind of annoying hearing it say his name all the time. Doesn't he know any other words?

Well that doesn't matter. What does though, is checking the house for any other zombies that could be waiting in there.

"You two stay out here okay? Ghostbur, remember our code word. Say 'sus' if you see any wrong'uns." Tommy placed his backpack on the ground for a moment. Grabbing his flashlight and knife, before picking it back up and slinging it over his shoulder.

"Okay! Bye bye Tommy!" The spirit waved goodbye to his little brother, and wished him good luck. Then as the boy walked up the porch he started to ramble about something to Icarus. Tommy couldn't really hear it, but he supposed it wasn't very important anyway.

Tommy entered the house, not noticing the uncomfortable look on Icarus's face. Or the *impatient* tugging on Ghostbur's rope.

This place is big.

Lots of colours.

Ghostbur is making sure he doesn't get lost. Tommy gave him a rope.

That's nice.

Tommy seemed so upset before. Even pulling out his sharp shiny object. Pointing it at him.

Sad. Icarus feels sad.

He thinks he knows what that sharp thing is for.

Icarus just.. didn't want to become an empty.

Didn't want to hurt Tommy.

Offering the tasty arm seemed to help though, but the boy didn't take it. Maybe he wasn't hungry.

Tommy did seem better now though.

Ghostbur seemed very excited to be in the colour.

Icarus isn't really sure what to make of it though. He has a weird feeling.

Something.. something..

Is someone here?

The dark inside seems to think so.

He tries to tell Tommy, but the boy won't listen. He's already going in.

*There's others in there. In the house. **Family**.*

Tommy can't feel them in there.

Icarus tries to pull on Ghostbur's rope, but he doesn't understand.

Why won't they listen?

Why can't he just talk to them?

They're going to smell food. They won't know Tommy is special to him.

It's not fair.

Wait.

Bite rope?

Cut it to get free..

Yes. That's a good idea.

Huh. Icarus had an idea.

He's not sure if he ever had one before.

Icarus bites the rope. Tastes gross, but it cuts.

Freedom.

Ghostbur is confused and calls his name.

The young man needs to help his Tommy though. Protect him from the ones who share his blood.

*But.. would this mean he has to **kill** his family again?*

Icarus tried not to think about it.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter! I tried my best to make this chapter a bit more funny and light-hearted. I hope it worked! Sorry if it's not good though. If I find any problems with this chapter later, I'll try my best to fix them! If you did like this, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Waking the Dead.

Chapter Summary

Tommy enters the house to explore, to find that it wasn't as empty as he'd hoped.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 19 guys! Sorry for the late update today! I was unexpectedly busy. Sorry if this chapter isn't great. I did have a little trouble, but I hope it's okay! Also next chapter is going to be pretty interesting! xD

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hmmm..

'So far so good.' Tommy thought to himself as he closed the door behind him.

Turning on his flashlight, the boy found that the place was surprisingly clean. White sheets covered the furniture, which was a bit odd but it wasn't anything to really worry about. Dust covered much of the previous inhabitant's knick-knacks.

The house actually felt just as homey as it did on the outside, on the inside. With a bit of elbow grease this place could surely be turned into a proper home for the brothers.

It's kind of weird, but Tommy was looking forward to staying here. After two months of absolute garbage, something seems to have finally gone right. Heck, Ghostbur could probably decorate the place and help clean it up.

With all the seeds that the trio had found outside, this could really be a great place to settle down for awhile. Maybe some other survivors could even stay here, if they're pogchamp that is.

Then the boy remembered that he needs to make sure this house is truly empty.

'Alright. Not hearing any moaning and shit down here.. I better check upstairs.' Making a mental note to check the rest of the farmhouse later, Tommy proceeded to quietly ascend up the stairs.

In an attempt to calm his rising nerves, Tommy started to imagine who the previous owners were. Perhaps one was a secret gamer and had like a whole pad set up. With tons of video games, and streaming gear. *'God that would be so pog.'*

When Tommy got to the top of the stairs, he listened very closely. The silence was deafening, but he tried his best to ignore it. Everything is fine. All he has to do is check the rooms.

Tommy made his way into the first room in the upstairs hallway. Thankfully, no one was there. As for anything else about the room? He'd have to check it for supplies later. Assessing danger is the boy's top priority right now.

'One room down.'

Entering the next room, Tommy found it to be just as empty. Hopefully this keeps up. Then he won't have to hope nothing bites him.

After giving the rest of the rooms, including a closet and bathroom, a good once over. The master bedroom, and the attic were the only ones left. Strangely, Tommy had a feeling about this particular room.

'Okay, Big T. If you see anything, just start stabbing. Don't even think about it.' Slowly, and carefully Tommy opened the door. Through a crack, he could already tell something unsettling lay behind it.

Two *bodies* rested on the bed. Well, more like on top of each other. With one man lying face down, while a woman lay on his back. Tommy could tell by their appearance that they were obviously dead. Not only that, but they'd been zombies.

Black stains ran under the woman's eyes and mouth, her deathly pale skin littered with dark veins. Although the boy couldn't see the man from the way he was positioned, Tommy was certain he had matching symptoms.

For some mysterious reason these two zombies must've died, because they're not moving. Eerily quiet. Rather disturbingly, it almost looked like they were *asleep*.

"Uh.. okay. That's pretty fucking creepy." Tommy thought aloud.

Unfortunately that's when Tommy learned that the undead apparently can sleep. Because immediately after saying that, the man and woman shot up. Their bleeding eyes widening. They let out an angry shriek, and began to lunge for the boy.

"Oh SHIT!" Tommy screamed. Scrambling to get out of the room, slamming the door shut and holding it. Loud furious thuds rattled the door. He could hear the former occupants snarling and growling viciously as they slammed their fists against the wooden frame.

In Tommy's panic to keep the door closed, he hadn't heard the heavy footsteps coming from below, or the rising sound of boots coming up the stairs.

"T-To..mmy..?" Icarus's voice moaned lifelessly behind Tommy. Causing the boy to jump and struggle against the undead who were attempting to break down the door.

He doesn't have time to deal with Wilbur right now.

Family upstairs. Family behind the moving-wall.

Tommy is holding it closed.

Icarus could sense what the others behind the moving-wall were feeling.

They're hungry.

No..

More than hungry.

Close to becoming empties.

"What the HELL do you want Wilbur?! Can't you see I'm in the middle of something?!"
Tommy shouted at him. Looking angry.

He tilted his head.

Wilbur.

*Who is **Wilbur**?*

Sounds familiar.. but Icarus already has a name. Ghostbur gave it to him.

It's a nice name.

Perhaps the boy forgot.

That's okay. He'll just remind him.

"I-Ic..ar..us.."

"Yeah, right! Icarus. WHATEVER! I don't fucking care! Just stay outside!"

Icarus doesn't want to go outside.

He wants to help Tommy.

"N-No.."

Stay.

Protect Tommy.

"God! You're so stupid! You didn't listen to me before Wil, you're not listening to me now.
Why the hell are you still here?! Why are you following me?! WHY HAVEN'T YOU KILLED

ME YET WILBUR!?”

Tommy is full of emotion.

Too much that it's a little overwhelming.

Icarus doesn't know what to do with it.

He's not sure why Tommy is always so angry at him.

If he could understand what the boy was saying this would be so much easier.

One thing the man does seem to understand though is that.. Tommy doesn't seem to like him.

Which makes him sad.

Icarus protected the boy. Offered him food.

Is there something he's doing wrong?

...

Why did he come up here again?

There's voices behind the moving-wall.

'Kill! Kill! Eat! Eat!'

Oh right. There's family in there.

They're hungry.

Icarus feels hollow.

Killing them will make his Tommy like him, he thinks.

How many more others did he have to hurt to make his precious familiar thing like him?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't very good. I had a bit of trouble focusing as I wrote this chapter. I promise if I find any problems with it I'll try my best to fix them though! If you did like this chapter please comment as I'd love some feedback!

Two Brothers in the Rain.

Chapter Summary

Tommy gets rescued by Wilbur again, and realizes something.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 20 guys! I can't believe we've made it so far! I've literally never written this much in a story before. This is my first time ever getting something to 20 chapters! I really hope you guys like this one too! I had a lot of trouble writing it, but I worked very hard!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Was it fair to shout at Wilbur when all he did was follow the boy?

Probably not.

Did Tommy feel bad about it?

Only a little bit.

It's one thing to creepily follow Tommy around like a little dog, but it's another to come into a house and sneak up on him while two other zombies were trying to break down the door.

'Icarus' stared at the boy. Head tilted just like always. He did, however, seem to notice the noise coming from behind the boy. Turning to look at it in bewilderment.

"W-Wilbur I swear to god, if you even THINK about joining those zombitches I'll-" Suddenly Tommy was interrupted as a *hand* shot through the wood. Pale, bloody from having just broken through a door with a single punch. The boy started to scream.

"FUCK!" Coming here was a terrible idea. They'd be better off in the woods. The hand was terrifyingly feeling around in an attempt to grab at him, and in one swift motion, it *caught* Tommy by his favourite red and white shirt.

That's when the young survivor really started to panic.

The zombie was pulling, trying to and failing to pull the boy through the hole it just made. Although it was way too tiny for anyone except for a hand to go through. Clearly the undead didn't seem to grasp the size of things very well.

Unfortunately this did nothing to ease Tommy's fears. Because the undead man was pulling even harder on his shirt, and it was starting to get hard to breathe. He tried to stab it with his knife but his panic was only making him wave it around violently.

Before he could stop himself, Tommy screamed. "W-WILBY!"

Suddenly the boy was at a park.

He'd fallen off the swing set.

There's a cut on his knee and he's bleeding. It's scary. He doesn't want to look at the blood. It hurts. Where's Dadza? Mumza? Where's Techie? Where's Wil?

Tommy was trying really hard not to cry.

The boy only wanted to play at the park for a little bit. It's getting dark. Rain clouds are coming and he doesn't remember the way home.

He doesn't cry until the rain starts. Has his family forgotten him? His lip quivered, and the small five year-old started to bawl.

When a voice was heard nearby, Tommy hid under the slide. Phil told him about strangers. Tommy always said if a stranger tries to give him candy, he'll just bite them instead.. but he's scared.

He's all alone.

When Tommy felt a hand touch his shoulder he started to scream. Until he heard Wilbur's comforting voice.

"T-Tommy! It's just me! Thank god you're okay!"

"W-Wilby?" The little boy turned around to see the concerned face of his older brother. Who immediately hugged him. Tommy started crying again.

"I've been looking for you for half an hour! How could you go out on your own like this?!" Wilbur picked the child up. Scolding him out of worry. Tommy is way too young to be outside by himself.

"I-I'm sorry Wilby.. I-I just wanna be like you. D-Dadza lets you and Techno go outside all the time.."

"That's because we're older, Toms, and don't worry about wanting to be like me. Just be yourself Tommy. You'll be able to go outside too. You just need to be patient." His older brother patted his back as he carried him home.

“Now. How about I make some hot chocolate when we get back?”

“WILBY DO SOMETHING!” With the shattering of his flashback, Tommy screamed for what remained of Wilbur to help.

And, seemingly for the first time. Something seemed to click.

The zombie blinked as if brought out of a day dream. His face held an expression that Tommy had never seen before. Then his dark eyes darted to the hand that gripped the boy.

Wilbur started to growl.

Springing into action, Icarus lunged forward. Not at Tommy, but to grab and rip the arm off the boy. It tore off with a sickening spray of black liquid. The limb’s owner shrieked in pain, and once Tommy was free he scrambled away.

Since Tommy was the one holding the door shut, it immediately swung open. With the two zombified farmers snarling him with a look of pure rage.

Then Wilbur stood in front of him.

Wilbur..

“Y-You’re protecting me?” The boy asked aloud, pure confusion and shock taking over. The zombie-no, Wilbur is defending him. He’s protecting him. Actually doing something to help.

Is that why he came in here?

Is this why the walking corpse had been following him around all this time?

Oh god.

He’s so stupid.

Wilbur had been trying to *protect* him this whole time.

Icarus doesn’t know who Wilbur is.

*Something tells him that whoever this “**Wilbur**” is, they must be important to the boy.*

Maybe as important to Tommy as the boy is to Icarus.

Is Wilbur Tommy’s familiar thing?

The man wished he could be important too.

But if he protects his Tommy, then maybe he could be.

Even with a language, so hard to decipher, the man knew that the boy was screaming for help.

His two family members were too far gone. They're so close to becoming empties. There's nothing he can say or do to reason with them.

One had grabbed Tommy.

It could scratch him.

Then Tommy won't be special anymore.

Icarus doesn't want the boy to become like him.

He has a feeling he's not supposed to know this though.. and it's already starting to fade away.

Tommy is angry, sad, happy, loud, quiet, interesting, and familiar.

Although the man didn't think there was too much wrong with himself, he didn't want the boy to become an other.

Becoming an other hurts. Being an other hurts. He doesn't want Tommy to go through the same pain.

So no. Icarus won't let him get scratched.

Anger starts to run through his veins.

Instead, unlike last time the man doesn't hesitate. He rips his family member's arm off.

He protects Tommy when the two others come through the door.

They're angry.

The guilt is coming back, but he looks at the scared boy behind him and pushes it back.

One thing is for sure though. Icarus won't eat them. Not again. No. This time he'll just bite to kill.

His family members try to push him aside, even screaming in his face to get him to move.

'MOVE! MOVE! OURS! WE EAT!'

These others are old. They think they can tell him what to do, but they can't.

'Tommy mine!' He shrieks back.

They try to push again, but he fights back. Icarus knocks the first other to the ground and bites.

He tries not to taste.

The other family member is taking this as an opportunity to attack his Tommy.

Icarus won't allow that.

Getting up and charging towards his next kill.

It goes down just as fast. Tearing their head off.

*When he's certain they won't get up again, he gives them one final threatening growl.
Signifying his victory.*

Tommy is safe again.

Tommy is safe..

But when he looks down at the mess he created the guilt comes back in full-force.

*He's a **monster**.*

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter! I'm so sorry if it isn't good! I'll try my best to fix it! I worked really hard on this so I really hope you guys do like this though! I wanted this chapter to be special since it's the 20th chapter! If you guys did enjoy this please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

A Guilty Mind.

Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to process his discovery, while Wilbur struggles with his guilt.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 21 guys! Sorry if this chapter isn't great! I actually had a lot of trouble with it. I couldn't focus at all so it probably makes no sense.. I had to rewrite it at one point as well. So I understand if it's bad. I'll try my best to fix it if I find any problems later! Sorry again!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Only disbelief could be felt after Tommy's realization.

To think that Wilbur could still be in there..

It shouldn't be possible.

Tommy heard stories. So many fucking stories about the undead killing their own family. Being completely unable to recognize their loved-ones and slaughtering them mercilessly.

The boy simply thought that maybe Wil was just biding his time. Waiting until he was most vulnerable to strike and kill him.. but no. This is the second time the lifeless corpse had tried to defend him.

Of course Tommy tried to deny the signs. The way the zombie was constantly following him, could've been explained by the fact that he probably smelled pretty good to the undead. Then there's killing other zombies. Could have been explained as possessiveness over a future kill.

Saying Tommy's name though. That couldn't be explained.

Well. He could try, but he won't.

Now it truly seemed like Wilbur was still in there somewhere.

Snapping back into reality, the boy looked around. A mess of black blood spattered the hardwood floor. Lying on top of the puddle were two freshly slain zombies.

His former brother had his back to the boy. Facing the two dead zombies he'd just viciously killed. Seemingly frozen as dark liquid dripped from his hands.

"W-Wilbur..?" The boy nervously got up off the ground. Approaching the man, timidly tapping his shoulder to grab his attention.

Wil turned around, and oddly.. he looked sad. The blood dripping from his eyes looked thicker, as if weeping. "*T-To..mmy..*" Voice shakier than usual, seemingly on the verge of tears.

Tommy found himself conflicted. He had about a million questions that he desperately wished he could ask, but he couldn't.

There had to be some kind of way to tell for sure.. If his brother was really trapped inside that cold, infected corpse.

Struggling to find something to say. Still in shock from the attack, and so utterly confused. Tommy didn't know what to say. At least until he noticed the zombie's solemn expression. Feeling more concerned than shocked now.

"W-Wil? A-Are you okay?" The boy didn't understand why his brother looked so upset. If the zombie hadn't looked like he was crying before, he definitely did now. His hands were trembling, and Wilbur kept looking back at the two zombies he killed.

"*N-N..o..*" The man brought his hands to his head. Covering his face. It looks like he's trying to hold back a sob.

"N-No? Wil, what's wrong?" Tommy tried to ask, but before he could get any sort of answer the boy heard another voice.

"Hi Tommy! I'm sorry, Icarus got away from me!" Ghostbur flew up the stairs, carrying the rope that appeared to have been chewed up. The spirit then looked around. "Oh wow. This place is really nice!"

Ghostbur must not be able to see the bodies, Tommy guessed. Makes sense considering that the spirit seems to see the world as full of sunshine and rainbows.

And with the arrival of the ghost, Wilbur immediately began to relax. His hands stopped shaking, he was no longer looking back at his kind. Instead stumbling over to the spirit. "*Gh..os..*"

Tommy's concern didn't waver though.

"Hello Icarus! Did you miss Tommy? It's okay! I don't think he was going to be gone for long." The spectre patted Icarus's shoulder, before looking around the hallway. A large grin spread on his face. "Wait. Do you two know what this means?"

“U-Uh.. what does this mean, big man?” Well, he has no idea what his ghostly brother was so happy about right now. Tommy’s head is spinning too much to think about it.

“Sleepovers!” Ghostbur happily shouted. Bouncing up and down. Oh, the boy should’ve known that’s what the ghost would say. “I’ll clean up! Icarus, do you want to help?”

“H-H..elp..?” Icarus mumbled. At least Ghostbur’s presence calmed him down.. somehow. It’s strange that Tommy never noticed how well the two of them seemed to get along. Maybe it’s because he spent so long denying that Wilbur, or anything for that matter, remained inside that corpse.

“Yeah! We can make this place feel like a vacation! Kind of like our camping trip, but better!” The spirit took the zombie’s hand and led him down the stairs. “We’ll be back Tommy! You can choose your room first!”

“Oh. Um.. thanks Ghostbro!”

God. Everything feels so different now.

Maybe the boy needs some alone time to process these thoughts.

But wait.. if Wilbur is still in there somewhere, then how is Ghostbur *here*?

Icarus had protected Tommy, like he wanted.

Tommy didn’t yell at him after either.

That’s good.

Very good.

He thinks he should be happy.

But..

Icarus had to kill again.

That’s okay. They were going to destroy his familiar thing.

Still.

The guilt remains.

Maybe if he had some food to share with them they could’ve been convinced not to hurt his Tommy.

Icarus thinks even if he still had the yummy arm to share, it might’ve been too late for them.

The two others were becoming empties.

It's not fair.

It's so confusing.

Why does he have to choose between his Tommy, and his kin?

Why can't his kind just see the boy the way he does?

He stares down at their bodies. He feels bad.

They were in so much pain..

Tommy doesn't understand how painful it is to be hungry.

The boy is saying the strange name again. Poking him.

"W-Wilbur?"

*He's not **Wilbur**.*

Icarus is not okay.

Since meeting Tommy he'd become a killer.

That's wrong.

Yet he protected Tommy..

Icarus doesn't know what is right and what is wrong anymore.

He wants to keep the boy safe, but he doesn't want to hurt his family.

Icarus wants to cry, but Ghostbur is here now.

The man likes Ghostbur.

Ghostbur is good.

His friend wants help.

What is help?

Oh they're going downstairs now.

Maybe spending time with Ghostbur will make him feel better.

Tommy doesn't come with them.

Hey! Sorry again if this chapter isn't good! I'll try to make the next one better, and I'll try my best to fix any problems this one has! If you enjoyed it though, please comment as I'd love some feedback!

Autumn Cleaning.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur and Icarus clean up the house!

Chapter Notes

Chapter 22 guys! It's time for some wholesome moments with our favourite ghost and zombie! Sorry if this chapter is a little boring. I just thought some fluffy wholesome stuff was due! I hope that's alright! Also, next chapter might have another special appearance! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

Also, I put the skeleton in this chapter as a joke. It might be canon, who knows lol, but personally I just thought it would be funny.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Oh my! Look at all the dust in here!”

Ghostbur took in the sight of the living room. In awe of the amount of dust and cobwebs.

Icarus poked around the white sheets covering the furniture, staining them a bit with black paint. Hmmm. Not really his style, but if his friend liked that colour then that's okay. Personally the ghost just prefers blue.

Speaking of the sheets, they looked perfect for a ghost costume. Being a spirit himself, he thought that was absolutely hilarious. He should totally dress up when they hand out candy during Halloween. Would the farm be too far for any visitors though?

Probably not with how easy his little brother found the place.

Now, getting back on track. Ghostbur wanted to tidy this place up. He was certain this house would look splendid after some dusting and sweeping.

“Icarus, I'm going to find a duster and a broom. I'll be right back!” Floating out of the living room after giving the man a smile, Ghostbur searched for said tools.

Ah, there's a closet up ahead. Maybe there's one in there? The spirit opened the closet and found himself very surprised.

"Icarus! Look! There's a plastic skeleton in here!" Ghostbur found a Halloween decoration. A skeleton. He definitely wasn't expecting that, how fun! It's silly too, when the ghost took it out to go show it to Icarus, it made a *rattling* sound.

Icarus shuffled into the hallway looking curious. "*G-Gh..ost..bur..?*"

"Look! Isn't it funny? We can put it outside!" Excitedly, the spirit bounced. Not noticing his friend breaking a rib off the very *human* skeleton and gnawing on it.

This decoration made Ghostbur think about all the times he and Techno went trick-or-treating when they were little. Going door to door, wearing matching themed costumes. People in their neighborhood always gave the twins so much candy!

When they got older, and started taking Tommy out for Halloween it was still fun. Watching horror movies until midnight, and hanging out with friends. Although scary movies didn't really seem fun for him anymore.

But Ghostbur still had friends!

There's Tommy, Phil, and Techno! Even if he hasn't met them yet since becoming a ghost, he knew they'd love him as unconditionally as he does for them.

Plus he has Icarus now!

Remembering that the spirit came downstairs to help clean up the farmhouse, he put the plastic skeleton back inside the closet, and took out the duster and broom which were conveniently hiding behind the decoration.

"Icarus, would you like to help sweep? I can do the dusting! There's a lot, so you won't have to do much." Ghostbur didn't want to force his friend to help clean. So it was better to ask. If Icarus says no, that's alright. Cleaning is fun.

Icarus nodded slowly, he looked a bit confused, but the young man seemed okay with it. The spirit handed him the broom, while Ghostbur started dusting.

First he dusted the windowsills. Humming to himself as he did so. Yikes, the amount that scattered into the air is sure to trigger someone's allergies!

The spectre turned around to go dust the furniture. Removing the white sheets and folding them up. If this house has a washing machine, they could probably be washed. After that he moved on to other spots in the living room.

Meanwhile Icarus was attempting to sweep. Holding the broom wrong, and thoughtlessly sweeping the same spot over and over. Ghostbur thought he was doing a good job though.

Once all the dusting was finished in this room, Ghostbur felt proud. This was such a lovely house! After taking the sheets off, the Ghost was surprised to see that there were two large,

soft looking sofas with a floral pattern. Along with a simple yet nice looking coffee table.

Icarus, having done his best to clean. Was now sitting on the couch. Staring off into space.

At the end of the room was a fireplace. Logs were still inside. Next to it were a few firewood pokers.

Hold on, does this mean they can roast *marshmallows*?

Okay, calm down. There's still plenty of other rooms to clean. Ghostbur can think about roasting marshmallows later!

Perhaps there's some in the kitchen?

Ghostbur helps Icarus downstairs.

It's easier to climb up than it is to go down.

He would've fallen if his shiny friend weren't there.

Now they're in a room with soft white things.

Icarus touches them and it makes shape.

Ghostbur is talking. Sounding happy.

There's something in the moving wall.

"Icarus! Look! There's a plastic skeleton in here!"

Icarus goes over to the spirit. Wanting to see what he wants.

"G-Gh..ost..bur..?" The man says his friend's name, curious. Ghostbur always has something interesting to show him.

"Look! Isn't it funny? We can put it outside!"

Oh. Now Icarus sees.

*That's the **inside** fast-thing.*

When you tear one apart to find the hiding food.

Although it wasn't the most delicious part of fast-things, and you had to break the inside to get the secrets, Icarus liked them.

He snapped a piece of it off, and gnawed on it. Yummy secrets. Ghostbur doesn't notice.

“Icarus, would you like to help sweep? I can do the dusting! There’s a lot, so you won’t have to do much.”

Ghostbur is holding two new things. One fluffy, and one spiky.

*Is Ghostbur giving him a **present**?*

If so then he wants it.

The man nods.

Icarus takes the spiky thing while Ghostbur waves the fluffy thing at random objects.

His friend makes a nice sound.

Icarus thinks he likes sound.

Looking at the gift the spirit gave him though, he wasn’t sure what it was for.

Something far away told him he needed to move the spikes across the floor.

This is.. confusing but calming.

The young man feels a little better from earlier.

He still feels guilty.. but it doesn’t feel as bad anymore.

Icarus moves the spikes around the floor a bit more, before going to sit on the couch.

It feels very soft.

Ghostbur is checking out the other rooms now.

*Maybe he can **rest** for a bit..*

He’s tired.

Sleeping isn’t the same when you don’t have family to make you feel safe.

But that’s alright.

He’ll close his eyes for now..

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I thought it would be nice to have some happier moments for a change! I’m sorry if it wasn’t good though! If I find any problems with it

later I'll try my best to fix them! If you did like this chapter please comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

Also the skeleton in the closet was thrown in as a joke lol, but who knows! Maybe it'll come back in a later chapter! xD

Running.

Chapter Summary

Ranboo hides in the woods, while Tommy thinks.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 23 guys! Guess who is back? It's the Memory Boi! Sorry it's been so long since there's been a chapter with him. I hope it's alright! Also I will say I had trouble with this chapter, especially with Tommy's part, so I'm sorry if it's not good! I hope you like it despite any issues there might be!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Run.

Just keep *running*.

Don't ever stop.

By the time Ranboo had stopped he nearly collapsed in the forest.

He had to catch himself before he fell.

“W-What were those things..?” Ranboo asked no one in particular, his voice raspy as he was out of breath. Thirsty as well since the boy doesn't remember the last time he drank something.

Those people.. they had to be sick from something. The way they moved, their appearance, their behaviour. It was all wrong. Like they were barely human.

The way they chased him. It was hard to believe it considering how clumsy they were, but god they were persistent. Screaming at the top of their lungs. Their faraway gazes showed nothing but hunger.

Like *zombies*.

With his amnesia, Ranboo was surprised he remembered what those were. Then again amnesia might not be the same for everyone. He can remember his name. Knows how to speak, read and write (*although he hasn't written anything yet*). The boy thinks he has a good understanding of the world.

It seemed the only thing Ranboo couldn't remember was his past.

Well. That's depressing..

On the bright side, it looks like those monsters aren't following him anymore. Thank goodness for that.

Question is, where is he?

Tall green trees loomed above the boy. Providing surprisingly good shelter from rain and sun. If the amnesiac had any camping gear, he could probably stay in the forest for a little while.

Unfortunately, Ranboo didn't have anything on him. Not even a backpack.

"Damn.. what the hell was I doing in that city if I had nothing?" The boy wracked his brain for some kind of memory, but he drew a blank. Nothing seems to be coming up.

Checking his pockets proved useless too. The boy was half expecting a bug to fly out when he searched through them, like in some silly cartoon.

"A-Alright.. uh, everything is going to be fine. Y-You can't be the only one left. There has to be other people around. You just need to find them. K-Kay?" Ranboo tried to reassure himself as best he could. Hugging his chest as he pushed himself to keep walking.

If Ranboo remembers correctly, in zombie apocalypse stories there's always some people left. It would be impossible for the boy to be the only living human left. He just needs to find help.

Finding other people would surely be the best chance at survival. Ranboo doesn't know where he is, or where he's going, but he keeps walking. Even as his feet hurt from all the running, he continues to trek through the woods.

It started to rain a bit as he walked. Thankfully he was right about the trees providing good coverage. What wasn't so good though, was that with rain, came the cold. Ranboo could feel the temperature starting to drop.

A spark of hope glimmered in the amnesiac's heart when he found remnants of a *campfire*.

"Oh my god! Someone was here! I-I knew I wasn't the only one left!" The boy almost wanted to cry. It was probably a very stupid idea, but he touched the campfire. The stones were warm to the touch, but not hot enough to the point of burning.

That means *someone* was here recently.

Maybe they left a trail? Ranboo immediately started looking. The faster he finds other people, the better. People who aren't infected by a zombie virus that is.

Sure enough the boy found several foot prints, leading somewhere off into the woods. Maybe if he followed the trail he could meet up with whoever camped here?

"I-I hope they're friendly.. I should probably watch my back just in case." That's true. Just because a person isn't a zombie doesn't mean they can be trusted. Not everyone is a good person.

Here's hoping that the first person Ranboo meets isn't a murderer or a thief.

With that, the boy walked towards the path. Anxious but hopeful.

After a while of thinking. Tommy felt a little better, but it didn't erase the confusion he felt unfortunately. To be honest all these thoughts were making the boy's head hurt.

The fact that Wilbur was still in there.

And the fact of Ghostbur's existence.

Both were *mind-boggling*.

In the end though, Tommy couldn't find a single explanation. Maybe that's okay though. Even if it did make zero sense, at least he still had his brother. His zombified brother, and ghost brother.

Whoever the two were, Tommy supposed it didn't really matter right now. Although he'd love to have answers for this bizarre situation. The boy just doesn't have the time or the patience to theorize.

Ghostbur was *definitely* his brother. Tommy could feel it in his hugs, in the spirit's soothing gentle tones. Reminding the boy of when he was small, with Wilbur looking out for him. Cheering him up when he was sad and lonely.

Icarus had pieces of Wilbur in him too. So faint, but they're in there. The way the zombie *protected* him from his own kind, saying his name, trying to return his neckerchief before.

So what does this mean?

If Wil were to get *cured* by some kind of miracle, would Ghostbur disappear? Going back into his body or something?

But at the same time, how would Wilbur remember him at all if he's truly an empty corpse?

God. None of this makes sense!

It's so hard to figure out..

Tommy doesn't want to *lose* Ghostbur either. Even if he does want Wilbur back.

Maybe he should figure this out later, and just try to relax. They've made it this far after all.

The boy decides to go downstairs to clear his head. Get away from all these confusing thoughts and feelings.

"Hey, Ghostbro. How's the cleaning going- Woah!" Tommy came into the living room, to find it near spotless.

All the dust and cobwebs had been cleared away. The white sheets were gone and underneath were two sofas, a coffee table, and there's even a rocking chair.

Ghostbur floated into the room upon hearing his little brother's voice, along with Icarus who held his hand. "Hi Tommy! We cleaned up the house! Doesn't it look nice?"

"Yeah! Big man, this is pogchamp! How'd you do this so fast?!" Tommy was utterly shocked. Did Ghostbur have some secret cleaning power that the boy didn't know about? The spirit's words suggested that Icarus helped, but there's no way that the zombie could clean all that much.

Speaking of the *zombie*.. Tommy thinks he should be nicer to him now. After realizing the truth, the boy felt bad about the way he had been treating his brother.

To be fair, Tommy was totally convinced that Wilbur wanted to eat him.

Still. The boy felt guilty now.

"It was easy, Toms! I like cleaning. It helps when you try to keep things organized." The ghost answered his brother's question happily. "Oh! We're just about done cleaning the kitchen! Then we're going to tidy up the game room!"

Hold on.

Game room?

"Wait, wait, wait. Ghostbur. This farm.. has a fucking game room?" Tommy had been joking about someone previously living here being a gamer. There's no way there's actual games here right?

In that case, if it's true. Tommy will have to get this place some electricity.

"Yeah! Come on! I'll show you!"

"Fuck yeah!" Now excited, Tommy immediately followed his brothers.

Despite the two zombies nearly killing him, this farm was pretty great.

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! sorry again if it wasn't good. I'll try my best to fix it if I find any problems later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

The Frog, and the Gamer Pad.

Chapter Summary

Ranboo makes a little friend, while Tommy enters the most unusual part of the farmhouse.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 24 guys! Sorry for the late post today! I usually try to post chapters around 1:00-2:00 PM, but I was unfortunately busy today. I hope you enjoy this chapter despite the wait! It's another Ranboo chapter, and we've got some funny moments with Tommy! :D (Also sorry if Ranboo isn't written well again! I'm still extremely new to writing him!)

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/cVJsRhrM>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Trekking through the forest wasn't so bad, Ranboo guessed. So far he hadn't seen any zombies, unless they *stalk* their prey. Which would be absolutely horrifying..

Ranboo was wringing his hands as he walked. Nervously looking around, just in case there were some unseen corpses hiding around.

The rain was getting heavier too. Thankfully the leaves helped. Although Ranboo was worried he might have to spend the night in the woods. Despite not seeing the sun due to the cloudy sky, he had a feeling that it was beginning to set.

"O-Okay. Uh, I'm not going to sleep in the woods. I-I'm going to get out of this. Yeah! I just need to keep following the trail." The boy muttered reassuringly to himself. Trying to ease the fear in his heart. It helped a little bit.

Maybe just hearing a voice, even if it was his own, was helpful in some way.

Ranboo was starting to see what looked like the edge of the forest now. Feeling a bit relieved, he continued to head in that direction. The boy paused though when he thought he heard something.

A ribbit.

Well that certainly got the amnesiac's attention. Truth to having no memory, Ranboo wasn't sure if he had liked frogs before.

He definitely does now though.

Wait. Should he really be getting distracted by a cute little froggy right now? Finding people, and *shelter* would be way more important.. sure he's starved for any kind of company, but wasting time would be a very bad idea.

"Damn it.." Confliction arose in the boy. Maybe he could go find that frog for just a minute. Then he really needs to get back on track.

The ribbits were leading him to a bunch of little bushes. Moving the little branches aside, revealed a tiny green *frog*. It let out a small croak, and Ranboo tried not to melt from its sheer adorableness.

"H-Hey little guy.. hiding from the rain, huh?" The boy smiled at the small amphibian. Something about the little guy seemed gentle.

Hesitantly, the amnesiac lifted a finger to try and pet the frog. Surprisingly, it didn't seem to mind. Didn't hop away timidly or anything. Giving a tiny happy ribbit when the boy carefully stroked its little head.

"Aww. You're so cute! Um.. I know you must be pretty comfortable in that bush, but want to come with me?" Yes. Ranboo is talking to a frog. Asking it to come along.

Clearly this would look absolutely ridiculous if anyone was here watching. Thankfully Ranboo was alone, and the only other people he'd seen were zombies. He doubted they would judge him for talking to a frog.

With a little jump, the frog bounced off the branch, and landed on the boy's shoulder. How cute! Looks like Ranboo has a tiny traveling buddy.

"Sweet! I-I think I didn't go too far from the path.. let's see if we can find some shelter at the end of it."

In a pleasant turn of events, the boy had made a friend. Not another human sadly, but a friend nonetheless. Even a little bit of company is better than none.

So with a bit more *hope* in Ranboo's steps, they continued down the trail. Hoping to find other survivors in this seemingly brutal world.

What the fuck?

Turns out Ghostbur was right. There's a *game* room at this farm. Tommy couldn't even believe it.

When the boy first stepped into the room he was taken aback by the amount of gamer merch. Minecraft mob plushies sat in a corner of the room. On the wall was a toy diamond sword and pickaxe.

Seriously. What the fuck?!

Did the two farmer zombies have a kid who liked video games? Or did they just have this bizarre secret gamer life? Tommy guessed he'll never know.

Oh well. More fun for them!

A TV sat against the wall. A playstation 3, and 4 sat on a shelf that held the TV up. Tommy also spotted a Nintendo Switch, a Wii U, a 3DS, and an Xbox 360. A big box labeled '*movies*' sat next to the shelf.

Though the most beautiful part of the entire room. Was a gaming *PC*. Practically glowing with radiance. Three monitors, what appeared to be a rainbow light-up keyboard (*Tommy will get the power running in this house even if it kills him at this point*), and other awesome knick-knacks.

A red adjustable gaming chair sat at the desk. The boy even spotted an expensive microphone and headset, and was that a webcam?

"Ghostbro.." Tommy said, not looking at his brother. Voice low and quiet.

"Yes, Toms? Doesn't it look cool?" Ghostbur was smiling.

"THIS IS FUCKING POGCHAMP!" The boy practically screamed with excitement. This room was insanely cool! Tommy's not sure but he thinks it looks better than what he used to have before the apocalypse hit.

Icarus jumped at the boy's volume. Looking confused and slightly covering his ears. He let out a curious moan. Wandering around the room a bit, before plopping down onto a beanbag chair.

Tommy felt a little bad, but he didn't really know what to say. The boy must've hurt Wil's ears a lot when he had been shouting at him. The guilt from his realization came creeping back. '*Remember to be nicer to Wilby, Big T.*'

"Do you think we can get this working, Tommy? It would be nice if we could watch a movie! Y'know, to celebrate our new home!" The spirit happily suggested to his little brother. Yeah. That seems like a nice idea!

Maybe a little *celebration* is exactly what they all need?

"Yeah! Sounds brilliant, bro. I'll go check to see if there's a generator or some shit outside. Farms usually have those kinds of things I think." Confidently, Tommy grinned. This was turning into a really good day.

“Okay Tommy! I think Icarus and I are going to clean some more. Good luck finding the generator!”

As Tommy turned to leave, he thought about their situation again.

The apocalypse is a grim, unforgiving world to live in. With the constant threat of the undead trying to eat you. Hell, two tried to kill him less than an hour ago. There’s also the very real fear of coming across *hostile survivors*. Willing to kill innocents for their supplies.

Tommy tried to shake off a particularly bad memory of when he and Wilbur were almost robbed once. Thankfully the raider was immediately attacked by several zombies who hadn’t noticed the two brothers.

Other than these thoughts, Tommy was feeling good. Whether that was due to shock or denial the boy didn’t know. Maybe it would just be nice to pretend nothing was wrong for a change.

Outside the house was as pleasant as ever. Although it seems to be starting to rain. The boy could feel water droplets land in his hair. Thank god the trio found the farmhouse before the rain got any heavier.

Ah. There’s the shed. That’s probably where the generator is. If not, then hopefully this place has a basement? Tommy didn’t really check.

Turning the knob, finding the door to the shed unlocked. The boy walked inside.

Hmmm.

There’s a lot of tools here. Gardening and crafting. *‘These could be useful for later.’* Tommy thought to himself.

Taking out his flashlight, Tommy looked around some more. It was pretty dark inside the shed. Although the boy wasn’t going to admit that it scared him a tiny bit. So far it’s quiet, and the shed isn’t too big. There’s probably no corpses hiding in here.

Shining the light at the end of the room, Tommy found it. A *generator*.

Now he just needs to figure out how to turn it on.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys liked this chapter! Sorry if it wasn’t very serious. Don’t worry there’s going to be plenty more angsty stuff later! Also sorry if the chapter wasn’t great in general, I had trouble with this again. If I find any problems I’ll try my very best to fix them! If you did like this chapter please comment, as I’d love some feedback!

Powering the Farm.

Chapter Summary

Wilbur thinks about what it would be like to properly talk to his friends, while Tommy figures out how to start the generator.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 25 guys!! I can't believe we're almost to 30 Chapters! Hmmm. Another kind of quiet chapter today, but don't worry! Things are going to pick up again in the next chapter! Sorry if this one isn't good by the way. I've been pretty sleepy. I hope you guys like it despite any problems there might be!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Icarus sits on the large soft pillow.

Ghostbur is cleaning.

He tries to help too, but the young man doesn't think he's very good at it.

It's strange, but Icarus doesn't know much about himself.

What is he good at?

How old is he?

Where did he come from?

He guessed he'll probably never know.

That's okay though.

Icarus has Tommy and Ghostbur.

Although the man did wish he had a friend like himself..

Someone Icarus could actually talk to.

It's hard with this language barrier.

Fast-Things have so many words.

For him and his kind, all they have to do is make sound to communicate. Or they just need to think really hard.

So easy.

Icarus wonders what he would say to Tommy and Ghostbur if he could really talk to them.

Would he tell them his thoughts?

Tell them about his ever-growing family?

*Explain to them the fear of **emptiness** his kind all share?*

Or would they have conversations about Fast-Things and their culture? Do the Fast-Things have culture?

The man found many of their behaviours interesting, yet also confusing.

Tommy does so much movement with his hands and face. Talks, and laughs. Ghostbur does too, but Icarus doesn't know whether the Shiny Thing is a Fast-Thing or not.

Icarus was definitely curious.

Maybe if he tries hard enough he can speak like them too?

He tries to practice, using some words he knows.

"Y-Y..es.. n-no.. g-go..od.. b-bad.. T-To..mmy.. G-Gh..ost..bur.. I-Ica..rus.."

Hmmm.

Still hard to say.

Icarus will keep trying his best.

Tommy had to admit, he knew next to nothing about starting a generator.

"Be fucking pog if there was a manual here." The boy to himself mumbled in frustration. All he had to really go by were the tanks of gasoline sitting next to the old thing.

That pretty much explains itself right?

"This shit better not burn the house down. There's no way I'm letting that gamer pad go to waste." Tommy half-joked. Of course the awesome gaming room was cool, but his brothers

were in the house. Ghostbur would be fine, but if the house caught fire it might freak him out. What's left of Wilbur would definitely *die* though..

This needs to be done very carefully. The boy doesn't want anything to happen to them.

Certain that the gasoline tanks had to be used for something, Tommy grabbed one. Pulling it over to the generator. Conveniently there was some sort of lid on the top of the machine. Perhaps he was right?

Maybe the generator is powered by gasoline?

In that case.. Tommy might have to start siphoning gas from *cars*, so they won't run out. Hopefully there's some kind of tool for that here. He'll have to check later.

Shit. If the boy does manage to find something to siphon gas, the nearest cars have to be in the city. Plus, on the chance they might need a car they'll have to choose between a vehicle, or power for their shelter.

Actually. Forget it.

This is a problem for another day.

They've gotten this far haven't they?

'It's okay, Big T. We'll deal with it when we get to it.' Remembering to stay calm, which is vital for survival. Tommy threw away the pressuring fears that grew in the back of his mind. Attempting to regain focus on the task at hand. Which would be starting the generator.

Tommy lifted the lid, and carefully began to pour some gasoline into the generator. After it seemed to be enough, the boy closed the lid tight, and pressed a button.

'This better fucking work..' He thought to himself as he waited for something to happen.

To his relief, the generator came alive. It was loud and kind of irritating, but hey. They have electricity now.

Happy that his efforts weren't in vain, Tommy smiled confidently. He walked out of the shed, and closed the door. Keeping it unlocked, just in case he needed to check on the generator later. The boy doubts anyone would try to steal anything. This area is too rural anyway.

Plus there's the zombie in the house that would probably eat them. (*He's kidding, Tommy wouldn't use Wilbur like that.*)

The lights in the house were on now. Tommy could hear Ghostbur's excited yelling from outside. That's great. The boy is happy that his brother is so pleased by this.

Ghostbur came flying out of the house. Heading straight for Tommy. Stopping just before nearly crashing into him, although then again Ghostbur probably would've made himself incorporeal to avoid accidentally running into people. Still, that's how excited the spirit was.

“Tommy! You got the power on! Good job!” The ghost was bouncing again. “We have to celebrate!”

“Course I turned it on bro, y’know I’m the best. That’s why the women love me. Well, not the *sus* ones anyway.” Tommy patted his brother’s shoulder. Feeling better than he had in a long while. Even trying to crack a joke with his ghostly brother.

“Imposter! Sus!” Ghostbur happily repeated in giggles.

“Yeah! Sus!” Tommy smiled even bigger. Hope and laughter filling up his chest.

Surely, things will just keep getting better from now on. Right?

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn’t good! If I find any problems with it later I’ll try my best to fix them! Next chapter will be more interesting I promise! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Movie Night.

Chapter Summary

The trio gets together to watch a movie.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 26 guys!! We've got a movie night with the boys, and some drama! Sorry about the movie choices though. I don't know what movies Tommy and Wilbur like. Hopefully it's alright! Next chapter is going to be pretty crazy! Sorry if this chapter isn't great though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy wasn't sure if he could get any happier.

Of course the boy knows that the apocalypse is far from over. All they did was find a great place to take shelter in, but despite all the problems going on outside, Tommy felt joy,

Maybe this happiness was a bit insane, since he's living with a ghost, a zombie, and his father and other brother basically *abandoned* him.

Phil was on the other side of the horde. Techno beside him, just like always. They're calling to him, but how is he supposed to get past a wave as large as this?

But it's fine! It's absolutely fine. Because the trio has power, and although Tommy hasn't checked to see if there's any non-perishable food in the kitchen, he's certain that this farm has something.

'I'd like to see them do better than this.. it's what those bastards deserve for leaving me and Wil behind.' Tommy thought rather bitterly. Feeling his mood sour just a smidge.

Then the boy remembered the awesome game room, and he started to perk up. Although taking inventory on supplies, checking out the rest of the farm, and possibly checking to see if he can already get a start on planting some seeds would be ideal right now.

But after all that stress, the group needs something to boost morale. Then again, Ghostbur is rarely ever sad. Wilbur.. does he even feel that emotion anymore? Tommy isn't sure, but

heck. A movie wouldn't kill them.

Tommy entered the house, to see that it looked much with the lights on. Way less abandoned, and more like the home Tommy would build it to be.

Pictures of the ocean hung up on the walls. Along with photos of the two farmers, smiling and enjoying themselves on a beach with who the boy presumed was their son. Must've been a vacation they went on.

A pang of *guilt* struck Tommy's heart, from knowing what became of them. Even if they did try to eat him, he still felt kind of bad.

Strangely, Tommy hadn't seen another zombie in this house (*other than his brother.*) So maybe the couple's kid wasn't home? Maybe he moved away or something?

Well there's still a few places in this house they haven't explored yet.. hopefully they won't find him there.

Ghostbur was already waiting for him in the game room. Wilbur was still sitting on the bean bag chair. He was staring up at the ceiling for some reason, his empty expression still managing to seemingly convey a look of deep thought.

'Wonder what Big Dubs is thinking about..' Tommy was still extremely confused about his zombified brother.. The fact that he still remembers him is just unbelievable.

Was Wil capable of thinking?

The boy isn't a doctor, or neurologist. But he assumed that there must be some level of brain function going on in Wilbur's head.

Speaking takes some thought right? His brother could speak a little.. he also made the *choice* to protect Tommy from three zombies.

But was it really a choice? Or just instinct?

Tommy has no fucking clue.

"Toms! I got the TV working!" Ghostbur, in his excitement, brought the boy out of his thoughts once again. "Do you think we could watch a movie?"

"Sure. I was just thinking about putting one on! Let's see what we've got here.." Tommy was glad Ghostbur suggested this, because he had been thinking about putting a movie on for the three (*Wilbur probably won't be very interested though*) of them to enjoy.

Ghostbur floated off the couch to help pick. "Hmmm. Well, there's the classics! Harry Potter and Lord of the Rings! Star Wars, Indiana Jones. Oh! There's some Disney movies too!"

"Well, they have the first Spongebob movie. I can look around a bit more if you want, Ghostbro." Tommy was finding it surprisingly hard to find a good movie. There seemed to be

a lot of options, yet so little at the same time. Ultimately.. the vote goes to Ghostbur though. He deserves to pick.

“Oh! Oh! Let’s watch that, Tommy! Spongebob lives in the sea, and the sea is full of *blue!*” Ah yes. The spirit’s love of blue determines his choice. Looks like they’re watching cartoons.

“You got it bro. It’ll be on in just a second.” The boy popped the DVD into the DVD player. Huh. Been awhile since he’s seen one of those.

When the movie started to turn on, Tommy moved to sit next to his ghostly brother. Who smiled and watched intently. Sure it’s not his favourite movie, but at least he has his brother with him. Well, technically two of them.

Wilbur sort of *jolted* at the sudden noise on the TV, he didn’t seem bothered by it however. Just curious. Getting up from the bean bag chair with a moan, and shuffling over to the screen. Lightly tapping it.

Tommy couldn’t help but laugh a little. It’s sad. It’s just so heartbreakingly sad to see the man like this.

But if Wilbur remembered Tommy, then maybe there’s a chance he could recover.

Maybe he just needs a little *help*..

Tommy could think of something.

His Tommy came back.

That makes him feel good.

Ghostbur is smiling.

That makes him feel good too.

They’re looking at a weird box.

Icarus thinks he’ll stay on his large soft thing.

Ghostbur and Tommy are talking, but he’s too relaxed to pay attention.

Large soft thing is nice.

It’s squishy too.

Now Tommy is putting something into another box.

Icarus tilts his head, feeling a little curious.

What’s he doing with that?

Suddenly light comes out of the big box.

It moves and makes noise.

More fast-thing language that he can't understand.

Seems like everyone other than his kind speaks that language.

The biggest box is swarming with colour.

There's a little thing running around.

He wants to touch the glow.

Icarus pokes it a few times.

Strange.

So much noise and colour that he can't touch.

What is this thing?

The glow is moving around too much for the young man to make sense of it.

He feels a little dizzy.

Icarus goes back to the big soft thing. Returning to the comfort of the squish.

Tommy and Ghostbur look happy.

They're making that face that fast-things make when they're in a good mood.

Icarus tries to look happy too.

Until.

Until..

His head. His stomach..

The ~~hunger~~ is coming back.

Icarus looks back at Tommy.

He's worried..

Hey guys! Sorry again if this chapter wasn't good! If I find any problems with it I'll try my best to fix them! If you enjoyed this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Of Fish and Food.

Chapter Summary

Ranboo arrives at the shelter, while Tommy, Ghostbur, and Wilbur try to have a good time.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 27 guys!! Finally some drama lol!! I've been excited for this! I really hope you guys like this chapter! There's still some sweet stuff, but next chapter it's all angst lol. Sorry if it's not very good though! I'll admit I've been having a lot of trouble writing these chapters lately. :-:

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's hard not to feel sad when you're all alone.

Well, *technically* Ranboo isn't alone exactly.. he has the little frog he found sitting on his shoulder still, and although the amphibian's cuteness was great, it didn't make the boy miss human interaction any less.

'I really hope there's people at the end of this trail..' He thought to himself worriedly. Knowing the footprints must be fresh, doesn't mean that whoever made them could still be alive.

For all he knows, when Ranboo reaches his destination the survivors he finds there will already be dead. Or *worse*.

Not to mention how miserable the weather was turning.

When the boy first entered the woods it had started to lightly rain. By the time he was about to leave the forest, it was absolutely pouring.

Hopefully wherever Ranboo ends up will have power and hot water. Without any coverage from the trees the boy found himself quickly getting soaked.

Night seemed to be approaching soon as well.

Maybe he would've been better off staying near the abandoned campfire he found? The boy might've been able to start a new fire.. at least there would be something to keep him warm. Ranboo could feel the temperature dropping with every drop of rain.

The boy hugged himself tightly as he trekked on. Trying to keep warm. It's not ridiculously cold, but being wet certainly isn't helping.

His frog companion continued to sit on the amnesiac's shoulder. Riding along as Ranboo followed the path. It ribbited here and there, but mostly kept to itself.

After a long while, and definitely becoming drenched in the rain. He finally caught sight of a wheat field. Past a rolling green hill.

"H-Hey! There's wheat! Someone must have a farm nearby!" Ranboo said in relief. This must be where the footprints were heading.

He picked up the pace, nearly sprinting to the field. Taking the frog from his shoulder and holding it so it wouldn't fall.

Hmmm.. he'll have to think of a name for the little guy later.

When the boy finally stopped running, Ranboo was nearly out of breath. He'd made it to the wheat field, but the journey wasn't over. There's still the farm he needs to find.

Then, as if his wish for shelter had been granted. Right at the end of the field was a *house*.

So relieved at the sight of the place, Ranboo nearly cried.

It looked perfect. Well, actually Ranboo wasn't really sure, but he bet that it was. The amnesiac was just so happy to see shelter that he kind of ran with what was left of his energy to the door. Forgetting to really take a look at the farm house.

But before he could open the door himself, someone came out of it.

A growling person, covered in blood.

Turns out the Spongebob movie was pretty funny. Tommy hasn't seen it since he was super little, so he didn't remember much from it.

Ghostbur on the other hand, was loving it.

"Tommy, look! A mermaid! Like *Sally*!" The spectre excitedly pointed to the screen, where it showed a nerdy looking girl with a fish tail instead of legs.

"Ghostbro, I thought you said Sally was a *salmon*." To be honest, when Wilbur had previously mentioned his girlfriend. He didn't think she really existed. Still doesn't think so. Although the boy did think it was funny when his brother brought her up.

For Ghostbur though? Maybe he'd better just play along.

"Oh, she is a salmon Toms, but she's also a mermaid!" Ghostbur happily explained. "Wait, I've told you how I met her right?"

Surprisingly, Tommy hadn't. So he decided to listen. "Don't think you have bro. Can you tell me?"

"Sure!" His ghostly brother smiled, before starting his story. "One day I was at the beach. Y'know the one Phil used to take us to! I had my guitar with me and.. I think I was singing or writing music? It's hard to remember, Tommy. Then I saw the most beautiful girl! Her hair was red, and it shimmered with pearls!"

Tommy listened to Ghostbur's story. He told it in a way that seemed to fill the room with *pleasant* feelings. The spirit always was a good storyteller. Some parts were met with good laughs, and a few 'awws' by the boy. Trying to show his brother that he was genuinely interested.

However, Tommy still didn't think Sally was real. He's not going to stop Ghostbur from believing that though. If the imaginary mermaid (*or salmon?*) made his brother happy, then that's good enough for Tommy.

"I'm glad you have Sally, Ghostbro. You deserve to have someone who makes you feel pog." The boy said supportively. It's true. Ghostbur deserves someone special. Internally Tommy feels a little silly for thinking this way, but the ghost is a good person. Ghostbur would never hurt a fly, he's incredibly kind.

The ghost had been there for him, when no one else had been.

"Thanks Tommy. Don't worry! I'm sure when the women in the city stop stealing things, you'll meet someone pog too!"

Ah. There it is again. The '*women*.' Tommy tried not to laugh at how absurd that was. The boy hadn't expected the lie about the zombies to catch on with Ghostbur this much. Does the spirit truly believe there's crazy, random trouble-causing women everywhere?

"Thanks, Ghostbro." The boy smiled. Glad that they weren't stuck in the woods anymore. Happy that they have a roof over their heads again.

The two brothers decided to get back to watching the movie. Feeling content.

Then Tommy noticed that *Wilbur* hadn't made a sound in a while. Which was a little concerning.. since the zombie tended to make a lot of noise.

Remembering not to use his real name, for Ghostbur's sake. Tommy used his fake name instead. Turning to look at the undead man. "Icarus, you doing alright, big man?"

Wil whimpered. Curling in on himself, and not making eye contact. At this point Ghostbur seemed to notice too and also looked worried.

“Are you okay Icarus? Do you need some blue?” The spirit asked in concern. Having forgotten that it doesn’t seem to help his new friend.

The zombie didn’t respond. Continuing to whine and whimper, while beginning to shiver. A look of *pain* on his pale, bleeding face. Which only increased the boy’s worry.

Suddenly, Wilbur seemed to jolt out of his seat. His hurt expression is gone and now replaced with something a little more empty. However Tommy could tell his brother was still in pain by the way he was holding his stomach tightly.

Something didn’t feel right.

“I-Icarus? What’s wrong?” Ghostbur tried to float over to the zombie. Putting a spectral hand on his shoulder in an attempt to comfort his friend.

Unfortunately before anyone could stop him. Wilbur suddenly sprinted out of the room. Tommy was able to catch a glimpse of his brother’s face though, and what he saw immediately sent *chills* down the boy’s spine.

That look..

The one so many zombies wore. A predatory, *hungry* look. Like an animal stalking its prey.

Wilbur is hunting something.

Full blown panic set in when Tommy he’d a feral shriek, along with a terrifyingly *human* scream.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys liked this chapter! Sorry again if it wasn’t good! I’ll try my best to fix any problems there might be later! If you did enjoy this chapter though, then please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Hunger.

Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to stop Wilbur, while Wil is once again conflicted.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 28!! Finally the angst is truly here! With Ranboo making it to the farm, and with Wilbur/Icarus hungry. Things are definitely going to be tough for Tommy! Lol I've been so excited for this one! I'm really sorry if this chapter isn't good, but I worked very hard on it! I hope you guys enjoy it!

Oh also TW: Blood, TW: Mentions of death and gore.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Not again.

Tommy didn't want to ever see another person get eaten alive.

The boy tried so hard not to remember the first time he saw a zombie eating someone.

He had been with Wilbur. It happened during the day of the outbreak. They were hiding. Cornered into an apartment building with another survivor. The boy remembered how his brother told him to be *quiet*. Not to make a single sound, lest the undead hear them.

The other survivor wasn't so quiet. Quickly grabbed by the corpse that had been stalking them. Tommy isn't a child. He's brave and strong, but he couldn't stop himself from screaming. Thankfully Wilbur covered the boy's mouth with his hand before the zombie could hear him.

Stuck watching as that monster ripped their prey apart while they were still alive. Screaming and *begging* for their life, as the undead tore out bloody pieces of flesh and organs. Shoving them into its mouth. Completely unfazed by the horror of their actions.

Worst part is, the brothers knew that they couldn't save that person. They then saw that same survivor gruesomely stumbling around half-eaten an hour later. From the safety of a temporary shelter.

Because the zombie was preoccupied with that survivor, Tommy and Wilbur were able to get away.

And now.. Tommy needs to keep *Wil* from doing the same.

The boy looked outside, both terrified and relieved that Wilbur hadn't harmed anyone yet..

There's another survivor out there. A *boy*, around his age. His hair was black and white, split down the middle. Terrified eyes red and green. The boy was also wearing a suit, for some reason. If the situation wasn't so terrible, Tommy would probably compliment him for his style.

Wilbur was approaching the stranger dangerously. Snarling and growling. Arms outstretched in an attempt to grab the boy, and Tommy knew that if the stranger didn't run away, Wil would lunge at him.

"W-WIL! NO!" Tommy tried to drag the zombie back into the house, but instead, Wilbur turned to look at him aggressively. A flicker of *fear* then flashed in his brother's eyes, before Wil suddenly pushed the boy away. Refocusing on the survivor he was trying to kill.

There's no way the boy is just going to let his brother kill someone again. When '*Icarus*' brought back that arm to his camp, Tommy had desperately tried to convince himself that the arm belonged to someone who was already dead.

Tommy isn't so sure if that was really the case..

"H-Hey, bitch!" He called to the stranger, who was still petrified. Luckily the name-calling seemed to be enough to get a bit of a reaction. He looked confused. "If you don't want to become my brother's buffet, run into the shed! Fucking lock it!"

Wil however, seemed to sense that Tommy was trying to help. He looked at his little brother with this odd expression of confusion and what could be *betrayal*. The zombie growled at him, warningly.

"*T-To..mmy.. n-no.. h-he..lp..!*" Icarus struggled to say. Black eyes darting between Tommy and the mystery boy.

If this had been any other time, Tommy would've noticed that his brother had been improving his speech a little better, but now is not the time. Wilbur seemed angry and conflicted. His body shaking uncontrollably. Trying to *stop* himself from attacking.

"*H-Hu..rts.. p-pa..in..!*" The man twitched as he struggled to speak. Blood dribbling from the corners of his lip. His hands clenching and unclenching.

The stranger was still here, but it looked like he was finally trying to make a run towards the shed. Wil still had his attention temporarily on Tommy. Although the zombie would definitely hear him getting away, the boy knew he had to stall his brother.

Glad that Ghostbur was most-likely hiding in the house (*The spirit would obviously be just as concerned as Tommy is, but the boy doubts he'd be able to understand what's going on*)

Tommy continued to try and use Wilbur's name. Instead of the one Ghostbur had given him. Trying to see if he could spark some sort of memory.

"W-Wil. L-Listen, I know it hurts-"

"H-Hur..ts..!"

"I-I know, big man! S-Stay with me! Don't look at him, look at me!" The boy tried to carefully approach the zombie. Making sure he didn't appear threatening. Acting as if he were walking very carefully up to a wild animal.

Icarus stared at him unblinkingly. So far so good. The man isn't doing anything. He's just twitching and holding his stomach now.

"S-See? Everything is fine! Y-You don't have to eat him-" Tommy was immediately cut off. Alarmingly the zombie shrieked. Pulling on his hair furiously. Then he shoved the boy a second time onto the grass. Taking off after the new survivor.

"W-WILBUR!"

Tommy *chased* after him.

Kill.

Kill.

Eat.

Eat.

Must eat.

Make the pain stop.

Tommy is here.

Icarus doesn't want him here.

He doesn't want to hurt him.

But he's so hungry.

His blood.

The liquid that connects them all.

It wants him to eat.

Sending burning pain throughout his body in an effort to enforce this.

The whispers are egging him on.

It's not fair.

His head hurts.

He's thinking more than he has in a long time.

Maybe that's worse.

It was better when he didn't question anything.

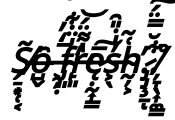
But now he's questioning what he is.

He's questioning why he wants to do any of this.

Icarus just wanted to protect his Tommy, and spend time with Ghostbur.

It's always the times he didn't want to think, that he thought the most.

The fast-thing smells so good.



Tommy is yelling at him.

The young man is scared that he's going to hurt Tommy. He pushes the boy away.

Now Tommy is yelling for the fast-thing to go somewhere.

Why is he helping the fast-thing?

Doesn't Tommy understand he's trying to protect him?

If Icarus doesn't eat this fast-thing, he might forget that Tommy isn't food.

The last thing he wants to do is eat his Tommy.

Not his precious familiar thing.

The only thing that makes him feel.. more different.

More good.

No. Tommy can't stop him.

He has to do this.

Icarus needs to eat.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys liked this chapter! I tried my very best with it! I'm sorry if it's not good though. I find any problems later I promise I'll fix them! If you did enjoy this chapter please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

Safety in the Shed.

Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to find a way to help the survivor boy, while Ranboo hides in a shed.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 29 guys!! I hope you like it! I tried my best to make it good. I will admit I'm going through a hard time right now so I'm sorry if it's not the best chapter. But I still tried very hard to make it good. I really hope you guys enjoy it despite any problems there may be!

Due to some events I've had to rename the frog "Noobzie" to "Fly" I hope that's alright!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's times like these.. that Tommy wonders if he made the wrong decision.

When he had realized, only a few hours ago (*with everything happening so fast, it might as well have been weeks*) that Wilbur might still be in there, he was so sad, confused, scared, and maybe even a bit hopeful.

The boy felt so stupid. How could he have forgotten that his brother was still a zombie in the end? A flesh-eating monster that can never be satisfied. As long as Wilbur is around everyone, including Tommy, was in *danger*.

Because of his foolish ignorance, someone could be killed again. This inability to let go of the past already cost one person their life. The boy can't let it destroy another.

That wasn't even very long ago either.. How the hell is Tommy going to keep Wilbur fed long enough to keep him from hunting survivors?

There has to be something. Some other way.

Tommy still can't bring himself to get rid of the man who had once been his older brother.

Even if he technically still has the memory of Wilbur immortalized through *Ghostbur*, The boy just..

He *can't* kill him.

God. There has to be some other way.

At the moment, Wilbur was chasing the stranger. Tommy could only thank the virus for making the undead so clumsy on their toes. His zombified brother tripped over his own feet. Landing in a mud puddle. Thankfully allowing the survivor to get into the shed.

Tommy felt compelled to make sure Wil was okay.. but maybe in the state he's currently in, that's not a good idea.

The zombie looked enraged at the fact that his prey had escaped. He tried to get back up, but slipped again. Out of frustration, Wil shrieked furiously. It was similar to the screams the boy had often heard coming from other zombies. When they were seemingly in trouble.

Walking to where his brother had fallen, Wilbur started to get up again. Causing the boy to freeze. Wil isn't looking at him, but he's still worried that the zombie, in his desperate attempt to eat something, would finally turn his sights on Tommy.

...

Hold on.

Tommy has an idea.

It's crazy, but it just might work.

In a situation as messed up as this, anything is worth a shot right?

The *rope*.. he still has the rope he used to drag Wilbur along with him.

He just needs to grab it. Tommy swore Ghostbur had left it outside. Frantically the boy looked around, relieved to find that it was on the porch.

'Can't let him catch me with this. Wil might've been fine with it before, but he sure as hell won't now!' Tommy thought nervously. Carefully walking over to the house as if heading back inside. The zombie was beginning to seem almost.. more *aware* of his surroundings than he had before.

The way he seemed nearly **angry** that the boy had tried to help the stranger..

It was weird..

Tommy didn't know what to make of it. To be fair, now really isn't the time. Because Wil had finally gotten back up, and was now trying to break the door to the shed down. Hitting it, scratching it. Shrieking as he did so. What in the world was making the man so aggressive?

Luckily, Tommy had gotten the rope. All he needed to do now was to restrain Wilbur, until he calms the fuck down.

Couldn't be too difficult right?

Nope. Tommy is officially insane.

'If I get out of this without as much as a scratch, I'll consider myself to be a fucking wizard.'
Taking a deep breath, in a weak attempt at easing his nerves. The boy approached the clearly very angry zombie.

Apprehensively getting ready to trip Wilbur over, so he could *tie* him up.

Ranboo could only shiver when he got inside the shed.

The sound of that zombie's screams rang in his ears. So piercingly loud.

Even worse, the monster had made it to the door. Slamming his fists against it so hard that the boy was terrified it would break. All the while the zombie continued to shriek.

Covering his ears and moving to the far back of the shed, was all Ranboo could think of doing. He didn't want to get eaten by that thing.

At the same time the amnesiac felt *guilty*.. Why hadn't that blonde boy come with him? Why had he chosen to stay behind?

Oh god.. what if it already *ate* him?

Holding back tears, Ranboo hugged his knees. His little frog friend, thankfully, still sat on his shoulder. Offering a comforting ribbit.

Ranboo smiled at it weakly. Nice to know that something cares about him at least. Even if it is just a frog.

But it hurts..

So close to meeting someone who could explain everything. A person who he could hopefully survive with. Like a real friend.

How foolish he was to think it would ever work out.

That boy is probably dead, and although Ranboo never heard a scream, there's no way he could still be alive. Not when there's an angry zombie pounding at the door.

Ranboo isn't sure how long he sat there for. Listening to those furious growls.

But for him, it felt like an eternity.

What if this is how it ends? The boy just cowering in the back of the shed until he eventually dies from dehydration or starvation. Forever trapped?

“A-At least we had a good run.. right little guy?” Ranboo mumbled sadly. That was a complete lie. How can you be sure that you had a good life, if you can’t even remember the one that you had?

For all the boy knew, he could’ve been a bad person. Just because he thinks he’s generally nice doesn’t mean that he actually is.

The frog hopped off his shoulder and onto his knee. Gazing at him with it’s little eyes.

“Oh.. I forgot to name you. Sorry..” It seemed like on top of the boy’s amnesia, he had a hard time remembering things in general. He felt bad, the boy really should’ve remembered to name it.

“I-If we’re going to die in here.. I should at least give you a name right?” Ranboo said. Trying to think of a name for the little frog. Heck, the little guy could probably survive. It’s small enough to jump out a window or something..

Yet his little friend remains on his knee.

“Um.. I-I’m no good with names. H-How about Fly?” Ranboo wasn’t sure where he thought of that name. Maybe it just sort of fits the little frog?

Fly didn’t seem to mind though. It hopped back onto his shoulder with a small ribbit.

Feeling a little better, now that his friend had a name. He didn’t realize the screams had stopped. Or that the figure at the door was missing.

Though the amnesiac himself surely screamed when the door suddenly kicked open. Immediately sending him back into a cowering stance.

“Hey. You good?”

It’s a voice.

A human voice.

Ranboo turned towards the noise, and to his absolute shock he saw the blonde *boy* from earlier.

The boy walked in and extended a hand, to help him up.

He took it gratefully.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn’t great though. If I find any problems later I’ll try my best to fix them! If you did like this chapter please leave a

comment as I'd love some feedback!

A new Friend?

Chapter Summary

Tommy helps Ranboo into the farmhouse, while Wilbur feels sad and confused.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 30 guys!! Gosh I can't believe we actually hit 30 chapters! It's unbelievable and I'm so proud of myself for being able to post every day and writing this much! I've always struggled with writers block so this is a huge accomplishment for me, and thank you everyone for giving me the motivation to keep trying my best!

I do have to say though, due to the amount I've been posting, I've decided to take a small break after this chapter. Maybe for a week or less. Just to give myself a rest. I think I deserve it. I'm still going to be active on the story's discord though! And I'll be back with new chapters soon! I really hope you enjoy this one guys! :D

Oh! I've also been playing around with RPG Maker, in an attempt to make my story into a game! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Thank god it worked..

With Wilbur being so hellbent on eating that survivor he didn't even notice when Tommy came up behind him with the rope.

His brother screamed like a banshee once he realized he was being restrained though. Thrashing and shrieking like the rope was made of acid. Obviously that wasn't the case, since the zombie seemed fine with the rope leading him earlier. Clearly he's just throwing a tantrum.

And trust him. Tommy feels bad. The boy had actually tried to listen to Wilbur this time. Not like how he rudely ignored him before. The man had told him through pained groans that he was hurting.

Now the poor guy is tied up.

Although, the boy should count himself lucky that the zombie hadn't hurt him upon realizing what his little brother was doing. Wil's behaviour seemed scared, almost desperate. Which surprised Tommy considering the blank expression he always wore.

This also brought up a question.

Do the undead feel *pain*?

Like legitimately feel it?

Sure the boy would describe the way they act as '*in pain*' but for some reason Tommy didn't think they actually were.

But here Wilbur is. Having told him that he did in fact *feel* things.

Thoughts of yesterday came back. When the boy, in a despair-filled rage started punching the man who had once been his older brother. Punching so damn hard that Tommy swore he heard something *shatter*.

At least, he managed to save someone's life..

But the guilt he feels is just getting worse.

Tommy was currently leading, said survivor, into the house. He looked very shaken up from the attack. Tommy didn't blame him. His clothes soaked from the rain as well. It sucks but the stranger is probably going to have to change into some dry clothes. Hopefully there's some clean clothes around here.

Oh right.

Ghostbur is hiding in the house. Maybe Tommy should warn them before he gets even more freaked out.

God. What does he say?

"Hey.. uh. So I know you weren't having a grand old time, y'know with a zombie trying to bite you and shit." He tried to explain this calmly. How the heck do you tell someone that your zombified brother has a ghost that is currently waiting in the house? "But, well.. you see, I have a brother who's a ghost. Yeah, I know compared to zombies I must sound fucking mad, but he's real? J-Just don't freak out, kay?"

The boy didn't answer, but he did look confused. Maybe he didn't talk much, which Tommy won't judge. To be fair Wilbur nearly killed him, the boy is probably in shock.

'I'm going to have to get Wil at some point.. can't just leave him out there in the rain.' After everything the zombie had done the past two days, protecting him, and generally being so harmless to the boy, it just feels wrong leaving him out there.. especially now that his brother is still in there.

Maybe there's a barn that the trio didn't notice, that Tommy can keep him in temporarily? Or maybe keep him in the basement? The boy should probably make sure it's safe down there though..

"So.. uh. I'm Tommy. What's your name? I-If you feel like telling me, that is." Due to the seriousness, Tommy decided not to make any jokes. A calm environment would be good for someone in shock, he thinks.

"*R-Ranboo..*" A quiet voice answered back. The poor guy looked and sounded exhausted. Probably hungry and thirsty as well. How long has he been traveling? Where had he been?

"Nice to meet you Ranboo." Tommy smiled reassuringly. He has to admit though, it's odd being so supportive to someone other than Ghostbur. Rarely showing his softer side to anyone else.

"Let's get inside. Trust me, you'll be feeling pog in no time, buddy."

Alone again.

Tied up and alone.

Icarus feels sad.

Why had his Tommy chosen the food over him?

What had he done wrong?

Was it some kind of punishment?

The man knows what those are.

His kind often punished those who are greedy.

Those who don't share their spoils.

*Icarus is a good **Other** though. He doesn't get greedy.*

Sometimes when his kind doesn't share food, the head of the hunt will hurt them.

Maybe even kill them.

Selfishness is not a desirable quality.

Family is equal. So his family must share.

Those who could not kill a fast-thing should not have to go hungry.

Maybe if Icarus was part of a hunt, he and his fellow Others could've killed the fast-thing,

Why did Tommy help it?

It's just so confusing.

Why does the boy hate him so much?

Is it because he's not like him?

But the man can't be like Tommy.. he doesn't know how.

He wants to try.. but it's so hard.

He's so hungry, and his body hurts so much.

The wet from the sky is so cold.

It's so cold..

Maybe it would be better if he didn't move.

If he stayed still and quiet then maybe Tommy would be happier.

No noise.

No nothing.

Icarus doesn't want to be like that though..

But familiar things should come first.

That's how it's always been.

*Every Other would **feel** the same way.*

He's sad.

It's so cold.

...

Icarus doesn't want to become an Empty.

He doesn't want to lose what little he has..

If he can't have the food that Tommy saved.

Then he'll have to find something else.

The man just needs to get free.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys liked this chapter! Sorry if I didn't do a good job though. 30 Chapters and I'm still learning how to write the characters lol. If I find any problems later I'll try my best to fix them! Anyway though, I will be taking a break for a few days but I promise I'll be back with more chapters soon! I'm still going to be active in the story's discord though! If you guys did like this chapter please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

The House Guest.

Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to make a traumatized Ranboo feel more comfortable, while Wilbur wonders if his familiar thing hates him.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 31 guys!! I'm back from my week break! I really needed it, but I missed writing so much, so I'm happy to be back! I'm thinking I'll take another break every 10 chapters? I hope that sounds alright! Including this chapter, I have four written and ready for posting! Anyway, I missed you guys! I hope you've all been well! I really hope you enjoy this new chapter! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After a thorough inspection of the farm house, it was safe to say that there were no other zombies. Tommy supposed his theory about the farmer's son moving away or being somewhere else during the apocalypse was right.

The generator proved to be very useful indeed. The whole house had power now, even rushing water. (*Tommy had tested the sinks to make sure they worked.*) Turns out the place had a good supply of non-perishable food.

It seemed like the trio had truly found a treasure trove.

Now all Tommy had to deal with was *Ranboo*.

Ranboo was still pretty quiet. Soaking wet from the rain and shaking from the cold. Tommy wasn't a doctor, but if the new survivor were to get sick, he wouldn't really know how to help. So the best thing to do would be to get him warmed up.

Tommy led him over to the fireplace. Logs rested next to it, as well as a box of matches. Thank goodness for that. This house really has it all, doesn't it?

That does make the boy wonder though.. if this farm is so well equipped, how did the two farmers get infected? Did they try to help a zombie, mistakenly thinking it was someone who

was sick and in need of help?

Perhaps he'd never really know the answer.

"Hey.. uh. I'm going to start a fire. You try to warm up, and I'll find you something dry to wear. Okay?" Yikes. Was it just him, or had he forgotten what it's like to talk to someone other than a ghost and a zombie? The boy thinks his social skills might've gotten a bit more awkward since his time alone. Hopefully Ranboo wouldn't notice.

Ah. Probably not. He seems too shaken up to pay attention to that.

Grabbing two logs from the pile, Tommy placed them in the fireplace. Proceeding to light a match and igniting the firewood. It wasn't long until a nice, crackling fire warmed up the room. Which the stranger immediately moved closer to.

Now that the room was warm and toasty, the boy left the room to head upstairs. Hopefully there was something clean and dry up there to wear. Although.. the thought of wearing a dead person's clothes (*from drawers or closets thankfully*) just felt kind of wrong.

'Eventually I'll need to change.. I've been wearing the same fucking shirt for two weeks.' He thought with slight bitterness. For some reason it just seemed kind of invasive and morally wrong. Oh well. He'll deal with it later. Ranboo needs them more than he does.

When Tommy got upstairs he realized he'd forgotten something.

The *bodies* of the two zombies were still there.

'Shit! Can't believe I forgot to get rid of them! Fuck! Okay.. calm down, Big T. We can deal with it later.' After realizing his mistake, Tommy nearly slapped himself on the head. Did he seriously leave two corpses to rot up here?

Maybe he can drag them out later. Ranboo really needs some dry clothes.. or a towel. Both would probably be good. It's not freezing outside, but winter is on the way.

Oh fuck.

How are they supposed to grow stuff during *winter*?

Looks like a whole new set of problems just appeared.

Tommy tried to ignore the rising anxiety he was feeling. Stepping over the dead farmers, while simultaneously trying not to look at them. The boy entered what appeared to be a guest room. A chest of drawers sat against the wall, probably filled with clothes.

Opening it up, proved that he was right. Inside were assorted clothing articles. Tommy grabbed a white T-Shirt, along with a pair of socks and some jeans. They looked kind of big.. and the mysterious stranger downstairs, although tall, was practically skin and bones.

This will do, however. It's dry, and wearable.

Tommy headed out of the room to go back downstairs, but paused when he heard a cheerful, echoey voice.

Damn it.

He forgot to tell Ghostbur not to talk to Ranboo yet.

Hopefully zombies, and a *ghost* won't frighten him too much.

Lonely.

So lonely and hungry.

He doesn't like the sky's wetness.

Rope won't let him move.

Icarus doesn't want to call for help.

If he calls for help, his kind might hurt his Tommy.

But.. Tommy also chose a fast-thing over him.

After everything he'd done to make his precious familiar thing happy.

He doesn't know what a heart is, but deep down he knows it's broken.

Maybe if Tommy wasn't familiar, things would be better.

If he wasn't, then Icarus wouldn't have murdered his family members.

If Tommy wasn't, he wouldn't have eaten one of his kin.

If the boy wasn't, then he never would've gotten a name from Ghostbur.

He wouldn't have felt.. more.

More..

Alive?

Icarus doesn't know what that word means or where it came from, but it sounds right.

With the rope bound so tightly, all the young man could do was sit there.

All alone as the sky started to lose light.

Until Icarus remembered something.

Not a memory.

An action he did earlier that day.

He could bite the rope again.

Not to eat, but to break.

The man then ripped at the fibre.

Pulling it apart with his teeth. Careful not to taste it this time.

Rope doesn't taste good.

Now he's free.

But..

What should he do?

Tommy protected the food from him.

Icarus needs to eat though..

He could leave and find other food, but he might get lost and not see his Tommy again.

The rope may have been cut, but Icarus was still stuck.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I'm sorry if it isn't good! I think I've forgotten how to write the characters properly.. and there might be important things I've also forgotten too. I have a terrible memory. I really hope this chapter is okay though! If it isn't I'll try my best to fix it! I'm very happy to be back by the way as well! If you guys did like this chapter, please comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

Of Ghosts and Amnesia.

Chapter Summary

Tommy helps deal with Ghostbur, while Ranboo listens to a story.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 32 guys!! Happy Halloween everyone! I hope you all have a fun time tonight! Sorry for posting a bit late today! I was kind of busy! Also sorry if the chapter isn't great either. I wasn't planning on saying exactly where this story takes place, as I'm from Canada, not England. Because I thought it would make it easier for me to write if it wasn't specified. So I'm sorry for not knowing where places really are or any laws! I'm not sure if that will come into play.. but if it ever does I'm sorry for not knowing!! Anyway I hope you like this chapter guys! Happy Halloween!!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Tommy got downstairs, he found Ranboo, slightly backing into a wall with wide eyes. Floating in front of him, was the cheerful ghost of his brother. Seemingly completely unaware of the newcomer's fright. In fact, Ghostbur was happily rambling to the other boy.

"I'm so happy someone came to visit! We just moved in! Would you like some tea? I can't remember how to make any.. and I'm not sure if there's any in the house, but I'd be happy to try and make you some-" Ghostbur said excitedly. Bouncing up and down in the air. A huge ecstatic grin on his pale face. However the spirit cut himself off when he noticed Tommy coming down the stairs.

"Oh hi Tommy! I made another new friend! I don't know his name though.." The ghost smiled at his little brother. Giving him a small wave. Ghostbur then turned back to Ranboo. "I gave my other friend a name! If you don't have one, I can help!"

A pang of guilt came back as Ghostbur mentioned his renaming of Wilbur. Tommy remembered that the zombified form of his older brother was still outside in the rain.

"Don't worry, Ghostbro. He already has a name, it's Ranboo." Tommy helpfully informed the spectre, while simultaneously leading a clearly in shock Ranboo back over to the fireplace.

“Uh.. here, big man. Go change into this. Don’t worry we’ll give you some space, Kay?” He handed the boy some dry clothes. Tommy wasn’t really sure what to say to him exactly though. Ranboo could probably use some words of comfort, but Tommy really doesn’t excel at that sort of thing. Thankfully, the boy gave him a small nod so it seemed he understood.

“Come on, Ghostbur. Let’s give him some privacy. We’ve still got a movie to watch, remember?” In an attempt to distract Ghostbur, and help Ranboo. Tommy led Ghostbur back into the game room so the new survivor could be alone.

“Oh okay! It’s nice to meet you Ranboo! Bye bye!” Ghostbur waved goodbye to the stranger, and followed his brother into the game room.

Once the two were alone. Tommy decided to try to tell Ghostbur to be careful with their new visitor.

“Listen, Ghostbro. Uh.. maybe leave Ranboo alone for a minute. I think he’s seen some shit.. and I know you’re not scary, but I think he needs time to get used to seeing a ghost.” Knowing about Ghostbur’s very thin skin at times, the boy tried to explain this as delicately as possible. Not wanting to hurt his brother’s feelings.

“But, Tommy? I thought everyone knew ghosts existed.” The spectre blinked in confusion. Did Ghostbur really think that? Actually no, that makes sense. Of course the ghost thought that.

“Sorry, bro. Not everyone knows. It’s cause they aren’t pog enough! Don’t worry. You can talk to him later alright? Just give him some time, okay?” Hopefully the spirit would understand that this is for the best.

“Oh.. okay. If you think I should leave him alone, then I will..” Ghostbur looked sad. Still smiling as always, but Tommy could tell he was just hiding his feelings.

Tommy felt bad. Of course this upset the spectre, but it had to be said. Despite Ghostbur being a fantastic brother, and a great person, he can be a bit overwhelming.

He’s such a sweet ghost. Really, he is. However, Ghostbur doesn’t have a lot of social boundaries. In terms of reading rooms. Tommy could see that Ranboo was definitely not in the right mind-set to listen to the long ramblings of a ghost.

His ghostly brother ultimately decided to sit back down on the couch and watch the movie. The boy still felt bad though. Maybe Ghostbur needs some alone-time too?

Waking back into the living room, Tommy found that Ranboo was changed into the dry clothes he had given him. His old soaked clothes sat in a messy pile in front of the fire.

Later Tommy will check to see if there’s a clothes dryer around here. If not, perhaps the boy can just hang them up outside or keep them by the fireplace.

“Hey.. sorry about my brother. He’s a good guy. Real pogchamp, but I understand if he.. uh. Scared you and shit.” Tommy tried to apologize. Damn. Why is he so bad at this? Why

couldn't talking be easier?

Ranboo hadn't noticed him come in, but he seemed alright for the most part now. Still resting in front of the fire. Watching the flames dance. "I-It's okay.. h-he seems nice. I-I think I'm mostly confused."

"What are you confused about?" There were probably quite a few things to be confused about. Zombies were one thing, but ghosts were another. Tommy will try to answer any questions though, as best he can.

"W-Well.. um. I-I don't really know what's going on? T-Thanks for letting me in though.. but.. w-where am I?" Ranboo seemed to either stutter when he's nervous, or it's simply because he's cold. Either way, it seems like he's having trouble figuring out how to explain his story.

"No probs, but you don't know where you are? Actually you do sound American.. you're in *England*, pal. Kind of fucking weird that you didn't know that." Strange that Tommy didn't notice the boy's accent until now. Perhaps Ranboo had been visiting the country when the apocalypse broke out?

But why wouldn't he know where he is?

"I-I.. I think I have *amnesia*.."

Oh.

That explains things.

Finding out that he's in England has just been one more shock added to a gigantic list of confusion.

How did he get here?

His accent wasn't British so he most-likely wasn't from here. Was he from America or Canada? God, Ranboo wished he had some answers about who he used to be.

Although, the more important question had to be about why sick people (*or zombies to be exact*) had tried to attack him.

"So, you're telling the truth? Actual amnesia? Not just fucking with me, right Ranboo?" Tommy had an uncertain look in his eyes. That's fair. Amnesia didn't seem like a common problem, so it makes sense that the survivor would be suspicious.

In fact. Ranboo is a complete stranger to this boy. If what he saw really were zombies, then Tommy would have every right to be distrusting of people he doesn't know. If he had been in his position, Ranboo would probably feel the same.

“Y-Yeah.. the only thing I can remember is my name. C-Can you please tell me what’s going on out there? Those people.. t-that *man*.. what’s wrong with them?” Ranboo shuddered at the thought of the people back in the city. Chills ran down his spine as he remembered the man who had attacked him outside. Tried to mercilessly bite and scratch him.

The man who Tommy had called a brother..

The one Tommy tied up.

Oh.

Ranboo felt almost guilty now, especially with how sad the face Tommy had made after mentioning the man outside.

“Don’t know if I can explain it all that well.. but I guess I can try.” Tommy then attempted to explain his story. While the amnesiac listened carefully.

“About a year ago, or some shit. I was with my brother, Wilbur. Uh.. that was *him* outside.. and he’s also the ghost that was here earlier. Look, I’ve got no explanation for that one..” The survivor seemed uncomfortable and sort of trailed off, but he took a deep breath and tried to continue.

“O-Okay, long story short. We started hearing that some fucking virus was spreading around. People got sick all over the place. Started killing each other. Those who got sick kept coming back after death, and started making other people sick. You probably get it, right?” The blonde boy looked at Ranboo, trying to see if he’s following along.

“Y-Yeah.. I think I get it.” Ranboo nodded. Looks like he was right about the zombie apocalypse happening.

“Anyway.. me and my bro, we’re trying to survive. We lasted pretty good I think. Big Dubs always made sure I was alright and shit. Until he got bit..” Tommy trailed off again. It seemed that this was bringing back some painful memories. Which made the amnesiac feel sorry for him.

Losing your loved-ones to some deadly virus sounds incredibly tragic. Especially if they come back only to see you as something to feed on.

Maybe it’s a good thing that Ranboo can’t remember if he had a family.

Now that his theory about an apocalypse was confirmed though, thank goodness the boy managed to find someone who could give him shelter.

Even if the shelter has a ghost, and a zombie who tried to kill him outside.

Ranboo probably shouldn’t judge too much though. As terrifying as the encounter was, it’s obvious that Tommy cares for the man. Poor guy..

There’s probably *nothing* that can be done for him.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! Sorry again if it's not good! I've been having trouble remembering things. I might need to re-read the chapters I wrote previously with Ranboo so I can have a clearer memory of what happened in them. I'll also try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this story, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! Happy Halloween guys!!

Concerned Ghosts and Tired Thoughts.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur checks on Icarus, while Wilbur wishes he had something to eat.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 33 guys!! Sorry I didn't post a new chapter yesterday! For some reason I was just totally exhausted. All day I could barely keep my eyes open. It was weird! Anyway I'm very sorry about that, and I really hope you like this chapter! Sorry if it's not great though, I tried my best!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's probably kind of silly to be feeling blue. Considering blue always drains the ghost's sadness.

Sometimes Ghostbur liked to play pranks on people. Saying things like "boo" but that didn't mean he was scary right? Was that why Tommy didn't want him around Ranboo?

Ghostbur had honestly thought everyone knew about ghosts. Although he hadn't seen any other spirits himself.. still, he was certain people knew. Now the ghost just felt stupid.

Maybe he should apologize? If he really did scare their visitor then he should say sorry for that. It would be rude if he didn't.

Tommy said to leave Ranboo alone though..

Icarus isn't afraid of ghosts though. Perhaps Ghostbur could go spend time with him instead? He did feel rather lonely watching the movie by himself.

Feeling a little better at the thought of hanging out with his friend, Ghostbur donned a small, hopeful smile, and floated out of the room. Heading outside to where Icarus was last.

Oh. There he is!

Ghostbur found the man stumbling around. He seemed like he was trying to go somewhere, but was having trouble deciding which place. Confusion in his steps. Did he need some help?

“Hi Icarus! I’m glad you and Tommy aren’t fighting anymore! What are you doing out here?” The spirit asked curiously. It’s raining, and although the ghost couldn’t feel it, he knew it had to be cold. Icarus shouldn’t really stay out here for too long.

“*H-Hun..gry..*” Icarus groaned. Something about his behaviour seemed anxious. The young man was teetering a bit. Pacing around slightly as well. However, he seemed to relax a little upon seeing Ghostbur.

“You’re hungry? Aww! I’m sorry, friend! I can help you find something to eat! Why don’t you head inside where it’s warm? Don’t worry, rain doesn’t bother me much!” In an attempt to help Icarus, Ghostbur wanted to get him back inside. If the man stays out here too long, he’s bound to catch a cold or something!

Ghostbur will be fine out here though. Ghosts can’t get sick. Although he did play a joke on Tommy a few times where he said that he “*melts in the rain.*” It was really funny, and Tommy almost fell for it!

“*T-To..mmy.. n-no.. w-wa..nt..*” The man mumbled. His voice shaky as if holding back a sob. With that, Ghostbur became very worried.

“What? B-But I thought you two were finally getting along! Tommy told you, you can’t come inside?” Upon hearing this, the spirit was shocked. How could his little brother be so rude? Making their poor friend stay out in the rain!

“W-Well that’s simply not fair, Icarus! Of course you can go back inside. If Toms doesn’t let you, then I’ll just remind him to be nicer. Just because I’m a ghost, doesn’t mean I can’t give him a lecture!” Ghostbur huffed. Feeling very disappointed. This is not how he helped raise him! Tommy could be rude in terms of language, but his brother wouldn’t do something so cruel. Especially to a friend.

“I’m going to go give Tommy a piece of my mind! Why don’t you come with me? We can finish watching the Spongebob Movie together!” The spirit said in an attempt to cheer Icarus up. Raising an arm for his friend to take.

“*W-Wa..nt.. g-go.. n-no.. g-go.*” Icarus shook his head. Clearly struggling to try to tell the spectre that as much as he wanted to come along, he couldn’t for some reason. This made Ghostbur frown. Feeling more worried than before.

“Why can’t you go, friend?”

“*F-Foo..d.. e-eat..*”

Oh.. right Icarus is hungry? But Ghostbur said he’d help him find something to eat.. was there nothing inside the house that the man wanted?

Well, in that case.. maybe there’s something out here he can snack on!

He felt better now that Ghostbur was here.

Ghostbur is good.

A very nice Shiny Thing.

Icarus likes him very much.

It makes him happy that Ghostbur likes him too.

He just wished Tommy did as well..

As much as it pains Icarus to think this. Food is more important than Tommy right now.

His Tommy will be safer once he's eaten.

Though.. with that fast-thing he brought inside, it's going to be very hard to keep his hunger in control.

Hopefully the fast-thing he ate back in the forest was still there..

Icarus hadn't eaten all of it.

Now that he thinks about it, he probably should have.

But.. the man doesn't remember where the forest is.

Ghostbur seems to want to help, but Ghostbur won't know what to look for.

The ghost isn't a fast-thing.

Tommy isn't either.

They just look like them.

Icarus wished there was some way he could tell Tommy that.

Fast-things don't feel.

Not like his kind does.

They're just food.

Something to be eaten.

It's strange that they fight back though..

What should he do?

Nothing around here looks edible.

There had to be some meat somewhere..

His head is hurting again.

So is his stomach.

Something inside continues to burn.

Annoyingly pushing him to find food.

He gets it. He wants to eat too.

Why won't it just leave him alone?

~~*He's so fucking tired just go away-*~~

~~*He's tired..*~~

~~*He wants to sleep..*~~

~~*Where the hell is he anyway?*~~

~~*Nothing makes sense anymore.*~~

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried my best with it! And sorry again for not posting yesterday! I was just really tired. I have no idea why honestly! Also I'm sorry if this chapter isn't great though, I promise I'll try to fix it as best I can later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I would love some feedback! :D

A Lecture.

Chapter Summary

Tommy gets scolded by Ghostbur, while Ghostbur worries he took things too far.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 34 guys!! We've got a sad chapter today! Looks like the brothers are having a rough time. Hopefully everything will turn out alright for Tommy and Ghostbur though! Anyway I really hope you guys like this chapter! Sorry if it's not great though! I think my migraines must be coming back.. but don't worry. I'm okay!!

Also I've been working more on the RPG Maker game based on this story! I think I'm going to try to add some basic plot soon! But please remember that I'm very new to making games, so it's not perfect. However, I'm trying my very best!! You can catch stuff about it in the discord! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Night had finally fallen.

Both boys were eager to choose a room to sleep in. Well, that is after Tommy carefully disposed of the two dead farmer's bodies.

While doing that, Tommy had to be very quiet so as to not alert Wilbur to his location. It hurts having to do this. Especially because he knows that his older brother is still in there somewhere, but after what he had tried to do to Ranboo it's just too dangerous to let him in.

So it's best to just not let the zombie notice him. The boy isn't sure if the undead can hold grudges. Or if Wil is even mad at him since he seems to care about him a lot, but on the chance that his brother is upset about being tied up and left out here, it's better to remain unseen.

Thankfully, yet somehow oddly. Tommy didn't hear his mindless groans, nor did he see the man's struggling silhouette in the darkness. With the season growing closer to winter, it had been getting darker out faster. Perhaps the zombie had fallen asleep or something, and Tommy just couldn't see him.

If the dead *can* sleep that is.

Well, Ghostbur does, but he's different.

'Maybe I should go check on him.. just to make sure Big Dubs is still here.' Tommy thought to himself, a little worried. However, it really is dark outside. Probably wouldn't be a good idea to stay out here for too long. The boy had already learned his lesson about traveling at night, after the incident with the other zombie in the woods.

No. Wilbur should be fine. Tommy has tried him up pretty tight. The zombie shouldn't be able to go anywhere. He'll just have to check on him in the morning. Then the boy can figure out what to do with him.

The boy knows it's ridiculous, but Tommy just can't bring himself to get rid of his brother. He'd realized that even before he found out that Wilbur had truly remembered him.

What's more stupid, is that Tommy was now hoping that he could maybe get Wil to see other people, as people too.

After all.. if Wilbur doesn't want to hurt Tommy. Then maybe the boy can get him to stop wanting to eat other survivors.

How the fuck is he supposed to do that though?

Oh well. At least the two dead farmers aren't in the house anymore. He'll *bury* them tomorrow. It was their house after all. Wouldn't seem fair to leave the bodies to rot.

When Tommy came back inside though, he found Ghostbur, sitting on the couch in the living room. Wearing a very *stern* expression. The boy almost found it funny seeing the normally cheerful ghost looking so serious, but something told him he might've messed up.

"Uh.. you good, big man?" Tommy tried to smile, but inside he was nervous. Ghostbur rarely ever got mad at him. It's not like he's afraid of the spirit either. He knows his brother is harmless, but it was how unexpected this was, that made him nervous.

Ghostbur got up from the couch. Crossing his arms and pouting. "Tommy, why aren't you letting Icarus inside?"

Oh.

Now Tommy understands what this is about.

"Ghostbro, look.. I can explain-" Tommy struggles to find an answer that would satisfy the spirit. Unfortunately Ghostbur cut him off as he searched for one.

"He told me that you didn't want him to come in! Tommy, how could you be so rude? It's raining outside! I can't feel it, but I know it's getting colder. What if Icarus freezes?!" Ghostbur was very clearly not happy with his little brother. His face was a mixture of concern, confusion, and disappointment.

Tommy didn't know what to tell him.

"I thought you two were finally getting along! Toms, I know you've been sad. I've offered you my blue, and tried my best to make you feel better, but this is not how we treat friends! Being mean won't make you feel better!" The spirit seemed convinced that Tommy had been keeping the zombie out of the house for selfish reasons. For some reason, that fact hurt him.

Had Tommy been so terrible to Wilbur, that Ghostbur is starting to *judge* him?

Of course, it's not Ghostbur's fault for being angry. The spirit sees the situation way different from the true grim reality. The ghost is seeing the equivalent of a friend being bullied.

And once again, Tommy found himself unable to tell his brother what was really going on.

"Toms.. I'm not angry with you, alright? I'm just confused.. I know I don't remember much, but I know this isn't you."

Ghostbur is right. This isn't who Tommy was.

But it's who he had to *become* in order to protect himself and his brother.

Feeling worse than he did earlier, Ghostbur held some blue. Clutching it tightly.

'*Was I too hard on him?*' Ghostbur thought to himself. Guilt eating away at him for getting mad at Tommy. He loved his little brother dearly, and would do anything to keep him safe and happy.

He knows he's naive, that he can't remember much. Of course the spirit knows that he isn't *Alivebur*. Maybe he had no right to try and scold the boy for what he did.

But it was all so shocking.

Ghostbur remembered the happy moments in their childhood. When Tommy was a little baby, and Phil let him hold his little brother.

He remembered taking care of the boy whenever Phil and Techno weren't home. How he tried to keep him entertained through music and storytelling.

The spirit remembered when he used to tuck Tommy into bed at night. Making sure he had his little cow plushie (*Henry, the boy had named it*) that he loved so much. There was also the adorable way his baby brother would ask him to check under his bed for monsters.

Then when Tommy got older, he helped with his homework, and even made meals for them both. Ghostbur liked to think that he did a good job taking care of Tommy.

How *proud* he was during every birthday celebration. With every milestone that silly chaotic child made, it just caused the ghost to love his little brother more.

So when Ghostbur scolded him, he just felt terrible..

Tommy is a good kid. Kind of a gremlin at times, and can be a little rude, but the boy had a kind heart.

Maybe the spirit messed up somewhere?

Or perhaps this is just entirely new and random?

Did Tommy need help? Was he feeling sadder than he thought? Ghostbur was so worried now.. he kept pacing in the game room. Still holding his blue.

For once, it felt like his blue wasn't working.

No. No, the spirit needs to apologize. He couldn't bear to have Tommy be hurt by his words. Yes, the boy had been extremely rude, but maybe Ghostbur had gone too far.

With his apologetic mission in mind, Ghostbur left to go find his little brother. Floating around the house for a bit until he found Tommy sitting on a bed in one of the guest rooms.

Tommy looked upset about something. His eyes were red and puffy, which only made Ghostbur feel even more *guilty*. The boy hadn't noticed him enter though, so the spectre gently put a hand on his shoulder.

"Oh.. hey Ghostbro.." The boy didn't look at him. Ghostbur instinctively squeezed some blue upon noticing.

"T-Tommy.. I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to make you sad! I-I was just so confused, and this isn't like you, and I'm just so sorry!" Breaking down, Ghostbur immediately exploded into apologizes. He started hugging Tommy, which seemed to earn a look of surprise, but the ghost didn't care.

"I-I know I'm not like Alivebur, a-and I shouldn't have scolded you! I-I was just so worried! I'm terribly sorry, Tommy!" The spirit felt his little brother return the hug back as he sobbed into his shoulder. Yet another reason why Tommy is such a good kid. Even after being scolded he still wants to comfort the ghost.

Ghostbur couldn't ask for a better brother.

"Shhh. It's fine.. big man." Tommy said softly. Rubbing circles into Ghostbur's back.

"Tomorrow.. I'll tell you *everything*, Ghostbro. I promise.."

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried really hard with this one! I'm sorry if it isn't good though, I'll try my best to fix it if I find any problems later! If you did like

this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

Out in the Dark.

Chapter Summary

Icarus finds a snack, while Tommy goes outside.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 35 guys!! I'm so sorry I didn't post yesterday! I had a huge migraine and I couldn't think at all. I'm really sorry about that! I really hope this chapter was worth the wait! Sorry if it isn't though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Icarus had found food.

Not a fast-thing as he hoped.

A small furry thing.

It tried to get away.

But the man was faster.

The creature was stuck in a metal thing.

Like the one that the fast-thing he ate earlier was stuck in.

This food wasn't very tasty though.

That's okay.

Food is food.

Although a fast-thing would be much better, at least he ate something.

Icarus was scared that if he didn't eat quick enough, he'd end up empty.

Hunger can be weird sometimes..

His kind always felt hungry.

Never really goes away.

What's worrying, is when the hunger gets really bad.

The large pain always happens at random.

When it strikes, you have to eat.

If you don't, the pain gets worse.

Icarus's pain isn't completely gone.. but it's less now.

Which is good.

That means.. he can go back to his Tommy right?

See Ghostbur too?

He wants to get out of the sky's wetness.

The young man can't stand the cold.

Icarus knows that Tommy doesn't care for him as much as he does.

The boy chose a fast-thing over him after all..

Maybe the food he'd been protecting from him is gone now?

Please?

He wants to go home..

Icarus misses the comfort of familiarity.

How long has he been out here?

There's no way to tell.

Finding the big shelter.

Tommy and Ghostbur are inside.

The man hits the moving wall repeatedly.

Please let him in.

He'll be better this time.

Whatever he did to make his Tommy upset, he won't do it again.

~~*Please let me in.*~~

It's not hard to forgive Ghostbur.

Tommy knows that he doesn't understand. He knows that the spirit is simply worried. Just wanting to make sure his little brother is alright.

The boy supposed that he should tell the ghost the truth now.

Not all of it, of course.

Only enough for the spirit to understand the reason for severity.

Question is, how does he explain?

Well, it's possible that he could describe what's wrong with Wilbur, in the easiest way. By explaining that he's *sick*.

Yes. Tommy will go with that.

First, the boy will get some much needed rest. Then he'll tell Ghostbur what's going on.

Luckily it didn't seem too hard. The bed he found himself lying on was soft and warm. Way better than the hard ground he slept on in his tent. Compared to the sleeping bag and tent, this was heaven.

Ranboo had taken one of the other rooms in the house. So did his ghostly brother.

Meanwhile, Wil was still outside.. in the cold rain. Tommy had wanted to go back for him. Maybe put the zombie in the shed where it's dry, but it's already pitch-black outside.

The boy thought back to that day when he was only five years old. When Tommy had gotten lost at the park. Hiding under the slide to get away from the rain..

"I've been looking for you for half an hour! How could you go out on your own like this?!"
The younger voice of Wilbur echoed in his head. From the memory of that day. Wil, leaving the house to go looking for Tommy in the pouring rain. Not giving up until he found the little boy. Then made promises of hot chocolate to calm him down.

Now the boy wonders..

Although the situation is drastically different.

Would he do the *same*?

Would Tommy be willing to venture into the dark to comfort Wilbur, despite knowing how dangerous the man is now?

Shutting his eyes tightly. The boy attempted to fall asleep. Hoping that he'd lose consciousness before he made a decision.

But that wouldn't be fair to Wilbur, would it?

If his brother came back for him, Tommy should too.

So the boy carefully stepped out of bed. His footsteps light and quiet, as to avoid any noises that could wake Ranboo or Ghostbur.

Making sure to grab his flashlight from his backpack before leaving, Tommy descended the stairs. The wooden floors creaked every so often, causing the boy to freeze. Pausing to make sure no one had woken up.

When he finally made it to the door, and got outside, Tommy found it nearly impossible to see through the rain. With the night being so dark, that only made visibility worse.

'Shit.. gotta find corpse boi quick. Can't stay out here too long.' Tommy shivered once he left the cover of the house. He probably should have thought harder about this. Hopefully there's some more spare clothes he could change into if he gets too soaked.

Turning on his flashlight, he waved it around. Trying to spot his brother in the darkness. Thankfully it didn't take long until his light found a figure sitting up against one of the apple trees.

Wil had clearly gotten free from the ropes. As there was no way he could move to the tree if he was still tied up. When he noticed his little brother standing there, he started groaning and reaching for him. Tommy could also see fresh *red* stains around the zombie's mouth.

"T-Tom..mmmy..?"

Hopefully it wasn't human again.

"Hey, big man.."

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again for not posting yesterday! I'll try my best to keep posting every day like normal! (At least until chapter 40, then I'll take another small break!) I'm sorry if this chapter isn't great though! If I find any problems with this chapter later I'll try my best to fix them! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

White Noise.

Chapter Summary

Tommy finally checks on his brother, while Wilbur is happy that Tommy came back.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 36 guys!! I've been excited for this one guys! I really hope you like it! It's another sad chapter, but with a bit of mystery at the end. (Gosh I will admit it looked much better in google docs because had added colour to the bolded sentences. I wish I could do that here lol.) Anyway I really hope you guys like this chapter! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur looked almost sad. As if he hadn't been expecting Tommy to come back for him. His head awkwardly tilted to the side. The zombie seemed to do that a lot when he was confused, or listening.

It's hard to tell how his brother feels when his face is always so empty and lifeless. However, Tommy felt like he could still sort of tell somehow.

"Hey, big man.."

"*T-Tomm..y..*" Wilbur groaned. He slowly got to his feet. Stumbling over to the boy with a shivering wobble.

Huh.

Shivering.

Just like how he found him just a few days ago..

The man's clothes were sopping wet. Even Wil's fluffy hair was now tangled and dripping. Poor guy. The zombie probably wouldn't know how to use one (*or have been able to at all considering he'd been tied up at the time*), but Tommy found himself wishing he'd given his brother an umbrella.

“I-I.. I’m sorry I left you outside, Wil..” Tommy mumbled, his voice nearly inaudible. Despite that, he knew the walking corpse could hear him.

Zombies have an incredible sense of hearing after all.

Hell. That’s probably why Wilbur had managed to save him in the woods yesterday. He must’ve heard the other zombie before Tommy did.

It’s most-likely the reason why he went in the house earlier. The man could hear the other undead inside.

With Tommy’s apology, Wil tilted his head the other way. Taking small tentative steps towards the boy. His movements reminded Tommy of a child approaching a wild animal.

‘He’s acting like he’s fucking afraid of me..’ The boy noticed. His heart sank upon the realization.

Had he been gaslighting the poor zombie?

Wilbur had been protecting him. Hadn’t tried to hurt him at all either (*except for when Tommy threw rocks at him. The man clearly didn’t like that,*) and the boy responded with hatred and anger.

“T-Tom..my..?” The zombie repeated again. This time in a more questioning tone. Taking one more step, before stopping. Seemingly waiting for an answer.

“I-I’m sorry.. a-alright? I-I shouldn’t have left you out here, big man..” Apologizing again. There has to be a way to get Wilbur to understand that he just did what he needed to do.

If the boy hadn’t tied Wil up, his older brother would’ve killed the amnesiac.

Tommy couldn’t handle letting another innocent life be taken by the man.

Wil heard the boy’s apology. Although Tommy isn’t sure if he could really understand. However the zombie did start reaching for him. Most-likely to take his neckerchief and hold it for comfort.

Does that mean he accepts his apology?

“W-Wilbur.. I’m gonna take you back inside, okay?” The boy stuck out his hand for the undead man to take. Wanting to lead him into the shed where it’s dry.

Thankfully, the corpse slowly took it. As if hesitant, but ultimately decided to listen to his little brother.

It’s weird.. but Tommy can’t help but feel like he did the right thing. He carefully led the zombie into the shed, turning on the light so it wouldn’t be so dark. Wil sat down against the wall, near the generator.

Maybe he could stay with him for the rest of the night? Unfortunately that means the boy would be missing out on the soft bed, he was so relieved to find.

‘Wilby needs me now. I need to be there for him, just like how he was when we were kids.’

Tomorrow will be another day. He’ll explain everything to Ghostbur as best as he can.

Right now he needs to help Wilbur. So he’ll stay until morning.

Tommy came back.

Does he like him after all?

Icarus thought he hated him.

He chose the fast-thing over him after all.

But the man still cares for his precious familiar thing.

Even if it yells.

Screams at him.

Keeps him outside in the cold.

Icarus still wants to make his Tommy happy.

He’d rather have a mean familiar thing, than not have one at all.

Not having anything would be worse.

Tommy is talking to him now.

Icarus tried his best to listen..

“I-I.. I’m sorry I left you outside, Wil..”

Again with that strange name?

Maybe his Tommy is confused.

Icarus is not Wilbur.

Though it’s not the first time the boy has called him that.

Would it make Tommy happier if he pretended to be?

“I-I’m sorry.. a-alright? I-I shouldn’t have left you out here, big man..”

Tommy says more words.

Icarus can understand them a little better than he could before.

The boy is saying sorry.

Why is he sorry?

His familiar thing did nothing wrong.

It chose food over him, but that's not a bad thing.

Icarus was just being selfish when he felt hurt over that.

Selfish, selfish Icarus.

Tommy is familiar.

That makes him more important than himself.

If his familiar thing wants him to stay outside, then he will stay outside.

He'll even try not to eat the fast-thing that the boy saved.

Tommy is good.

Tommy is..

...

He needs to protect him.

~~I NEED to protect him.~~

~~Toms? Is that you?~~

~~Have to keep him safe..~~

~~I promised to protect him..!~~

~~Get away from me!~~
~~It's not safe anymore!~~
~~I'm so cold~~

There's a buzzing in Icarus's head as Tommy takes his hand.

The man ignores it.

It's all meaningless white noise anyway.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried really hard with this one! I'm sorry if it's not great though. If I find any problems with it later, I'll try my best to fix them! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

They're just Sick.

Chapter Summary

Ranboo feels bad for Tommy, While Tommy tries to make Wilbur more comfortable.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 37 guys!! We've got another Ranboo scene today guys! We've also got some more Tommy and Wilbur bonding moments! I really hope you guys like this chapter! :D (Sorry if Ranboo isn't written well though! I'm still very new at writing him!)

Also, I'm happy to say that tomorrow we'll be getting a very special chapter! I don't want to spoil, but gosh I'm so excited for it! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Falling asleep was proving harder than Ranboo thought.

Maybe it was the fact that he's in a different country than the one he's probably from. Or perhaps it was because this house didn't belong to him.

No.

It was probably because Tommy confirmed to him that the apocalypse truly happened. That he, along with countless others, are trapped in a world where the dead rise to eat the living.

Something that should only happen in fiction.

Yet this was real.

Tommy's own brother is a zombie. What's more proof than a snarling man trying to rip him apart?

God that had been terrifying..

Ranboo strangely didn't blame.. *Wilbur*, was it? His memory really isn't good. He thinks that might've been the zombie's name. Yes, he didn't blame him. The amnesiac doubted that the undead can control themselves.

Which is tragic.. imagine being sick with something so virulent, that it literally shuts your body down in order to take it over. The mental and physical pain the undead must feel every second must be unbearable.. They seem more like victims than anything.

Maybe more than the survivors honestly.

It's not like they asked for this. No one would want to be that way.

Ranboo could tell how much Wilbur *meant* to the boy too. Even in his shocked state, he noticed how the survivor had tied him up instead of killed him. Not doing anything to hurt the walking corpse, although it certainly shrieked like it did.

Maybe Wilbur was angry about getting restrained?

If Ranboo has been the one tied up, he'd be pretty upset too he thinks.

Is it strange that the amnesiac is trying to *empathize* with the creature that tried to kill him only hours ago?

Probably.

Though he didn't stop. Empathy is something people could benefit from. Ranboo knows the undead are extremely dangerous, but putting all the fear aside, the boy just feels sorry for them.

They're sick..

How can anyone be sure that they really are dead?

Has anyone tested them for a heartbeat? Looked for a pulse?

There has to be some way to cure them, to end their suffering in a way that brings them back to the people they used to be, and seeing the shattered shell of Tommy's brother only strengthened Ranboo's wish for help.

No one should have to exist in that much *agony*.

Hopefully, one day a cure will be found.

Ranboo decided to watch the rain from the window, getting out of bed and sitting by the glass pane. If he's not going to fall asleep any time soon, he might as well distract himself.

Surprisingly he thinks he sees Tommy outside. Talking to Wilbur.

The boy must be getting him out of the rain, and hopefully that didn't mean by taking him inside the house. As much as Ranboo feels sorry for the guy, he doesn't want to almost get eaten again.

Looks like they're heading for the shed. Okay, that sounds like a good spot. The sick man should stay dry there.

While Ranboo continued to sit and listen to the rain, he felt a sudden small weight on his shoulder. Looks like Fly the frog was back.

“Hey little guy.. I was worried about you. Glad you’re safe, buddy.” Ranboo smiled at his tiny frog friend. Patting the green amphibian on the head. It let out what the amnesiac assumed was a happy ribbit.

“Hopefully we both will stay safe here..” With their fate uncertain, he guessed that all they can do is just have hope.

Hope that this farm will prove to be as good of a home as he thought, just like Tommy probably thinks too. Hope that a cure will someday be created, and put an end to all the misery.

With these thoughts in his mind, Ranboo went back to bed. Placing Fly the frog on the bedside table.

Not the best habitat for a frog, but this will have to do for now.

“Night Fly..”

Tomorrow will be a new day.

Unfortunately Ranboo forgot about the ghost in the house. Who the amnesiac swore he could hear *crying*.

Having been in the shed before, Tommy didn’t think it would be that bad a place for Wilbur to stay temporarily.

While definitely not as good as the farmhouse, with it’s cozy atmosphere, nice furniture, and secret game room. It at least provided a roof over his brother’s head for the night.

Wil blinked, slowly turning his gaze to look at everything in the small room. Occasionally touching things he most-likely shouldn’t be. (*Tommy had to move his brother’s hands away from the tool rack several times before he got the hint.*)

When the zombie wasn’t doing that, he either watched Tommy, or stared off into space. Black blood leaking from his mouth like drool. Reminding him of some kind of creepy toddler.

Tommy supposed the undead kind of were like babies. Adult sized babies, who eat people. Have temper tantrums the size of a mountain, and can rip you apart.

Phil always did say after all, there’s only one thing worse than a zombie. (*Although this was said about Minecraft zombies, not about the ones they’ve been facing for about a year.*)

A baby.

Okay that was a little bit funny, but due to the circumstances Tommy tried not to laugh. It really isn't funny. It's just sad.

"*T-To..mmy..*." Wil started to poke Tommy when he realized his little brother had stopped paying attention to him. Thankfully for the zombie, his strategy worked.

"Huh? Oh, sorry big man.." Maybe it's from everything going on, but the boy had been getting lost in thoughts a lot more lately. He looked back at his brother who was staring at him. "So.. this comfortable and shit? I mean, you're out of the rain now."

As if to answer Tommy's question, Wil shivered and moaned. Hmmm. His clothes are absolutely soaked from being stuck outside for hours. That probably won't help him feel any warmer.

Finding something dry for him to wear would probably help stop the shivering. However, Tommy didn't have a death wish. He's not about to change a zombie's clothes even if it is his brother.

"Look, Wilby- I can't do anything about the cold. I know, it fucking sucks, big man. I'm sorry." Tommy tried to apologize, since there's really nothing he can do to help Wil warm up.

"*C-C..old..*." Wilbur repeated. Whether this was because he was trying to confirm to Tommy that he was indeed cold, or because he had heard the boy say it and wanted to copy him, Tommy had no idea.

Whatever the reason was, it didn't help make the boy feel less guilty.

'I can probably find him a blanket.. or a towel. Something that can dry him off while keeping him warm.' Tommy thought to himself as he watched his undead brother shift uncomfortably against the wall.

"Okay, Wilbur. I'll be right back, kay? Don't move." The boy decided to go back into the house to grab a towel or a blanket. He just couldn't stand to see Wilbur looking so miserable.

Wilbur started to whine when Tommy began to leave. It made the boy feel a little bad, but it's alright. The zombie can wait a few minutes while he looks for something to help warm him up.

The boy stepped out of the shed. Closing the door behind him. He tried his best to silently run into the house, not wanting to get soaked by the increasingly heavy rain himself. Once Tommy got inside, he carefully made his way upstairs to where the bathroom was located.

Entering the bathroom, as quietly as possible. Not wanting to be rude and wake up Ranboo and Ghostbur, Tommy quickly grabbed a towel that was hanging from a rack. It felt very soft, which Wil would probably enjoy.

'This one looks good. I better get it back to Wilby.' He smiled, relieved that he found something good for his brother.

With the towel in hand, Tommy went back down the stairs to go and give it to Wil. Thankfully Wilbur had been waiting for him in the shed. Not having tried to leave to follow his little brother.

Ironically, the zombie's black eyes seemed to light up when he saw Tommy coming back in.
“T-To..mmy..!”

“Hey bro.. got you something that should help.” The boy re-entered the shed. He walked over to Wil, showing him the towel before gently putting it around his brother. Luckily Wilbur didn't seem to complain.

The towel seemed to work well. Tommy was thankful to see that the zombie didn't mind it. Wil stopped shivering as badly. Seemingly calming down from the comfort of its warm softness.

If Tommy didn't know any better, he swore that Wil might've been *smiling*.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'm so excited to show you guys the next one tomorrow! I worked very, very hard on it! Gah! I'm just so excited lol! Anyway, I really hope you guys liked this one! I'm sorry if it's that that great though! If I find any problems later I'll try my very best to fix them! If you did enjoy this chapter please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

A Father's Loss

Chapter Summary

A father and son think about their past mistakes.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 38 guys!! I've been so excited to post this chapter! This one is very special, and I really hope you guys like it! Also I do need to say, I'm very sorry if these characters aren't written well. Their personalities are really hard for me to write, but I tried my best! Anyway, I really hope you guys enjoy this! I've been so excited! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In the wreckage of a city, two men watched the devastation below. Smoke billowed from unseen fires that never seemed to get put out. Moans of the dead loudly presented themselves in the streets.

Phil liked to think that he wasn't a bad father.

He just made *mistakes*.

The man spotted a particular zombie wandering in the horde. A young brunette with fluffy hair. It dragged behind the others pathetically. As dangerous as these creatures are, outside of battle they just seem so pitiful.

'That one looks like Wil.' The father sadly thought. Trying not to relive the memories of what happened that day.

While still watching that poor creature follow after its friends.

It's funny how quickly things can go downhill.

One day, you and your sons are all together. Safe and sound. Happy and healthy.

Then the next, one of them is dead.

No. It's worse than that. Wilbur is a fucking *zombie*.

If Phil hadn't closed the door, his son would surely be stumbling around. Looking for prey just like the other zombies. Killing things endlessly to satisfy a hunger that will never truly fade.

Phil didn't want to remember the things that led to Wilbur's demise, but he does recall what happened after.

How he found his son. The boy he had raised into a strong, confident, intelligent man, covered in his own blood. Pale and lifeless, yet still moving. Black veins spidered all over his skin.

All attempts at speech were met unanswered. It seemed that all his son was capable of were a few incoherent moans. Heartbreakingly however, was that even though Wil's face looked expressionless, his groans suggested *agony*.

Perhaps the man had gone insane with grief, because it almost seemed like his son wasn't interested in eating him. At the time, the young man simply sat against the wall. Resting in the same spot he died in, only a few hours before. Phil wondered if maybe his poor son had forgotten how to stand, or even walk.

Wilbur hadn't tried to attack him at all. Well, he did make a few weak reaches for him, but mostly the zombie just stared with his dead black eyes.

The father did try to visit him. He felt like he owed Wilbur that much, but the pain of seeing that *face* just became too much for Philza to bear. Eventually leaving Wil alone in the shed.

At least he couldn't hurt anyone as long as he's in there.

Still. The constant reminders of his failures ate away at him. He can only hope that his two remaining children will never find out.

Speaking of his other kids..

Tommy.

Yet another *failure* on Phil's part.

When the horde attacked in the city, he tried so hard to keep the group together. Somehow along the lines they ended up getting separated anyways. The look of *betrayal* the father saw on Tommy's face, on the other side of the waves was heartbreaking.

No doubt, Wilbur must have promised him that he, or (*in the event that something happened to him*) Phil and Techno, would never leave him. It's just a shame that he already left the both of them only a year ago..

It was Phil's own selfish desire to travel that led him and his other son into leaving Wilbur and Tommy behind.

God knows he'll never forgive himself.

Techno seems to sense that as well.

Techno could tell that his father is hurting. He can see it in the way that Phil always stares wistfully into the distance. Can tell by the way the man had stopped smiling.

Before two months ago, the man had been chipper. Even in the face of death. Phil never let the sight of the undead bother him. His father was normal. The apocalypse wouldn't bring him down, nothing could it seemed.

Until Wilbur got *bit*.

That's when things started to come crashing down for Phil. It all happened so fast.

Techno wasn't there for it. Neither was Tommy.

Only Phil was there.

Techno remembers how Phil looked when he came back. His clothes bloody, body trembling. Tears running down his father's face.

"T-Techno.. I-I had to kill him, mate. H-He was bitten! H-He didn't want me to let him turn!" Phil's voice wavering as he tried to explain to his other son. The one he trusted to come along on his travels.

'I know you had to, Phil. You shouldn't blame yourself.' Techno thought. It was something he wanted to say, but just never did.

Maybe it's because Techno felt guilty too.

After all, his father and himself went away for a year. Leaving only a voicemail to explain where they were going.

He can only guess that his brothers weren't happy. Especially since the apocalypse happened while they were gone. (*How they got back home alive is a whole other story.*)

Once they managed to find each other again. Wilbur was different. It was clear to both the warrior and his father that something had changed in the man. Definitely not a change for the better either.

Wilbur looked *tired*. Like he hadn't been sleeping in days. There were bags under his eyes, and his skin looked pale. A large tattered trench coat sat on his shoulders, and Techno almost wondered if his brother was perhaps hiding something under it.

'Did Wilbur lose weight?' Techno couldn't help but wonder now. At the time the young man hadn't noticed, but now that he thinks about it, it seemed like his twin might've not been eating.

“So now you’ve come back for us? After a FUCKING year of silence?! Tommy and I thought you both were dead!” Wilbur screamed at his father and brother with fury. Holding back tears, hands shaking as though he wanted to punch them.

Maybe it’s strange, but Techno doesn’t blame him for that now.

“If you two even THINK that we can still be a family after this, you’re fucking mad! Don’t you dare talk to Tommy either, because we’re leaving!” Then, with a death glare, Wilbur took off. Presumably to find their little brother and move out of the city.

That was the last time Techno ever saw Wilbur. Only a few days later, Phil had come home. With the news that he had killed him.

Unlike his father however, he’s accepted that his twin is never coming back. Techno isn’t judging Phil for still grieving. In fact, he’d been trying to comfort him. (*Too bad he has no idea how to properly do that. The only thing Techno could really think of was just doing most of the supply-runs.*)

But in this world, getting bitten is really just the new circle of life.

There’s nothing you can do about it after it happens. All you can really hope for is that you just never get bitten.

At least that’s what Techno tries to *convince* himself.

Even if Wilbur hadn’t died, the warrior doubted his brother would want to speak to him anymore.

Not with that look of *hatred* in his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried very hard but I’m so sorry if it isn’t good! I’ll try my very best to fix any problems I find later. If you liked this chapter though, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback! I’ve been so excited to post this chapter!

Clingy.

Chapter Summary

Icarus doesn't want Tommy to leave, while Tommy realizes he's in for another long night.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 39 guys!! After yesterday's angsty chapter lol, I decided to post a silly one. Something both heartwarming and ridiculous to lighten things up! I really hope you guys like it! Sorry if it's not good though. Also Icarus/Zombur has a reason why he did what he did. Lol XD. Let's just say, zombies think it's normal. xD I hope this makes you guys laugh and smile! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

His Tommy came back.

Tommy is kind.

So kind.

He brought him a Warm Soft.

The boy wrapped it around him.

It felt tight, like a hug.

Icarus was happy.

Tommy doesn't hate him after all?

His precious familiar thing isn't mad?

He's so happy.

There has to be a way to show how grateful he is.

What about a smile?

Smiles are hard for Others.

Lots of facial movement is.

Icarus tries to smile at his Tommy.

All he manages is a tiny grin.

That's okay.

He thinks he did a good job.

Tommy is talking to him, but he's having trouble understanding again. Most of the time, he really has to listen if he wants to understand.

"I-I.. um. Well, I'm going to go back inside, big man. Can't exactly get a good night's sleep here."

Go?

Go means leave.

No leave.

Don't leave.

He tries to tell the boy not to. Icarus grabs his arm as he tries to move away.

Tommy looks a little scared now.

Then his expression softens.

"T-To..mmy.. s-st..ay.."

"Y-You want me to stay?"

Tommy looked a little confused.

"Y-Y..es.."

Tommy stay.

"I guess I can stay a little longer.. but I really should be getting some sleep, bro."

"S-Sl..eep..?"

What is that?

"Uh. Sleep? Y'know.. like this?" The boy suddenly sat on the floor. Lying down on it.

It looked like what his kind does when they're tired.

Oh. Sleeping.

He knows what that is. Icarus just didn't know what the word for that was in fast-thing language.

Although when Icarus's kin gets tired, they pile up.

It makes them feel safe and warm.

So Tommy wants to sleep then?

Maybe he'll try to sleep too then.

Icarus moved over to pile on Tommy.

Resting his head on the familiar thing's chest.

Tommy is making angry noises now though.

That's okay.

He's just happy he's not alone in here.

To say Tommy was in a predicament, would be an understatement. Considering he had a zombie pinning him to the floor.

What was the reason, you may ask? Well, Tommy had made the unfortunate mistake of explaining to Wilbur that he was tired.

For some reason, in his brother's tragically zombified brain, Wil must've thought that meant something else. Exactly what that meant? Tommy had no fucking clue.

The boy was more annoyed than concerned honestly.

Especially because Wilbur was pretty heavy, and wasn't budging.

"I don't know what you thought '*sleep*' meant Wilbur, but it definitely wasn't this! Get off me, you bitch!" In frustration the boy tried to push his brother off, but again, the man wouldn't move.

Wilbur was simply dead weight. Almost like the way a person gets heavier when they're asleep.

Wait a minute..

Tommy was able to move a bit, just enough that he could get a better look. Wilbur's head is resting on the boy's chest. A tiny smile on his face. His eyes were closed, and he had gone

quiet.

Did Wil fall *asleep* on him?

He took another look, and sure enough his brother seemed to be fast asleep. Or maybe dead. Then again, if the man were to stay still for a very long time someone would probably think he's dead there too.

Huh. Tommy didn't know zombies could sleep though. Much less feel tired.

At least Wilbur wasn't trying to eat him.

Still, the boy would very much like his zombified brother to get off him. He may just be lying there, but this whole thing is pretty unsettling. What if Wil doesn't recognize Tommy at first in the morning? He could get attacked, or worse. *Bitten*.

Gross. Tommy just noticed that his brother was drooling on his shirt.

"Fucking hell, man! Not my favourite shirt! Now it's all bloody and shit!"

Looks like it's going to be another long night.

...

Shit.

According to Tommy's watch, it was now three in the morning. He'd been stuck, with a zombie on him for four hours.

Wilbur still hasn't moved. Either the undead were impossible to wake up, or the boy just makes a very good pillow. Neither of these thoughts made him feel any better.

Why is Wil even doing this? He had a spot to sleep in if he wanted to. The shed wasn't that small, the zombie could have slept anywhere.

Out of all the places to rest, why did he have to pick Tommy?

'And here I thought I was clingy.' Clearly Tommy had been proven wrong. Wilbur won this contest by a landslide.

Hopefully the rest of the night will go by faster. If not, the boy might die of boredom and frustration.

Not to mention exhaustion. Although he'd probably be fine without one day of sleep, he really should be sleeping.

In a world where the undead want to eat you. You'll need all the energy you can get.

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter!! I wanted to write something kind of funny today. Sorry if it's not good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

A Sleepy Morning.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur makes breakfast for everyone, while Ranboo thinks of a way to thank the people who took him in.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 40 guys!! I can't believe we've made it this far!! 40 chapters is insane, and I hope that I can continue to make chapters! I'll be honest, I've been terrified for when I eventually hit writer's block. I sincerely hope I won't get it. I love writing this story too much! Anyway, I hope you like this chapter! It's nice wholesome one today!

Also, since I've hit another 10 chapters, I will be taking another break from posting for a week, so I can re-charge the writing batteries lol. I hope this is okay! I'll be back and writing on the 19th of this month! See you then guys! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur had been the first one to wake up the next morning. He'd taken the spare room next to Tommy and it was quite nice if he did say so himself. However it was rather bare, luckily the ghost could always add some personal touches later.

With a new day, there's new things to do. For example, Ghostbur wanted to see if he could make everyone breakfast. How fun! Ever since the small group arrived yesterday, he'd been so excited to try cooking himself.

Something seemed to have happened yesterday though. It kind of faintly prodded at the back of his mind. Unfortunately Ghostbur couldn't seem to remember anything.

That's okay though. It's not like he isn't used to having a poor memory. The spirit just hoped it wasn't anything important that he'd forgotten.

Had he perhaps forgotten to turn something off last night? Forgot to wish his little brother goodnight, like he usually did?

Whatever it was, it will have to wait, he guessed. There's a beautiful sunrise outside, and he can't wait to try making breakfast. He still had some of those blueberries left! Tommy put them in the fridge once the power came back on.

Ah, wait. He'll check to see if the house has any non-perishable food. Tommy had to throw away some expired food when they were clearing out the fridge after all. They need something that won't go bad.

Deciding to search the cupboards first, the spectre started opening them one by one. To his delight, he found quite a few unopened soup cans, some preserved boxes of cereal, and a box of microwaveable popcorn! Heck, there's still plenty of cupboards he hasn't checked yet.

"Popcorn would've been great during the movie last night!" Ghostbur cheerfully said aloud to no one in particular. It really would've been nice. Popcorn is pretty tasty.

Actually the brothers hadn't finished their movie last night. Maybe they can watch the rest later? Or watch another movie?

Although pouring cereal isn't exactly cooking, the ghost was happy to grab a few bowls, and fill them up. If only they had some milk though, that would be very nice.

Ghostbur placed the cereal bowls onto the kitchen table, then he went to grab some cups and made sure they were full of water too. Juice would be better, but water is great too. (*Plus it's all they have.*)

Having forgotten half of yesterday, Ghostbur didn't remember that Tommy wanted him to give Ranboo some space. So unfortunately for his little brother, the spirit called for the both of them (*including Icarus*) to come down.

"Tommy! Ranboo! Icarus! Time for breakfast!" Happily, the ghost called upstairs. While he waited for them to come down, he sat at the table patiently.

Ranboo was the first to come down. Rubbing his eyes sleepily as he walked into the kitchen. The visitor yawned, mumbled a quiet "Good morning" then sat at the table.

"Hello, Ranboo! Did you sleep well last night?" Ghostbur asked.

"Kind of.. I had some weird dreams I think. Can't remember though." The boy said, not making eye contact. He looked very tired. Then again it was pretty early in the morning.

As Ranboo ate his cereal, he paused for a moment. Looking at the ghost, before a look of sudden realization appeared on his face.

"H-Hey! You're a *ghost*!" The visitor looked surprised. Almost like he hasn't noticed before. Had Ranboo forgotten their meeting yesterday?

"Yeah! I'm Ghostbur! We met yesterday, did you forget? That's okay, Ranboo. I have a bad memory too!" The spirit said in a cheerful voice. At the same time he tried to be reassuring. Ghostbur has a pretty terrible memory himself, so he understands if Ranboo forgot.

“Oh.. y-yeah. Sorry. I think I did forget. Nice to meet you, Ghostbur.” Ranboo smiled nervously, but it seemed to be genuine. That’s good, Ghostbur was worried he might’ve scared him a bit. He’s not sure why though.

“Have you seen Tommy and Icarus? They’re taking an awfully long time to come down.” It’s usually not like his little brother to miss breakfast. Although it tends to be Tommy who makes breakfast, not Ghostbur. Maybe he’s nervous to try what the spirit made?

“Uh.. Nope, I haven't seen Tommy. I think I saw him go outside last night.. but, um. W-Who’s Icarus?”

Before Ghostbur could answer the visitor’s question. The back door swung open, and a clearly exhausted, miserable Tommy came walking in.

“I swear to god.. if I don’t get some sleep, right this fucking second. I’m gonna start stabbing shit.” Then, Tommy promptly walked into the living room, and proceeded to pass out on the couch.

“I guess he can have some cereal later then!” Ghostbur said.

Ranboo was definitely surprised by the ghost. It looked just like the zombie who had attacked him yesterday, *Wilbur* to be exact.

However, the ghost looked more alive than the corpse. Ghostbur had this lively aura around him. Of course, the spirit was very pale, and he could clearly see-through him, but the ghost seemed so different from the zombie.

Hell. Zombies are real.. and now ghosts? Things are just getting crazier and crazier.

Actually.. Now that the amnesiac really thought about it, didn’t Tommy mention something about his brother having a ghost yesterday? It sounds familiar.. Perhaps the survivor told him this while he was still in shock?

The ghost seems nice though. So maybe Ranboo shouldn’t worry too much about it. Ghostbur had made breakfast after all, and the boy was absolutely famished. If he had eaten before waking up in that city yesterday, he had no idea.

Nevertheless, he was grateful for some food and water. Thankfully the cereal was pretty good too. The water was clean and fresh too.

“T-Thanks.” Ranboo smiled. Wanting to make sure the spirit knew he appreciated his kind gesture.

There were still hundreds of questions running through the boy’s mind (*the most recent questions being about the ghost, and who Icarus is*), but this morning felt rather peaceful. Maybe he should just sit back and enjoy it. His questions can be answered in time.

Tommy, however. Didn't seem to be enjoying the start to the day as much as the rest of them. The blonde boy seemed determined to get some sleep.

It would probably be best, if the amnesiac didn't disturb him.

"So, uh.. Ghostbur, Thanks again for the cereal." The boy said, trying to be polite. Technically he is a guest after all. The brothers didn't have to let him in, but he's glad that they did.

Otherwise, Ranboo could've *died* out there.

'I should help around here. They let me in, gave me food, and a place to sleep. It would be right to repay them.' The boy thought to himself. Taking his bowl and putting it in the sink.

"Ghostbur.. this place has seeds and stuff right?" Ranboo asked.

"Sure! Tommy and I found a bunch of seeds yesterday while we were exploring. Why do you ask?" The spectre answered, as he started to clean up the kitchen a bit. Having accidentally made a bit of a mess while looking for things to make breakfast with.

"Well this is a farm. We should probably start planting things so we can have a fresh supply of food.. and I also wanted to help out." The boy explained. If he could help them start a garden, that would probably be very good.

"That's a great idea, Ranboo! I've been wanting to try gardening! Come on, let's go get started!" Suddenly Ghostbur dropped everything he was doing. Clearly very excited at the thought of growing plants. Which was honestly kind of sweet in Ranboo's opinion.

"R-Right now?"

"Yeah! It'll be fun! I know where the seeds are, follow me!" The ghost then took the amnesiac by the hand, which reminded him of another question (*As to how the ghost can physically interact with things.*)

But, again. He can always ask questions later.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I can't wait to write more chapters for this story and I really hope I can keep doing it! I'll be back in a week! I'm sorry if this chapter isn't great though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

A Walk in the Garden.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur and Ranboo look for seeds, while Tommy struggles to take a nap.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 41 guys!! I'm back from my break everyone! I'm happy to be posting for this story again and I hope the wait wasn't too bad! Taking breaks really helps reduce the stress of writing. Not that I don't enjoy writing this! Anyway, I really hope you like this chapter! Sorry if it's not that great! My memory really isn't good so I probably messed stuff up, and I'm also still learning how to write Ranboo, so I'm sorry if he's not well-written still!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Following Ghostbur, Ranboo looked around. Taking in the sight of the farm. The sun was shining, making the green hills appear rather picturesque. Puddles from the rain remained, probably a good spot for Noobzie the frog to hop around in.

"So, what kind of seeds do we have?" Ranboo asked the cheerful ghost as they left the farmhouse.

"I'm not sure! I think Tommy found some carrot seeds, and maybe some potatoes! Oh Techno loves potatoes! We should definitely grow some!" Ghostbur rambled as he floated. Mentioning an unfamiliar name.

"Who's Techno, Ghostbur?" Ah. That reminds him, he should ask the friendly spirit who Icarus is too.

"Oh! Techno is my twin brother! Yeah, there's three of us! Not just Tommy and I! There's also Phil, he's our dad! Or, 'dadza' as we like to call him." The spectre explained, a look of pure adoration on his face.

It was clear to the amnesiac that Ghostbur cared for his family very much. If not the way he had lovingly made breakfast for his little brother, then it was certainly the way he spoke about his whole family.

Although he hadn't given things much thought, Ranboo at this moment *wished* he had a family too. If he did have one, he couldn't remember them. Who knows if they're even still alive now either.

"They sound great. Uh.. where are they now though? I haven't seen anyone else around here." From what Ranboo has seen, the brothers are the only ones here. Nothing had indicated the presence of other survivors.

"I don't know actually! I haven't met them yet, to be honest.. not since I died I mean, but I really want to! I have a lot of good memories of them!" The spirit answered, but it only seemed to open up more questions.

If Ghostbur didn't know where his father and twin were, then surely Tommy wouldn't either.

Then, did that mean they could be dead? With no way to reach family in a world like this, the amnesiac couldn't help but start to assume the worst.

Deciding to keep these thoughts to himself, Ranboo didn't pry anymore. Instead he just felt sorry. Maybe he shouldn't think so hard about it? After all, their father and other brother might still be alive.

"That sounds nice. I bet they'll come to visit really soon." The boy said in a kind voice. He certainly hoped that for Ghostbur and Tommy's sake, they would come for them.

Ghostbur started to hum happily to himself shortly after that. Showing Ranboo where the bags of seeds were located. Thankfully it looked like they were labeled. The writing was bizarrely rather small, so it had gone unnoticed before.

A pretty good selection stood out. Looks like the previous occupants really were well stocked up. Ranboo was glad he came across this farm, and not one that could've been completely ransacked.

"Potatoes! Yay! Techno will be so happy! Oh there's some good seeds for the winter! We should plant those first! Look! There's carrots too!" The spirit bounced up and down in the air like an excited child. Taking fistfuls of the seeds and putting them in his pockets. Causing the boy to laugh a little.

"Onions, tomatoes, pumpkin, cabbage, lettuce, strawberries.. damn. This looks great!" The amnesiac listed the different bags he could see. There appeared to be seeds for every season. Ridiculously, that wasn't even half. He's seriously beginning to question his luck.

"Let's go tell Tommy! Maybe he can help!" Ghostbur suggested, with seeds still in his pockets. It was pretty silly honestly. "Oh, Wait he's sleeping. Hmmm.. I know! I can show you my blue!"

Ranboo wasn't sure what '*blue*' was, but he agreed. "Uh.. sure! I'd like to see." The boy then began to follow the spectre back inside the house.

That is, until he noticed movement in the corner of his eye.

Turning around to see what it is, the amnesiac saw the shed from yesterday. Strange that he didn't notice it there before. Was it because he'd been having fun talking to Ghostbur? Either way, something was moving behind the glass window.

Without thinking, Ranboo approached the shed. Taking small careful steps.

Before the boy could get any closer, a horrible *shriek* forced him back.

Tommy had FINALLY gotten to sleep. After an entire night of being used as a pillow for a flesh-eating zombie. God, if he could sleep for a week, the boy would.

Normally, the exhausted boy would've gone straight for his bed (*he had been looking forward to sleeping in a real one so much*) but when you've barely slept at all, a couch sounds pretty good too.

Honestly Tommy was so happy to just have some alone time. He loved his brother(s) very much, and so far Ranboo seemed like a good guy, but the boy needed a break.

He didn't really dream. At least, if Tommy did, he certainly didn't remember. At one point he nearly woke up as he felt someone put a blanket over him. '*Must've been Ghostbur.*' The boy distantly thought.

But, his well deserved rest was cruelly interrupted by a familiar shriek.

"ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!" Tommy's eyes immediately shot open, as he jolted awake. He threw the blanket off, and proceeded to angrily stomp out the door to investigate the commotion.

"I'm about to start stabbing shit! You guys better start praying, because I'm punting you lot straight into the fucking sun!-" The boy's tired rant was cut off by the sight of Ghostbur, Ranboo, and Wilbur.

Ghostbur merely looked confused and concerned, Ranboo looked terrified, and the zombie, who thankfully is still inside the shed, was absolutely enraged again.

'It's too fucking early for this shit.' Tommy thought in frustration. Marching over to the shed, pushing his ghostly brother, and the new survivor away.

"Toms, What's wrong with Icarus? He seems upset!" The spirit asked worriedly. Floating closer to his little brother after he'd been pushed away.

Tommy doesn't have time for this.

"It's fine, big man. Go back inside. Take memory bitch with you." Rubbing his head with his hand, Tommy tried not to snap at the innocent spectre. This isn't Ghostbur's fault. Neither was it Ranboo's. The boy should've known that Wil would start freaking out again if he saw the amnesiac.

Thankfully remembering to call Wilbur '*Icarus*' around Ghostbur even with his exhausted mind, Tommy walked close to the shed's window.

Wil seemed to notice Tommy through the glass, his growling quieted upon seeing him. The man's face softened too, but was still predatory. Like a lion sizing up a gazelle.

"Icarus. I'm so tired. Ranboo isn't a fucking steak filet or some shit! So can you shut the hell up, so I can get some sleep?" The boy sighed.

"Steak filet? Why would he think that, Tommy?" Ghostbur asked innocently. Tommy tried hard to push back the irritation, why hadn't he and Ranboo left yet?

"I'll explain later! Fuck's sake!" He snapped. Tommy would've been able to explain easier, if he'd gotten some sleep.

Could he please catch a break for once?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I really am happy to be back, and sorry for the wait! I really hope this chapter was worth it! I'm sorry if it's not good though! I'll try my very best to fix any problems I may find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

Story-Time.

Chapter Summary

Tommy tells a story, while Phil continues to mourn.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 42 guys!! We've got another special chapter today! Tommy has important news for Ghostbur, and we get to see what Phil and Techno are up to! I hope you guys are excited! I worked really hard on this chapter so I really hope you all like it! Sorry if it's not good though!

Oh also TW: Blood. (There might be kind of a spooky scene so sorry about that!)

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil was staring out the window again. Watching a horde pass by.

Techno had gone out to get supplies, which the father was grateful for, but he wished he could find the strength to go with him.

Sometimes the man wonders what happened to make him so.. void of life.

Then he remembers what happened to Wilbur, and Tommy.

How they're both gone.

Well.. actually, his youngest son might still be alive.

But what are the chances of that?

It has been two months.

There's no way the boy could survive on his own for so long.

'It's all my fault.' Phil thought. Ever since Wil's death, he'd been finding it harder and harder to keep going.

Wilbur's transformation haunted his dreams.

"C-Come on, mate. Y-You remember me, right Wil? Son..?" Phil carefully approached the zombie. Not wanting to provoke Wilbur into attacking. He still has Tommy and Techno. The father needs to stay alive for his remaining sons.

If Wil did remember his father, he certainly made no attempt to show it. He only made slight grabs at Phil. Although since the corpse seemed to have forgotten how to stand, he couldn't get close enough to make contact.

Shortly after that, Wilbur lost interest. Proceeding to mindlessly groan. Dipping one of his fingers into the puddle of blood he lay in, and dragging his limp arm across the awful stuff. Drenching his sleeve in the black liquid he'd thrown up over an hour earlier. When he had still been human. Albeit dying.

Phil has no clue whether this passive behaviour is because he doesn't recognize his father as food yet, or if it's simply because he can't get to him yet.

"W-Wilbur..? P-Please, mate.." It was getting harder to hold back his tears. This thing. This monster. He needs to kill it.

It doesn't blink. It doesn't breathe. This creature is not his son, and yet.. he can't kill it.

God..

What would *Kristin* say if she were still here?

In his wallowing, Philza hardly noticed the awkward hand being placed on his shoulder.

"Phil." Techno said. His voice was monotone as usual, but it had a gentle undertone. "I know you're upset about Wilbur. I know you're worried about Tommy too."

Phil didn't really feel like answering, but he listened.

"Sitting around doing nothing isn't going to bring them back. There's a chance Tommy is still out there. Let's go find him."

Then again, Phil didn't really like sitting around doing nothing.. maybe Techno is *right*.

Tommy stomped back into the house after dealing with Wilbur again. Ready to try and go back to sleep for real this time.

When he was hit with the sudden remembrance that he needs to tell Ghostbur the truth again.

Or, maybe it was because Ghostbur was currently sitting across from him on the other couch, with a confused look on his face. Ranboo was also there, but he was silent. Probably to let the boy explain himself.

“Don’t suppose you’d let me sleep for five more minutes, Ghostbro..?” Tommy yawned, this being his final effort to avoid the subject. A conversation he really wants to avoid having.

“But, Tommy.. I want to know why Icarus thought Ranboo was steak!” Ghostbur begged. His eyes filled with innocent curiosity. Expression concerned. The spirit really wanted to know the reason.

“I-I’m really not tasty guys. Please don’t call me a steak filet.” Their guest muttered nervously under his breath.

“Fine.. okay, but you have to promise not to wake me up after this. Kay, big man? I literally cannot fucking function without sleep. It’s dangerous and shit.” The boy sat up, giving his ghostly brother a serious look.

“I promise!”

“Okay, good. You and Ranboo can watch a movie or something in the game room after. Got it, Ghostbro?” Tommy didn’t really like bossing Ghostbur around, he knew the spectre didn’t mind, but it just didn’t feel good. The boy *really* wanted a nap though.

Ghostbur sat cross-legged, patiently waiting to hear Tommy’s explanation as though it were a story.

The boy took a deep breath, and tried to tell Ghostbur everything.

“Alright.. it’s not easy to explain, Ghostbro. So just bear with me. So.. uh. I-Icarus is kind of um.. sick? Really sick.” Tommy paused, trying to think. He really needed to explain this carefully to his brother.

“Icarus is sick? Oh no! Is he alright?” Ghostbur gasped. His face is full of worry now. Yikes. Maybe even that was a bit too much for the spirit.

“No no! He’s fine! Sort of..” Shit. This isn’t going well. “Look, big man! Icarus is really sick. I know you haven’t noticed, but he is.. and that means Ranboo can’t go near him. In fact, no one should. Other than you and I.”

“Why are we able to?” The spirit asked.

“Well, one. You’re a *ghost*. Can’t get sick, remember? As for me.. I really don’t know. None of it makes any sense.” Tommy couldn’t tell him that the reason was probably because Wilbur remembered him. Ghostbur isn’t ready to know who the zombie really is.

“Oh.. okay. What about the thieving women? Are they sick too, Tommy?” Now that’s an easier thing to answer. Phew. That’s one less thing to have to explain later.

“Yes! They’re super sick. Fucking sickchamp. That’s why I can’t date them!” The boy started to laugh. Especially when he saw the very confused look on Ranboo’s face.

“Um.. *thieving women*?” The amnesiac asked. Blinking. Most likely wondering if this is some sort of joke.

“I’ll tell you later.” Tommy whispered.

“Oh! So if Icarus is sick, then why does he think Ranboo is made of beef?” Ghostbur pointed out, rather inquisitively. His hand raised, like he was trying to ask a teacher something.

“Right.. um. He uh.. it’s the flu he has, Ghostbro! It’s messing with his head and shit. It’s been kinda messing with a lot of people’s heads..”

“Oh..”

Yeah. Even simplified, it’s not an easy thing to explain is it?

“I know! I’ll make him some chicken noodle soup! That’ll make him feel better! I think I saw some earlier in one of the cupboards!” When the spirit perked up again. The boy let out a sigh of relief.

Maybe that wasn’t so bad after all?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked really hard on it! I’ve been really excited for you guys to see this one, and I’m sorry if it wasn’t good though! I’ll try my very best to fix it! If you did like this chapter please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback! :D

Traces of Memory.

Chapter Summary

Ranboo and Ghostbur tell each other about themselves, While Icarus is already missing Tommy.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 43 guys!! Another Ranboo and Ghostbur chapter! Looks like they're becoming fast friends! Sorry again if Ranboo isn't written well. I'm really struggling with knowing how. I really hope you guys like this chapter despite that!

Oh! Also to clarify. Icarus's POV in this chapter takes place when Ghostbur and Ranboo were in the garden earlier. Sorry for the confusion!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This might've been in poor taste, but Ranboo found Tommy's explanation to be kind of funny.

The whole 'beef Ranboo' thing was pretty ridiculous. However, the boy tried to be polite, not wanting to be rude and laugh during Tommy's attempts to explain everything.

In the end, it looked like Ghostbur understood. Maybe not everything, but enough. After leaving the room to let Tommy sleep, Ranboo and Ghostbur went back into the kitchen to chat.

"I had no idea Icarus was sick! Did you know, Ranboo?" Ghostbur said in surprise. Taking a seat back at the breakfast table. It was still pretty early in the morning. About 8:00 or 9:00 AM.

"N-No. Sorry, Ghostbur. I didn't notice it either." Playing along for the ghost's sake would probably be for the best. The amnesiac has a strong feeling that the blonde boy napping in the other room, wouldn't want him to divulge anything.

"Should I make him a card? Y'know, to tell him to get well soon? I think he would like that." Ghostbur wondered aloud. That was a sweet thought, although it wouldn't really do much to

help.

“You should do that. He must be um.. pretty nice for you to want to make that, huh?” How a zombie could be nice, Ranboo had no idea. All he’d seen from ‘*Icarus*’ was violence.. but maybe the boy was biased due to the whole wanting to eat him thing.

“Okay! Yeah, that sounds fun! You and Tommy can sign the card too! I’m sure he’d be really happy, if he knew we all supported him!” The spectre grinned with a smile like sunshine. It’s ironic that Ghostbur is dead, because Ranboo isn’t sure if he’d ever met anyone more filled with life.

“I’d be happy to sign it, Ghostbur.” Ranboo smiled back. The ghost really has a way with lighting up a room. He’s happy to have found new friends. (*Wait, does Tommy count? Ghostbur definitely seems like one, but they’ve only just met.*)

To be fair, the boy does have amnesia. Anyone else he could have known before losing his memory has been forgotten. It’s a sad thing to think about, really, but Ranboo is at least happy to be in good company.

”If we can’t go outside because of Icarus.. I guess we can find something fun to do in here.” The boy suggested. If they couldn’t find anything to do they could probably see if there’s anything important to do around the house. Since it’s still morning, Ranboo would rather focus on those tasks later however.

“Why don’t we tell each other about ourselves? I don’t really have many people to talk to outside of Tommy and Icarus. I’d be happy to get to know you, Ranboo.”

“Oh.. um. Well. There’s not much to tell. I uh, have amnesia. Didn’t Tommy tell you about that?”

“Sorry. I must’ve forgotten! Wait.. I have amnesia too! Ranboo, we can be the Memory Duo! Partners in crime!” The ghost was positively beaming upon his realization, and he giggled jokingly at his last sentence.

“You have amnesia too, Ghostbur?” Now that Ranboo says this out loud, he supposed it made sense. The ghost did mention something about his memory when they were outside earlier, and he did seem to think the zombie in the shed was a completely different person. Still, he felt like he needed to ask.

“Mmhm! I don’t remember much about being Alivebur. I’ve tried asking Tommy about him, but he hasn’t told me much.. he gets really sad when I try to ask. it’s okay though! I remember a lot of happy memories! I just don’t remember anything else..” The spirit trailed off. His smile fading slightly. Before it ultimately returned to its former sunniness.

“Anyway. Let’s go see if we can watch something in the game room! Tommy said we can watch a movie!”

Ghostbur left quickly after that. Ranboo followed, feeling sorry for him. He wasn’t sure why, but something about only remembering ‘*happy memories.*’ has some sad implications..

Icarus was happy.

His precious familiar thing wanted to stay.

It was nice.

Tommy let him sleep pile too.

He felt warmer and safer because of that.

Icarus fell asleep.

As he faded into unconsciousness, he swore he could hear fast-things speaking.

~~“You promised you wouldn’t leave me, Wilbur!”~~

~~“You’re my son!”~~

~~“Heh. Ready for a rematch, Wil?”~~

~~“Getting paranoid, huh Wilbur? Of course you can trust me!”~~

None of the voices made sense.

Unfamiliar and strange. These were not the whispers he’d usually hear during rest.

They’re too hard to make out.

But he recognized that name again.

*Icarus is not **Wilbur**.*

When Icarus woke up Tommy was gone.

Which made him feel lonely and cold again.

Why did Tommy leave again?

Will he be back?

His familiar thing wouldn’t leave him in here, right?

“T-To..mmy..?” He called out. Hoping that the boy was still close by.

But there was no answer.

So Icarus waited.

And waited.

Until he heard talking.

One sounds like Ghostbur, which makes him feel a little better.

The other is unrecognizable.

Who is that?

The man tries to look out the window.

Ghostbur is outside and talking with the food.

The food is still here.

He wants it.

Why is it still here?

Icarus wants out of the shed.

He bangs on the window.

Tries to open the door.

It won't budge.

But Tommy is back now.

And that's good.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried my best with it! Sorry if it wasn't good though! If I find any problems later, I'll try very hard to fix them! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love to hear some feedback!

The Bendy Twig.

Chapter Summary

Techno gets Phil out of the house, while Icarus makes a new friend.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 44 guys!! We've got another Phil and Techno chapter! And I'm also introducing a new concept in this one that one of my friends helped me develop. It involves plants! I really hope you like this chapter! I'm sorry if it's not very good though! I was a little distracted while writing!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Getting Philza out of the safehouse wasn't easy.

Techno basically had to drag the man out. After collecting all the essentials and putting them into backpacks.

At least Phil still had the strength to defend himself.

Techno wouldn't know what to do if he lost his father.

Where were they going? Neither of them really knew, but the best place to start is probably where the pair had last seen Tommy. They had traveled far, and without a car there'd be a lot of walking, but the young man was confident they could make it back there.

Besides, Techno wasn't called the "*human GPS*" for nothing.

His father was still rather crestfallen however. If only Techno knew how to comfort people better.. he's not good at being social. Although he tended to handle his awkwardness better around Phil.

But with Phil being the one who clearly needs support, Techno simply didn't know what to do.

An old story about their past travels usually caused the man to soften up into a better mood. Yet, due to the circumstances.. this most-likely wasn't a good idea.

The father definitely blamed himself for leaving Wilbur and Tommy behind now. He's probably asking himself why they had to go on that trip in the first place.

To be honest, Techno is too.

At one point, the two found an abandoned coffee shop. One that Wilbur probably would've liked. The building's vibe felt rather melancholy. They could probably take a break to eat something for a bit.

Having packed some beef jerky, and some precooked potatoes. Techno ate his meal in silence, as Philza simply ignored his.

"Phil, you should eat."

"I'm not hungry, mate.." His father shook his head. Not making eye-contact.

"Bruh. Phil, you're shaking. I know you're hungry. Just eat something." Techno insisted. Trying it to show that he was worried, but still wanting the man to eat.

With a bit of verbal prodding, his father thankfully started to eat his pieces of jerky. Only small bites, but that's better than nothing.

"Listen.. uh. We're going to find him, alright?" He really sucks at this, but he might as well try to comfort Phil.

It's strange. Maybe it was because it felt like so long ago, but Techno couldn't remember his father being this sad about anything. Not even when his mother died. Of course, Phil was distraught. So was the rest of the family. The man never remarried or anything either.

But with Wilbur..

Maybe it's different when one of your children *dies*.

"We should get moving again soon. I think I recognize this street." Techno said, hoping this could give Phil some hope. He wasn't lying either, the street they were on did look pretty familiar.

"Alright, Mate.." Phil replied after finishing his jerky. Packing the rest of his food back in his backpack.

Surely they'll be able to find Tommy, right?

For Phil's sake, Techno hoped so.

His familiar thing seemed unhappy again.

Tommy tries to talk, but Icarus is distracted.

*There's a **bendy twig** in his hair.*

He likes the bendy twig.

When did it get there?

Tommy doesn't see it.

But he knows he's distracted.

The boy takes his hands away from his head.

*“**Wilbur!** For fuck's sake, pay attention!”*

Icarus stops trying to touch the bendy twig in his hair.

Again with that name?

It's starting to get annoying.

If he tries to correct him, will Tommy even care?

Should he just let the boy call him Wilbur?

Icarus isn't sure that he's comfortable with that..

After all, his name is Icarus. Not Wilbur.

~~you will never be me~~

It makes him sad.

But he's not sure why.

“Look, big dubs. You can't eat Ranboo. No eating people! No!”

No?

What are people?

*He understands the ‘**no eat**’ part but he can't process the rest.*

Fast-Thing language is hard.

Icarus only just started learning it.

If he doesn't understand, is that his fault?

“Shit.. now I really have to tell Ghostbro what's going on.”

Ghostbro.

Tommy means Ghostbur.

The young man smiles upon hearing his friend's name.

The bendy twig starts tickling him.

Sending him back into his distracted state.

Tommy huffed, and left the shed.

But Icarus didn't notice.

There's a little friend on his head.

It shared the same blood.

Icarus likes this strange new Other.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again if it's not great though! I'm kind of very distracted right now and having trouble focusing. I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Exploring the Kitchen/The Mistake.

Chapter Summary

Ranboo and Ghostbur try to make lunch after watching a movie, while Phil and Techno make a mistake.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 45 guys!! We're getting so close to 50 chapters! That's insane!! I hope it's not silly, but I feel so proud that I've managed to write this much. This is the biggest story I've ever made, I'm happy it's this one! I really hope you like today's chapter guys!! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Morning came and went. Now it was around 12:00 PM, so Ghostbur was eager to try and attempt to make lunch. Ranboo, has kindly offered to help once the both of them had finished watching their movie.

Their movie of choice was The Fellowship of the Ring. The first in the Lord of the Rings trilogy. With both of them suffering from amnesia, neither remembered this movie.

Ghostbur absolutely loved the movie. He adored the soundtracks and the scenery, and the cheerful ghost got very invested in the story. He did however get scared during battle scenes, the spirit didn't seem to like conflict from what Ranboo guessed.

He enjoyed it as well. A pretty good movie if he says so himself. Plus with the movie being as long as it is, Tommy is probably awake now.

Once the credits started to roll, the pair then turned off the TV and walked out of the room to head into the kitchen.

"Ranboo, we should watch the next movies later! I want to know where Frodo and Sam are going!" Ghostbur excitedly begged. Hoping he could still have a movie buddy.

"Y-Yeah! I think that would be fun, Ghostbur!" The boy smiled. He really did have a good time with the ghost. At this point the shock of being around an actual spirit had completely faded. As far as Ranboo could tell, Ghostbur was a totally normal person.

“I suppose we should make lunch now. I did say I wanted to practice after the movie!” The happy spectre reminded the amnesiac.

“Yeah, I’m uh.. getting hungry. I kinda, like, want spaghetti. B-But we probably don’t have any of that.” Ranboo laughed nervously. He’s not sure why, but he’d really like a bag of spaghetti. Is that crazy?

Probably.

“Hmmm.. I’m not sure if we have that! I’ll check the cupboards!” Taking him seriously, the spirit proceeded to look through the cupboards that hadn’t been searched earlier.

Ranboo looked away for a second, just to get a better look at the room, since he had been so tired that morning and traumatized last night.

The interior was quite homey. The floor was made of wood, and made a pleasant sound when stepped on. The walls were painted a soft yellow, with a faint floral pattern. It strangely reminded the amnesiac of a grandmother’s house.

When Ranboo turned back, he saw the spectre putting cans upon cans of food onto the counters, humming as he did so. This farm really was well stocked.

“Sorry, Ranboo! Couldn’t find any spaghetti.. but I did find a lot of other things!” Ghostbur pointed to his assortment of cans.

From what Ranboo could see, there was canned meat, fruit, veggies, fish, beans. All still sealed tight within their confined spaces. The ghost had also taken out a few jars of honey, peanut butter, a bag of rice, flour, powdered milk, and sugar. There were some bags of jerky as well. (*Ghostbur had also pulled out some bottles of alcohol, but Ranboo won’t tell anyone he saw that.*)

Something told the boy there was way more where that came from if the former inhabitants were this careful with rationing.

“Don’t worry. You, um. Y-You did a good job!”

With their odd, but thankfully edible ingredients, the pair excitedly planned a good meal for the three of them.

“I’ll clean the dishes. Uh.. it’s probably been awhile since they’ve been used.” Cooking with dirty equipment would be a bad idea. Best to make sure everything is suitable. Including cutlery.

As well preserved this house may be, it would be unwise to not make sure everything is safe for use.

Just because they’ve gotten lucky with the food supply, doesn’t mean they might get lucky with other things.

Phil was grateful that Techno continued to stay with him, despite the miserable state he's in.

The father always did cherish his relationship with Techno. He only wished he could've had the same with his other two sons.

Maybe it's his fault that they always complained about Techno being the favourite. Even though he always tried to convince them it wasn't true.

Deep down, they all knew it was true.

Because of that, now two of his sons are gone.

Wilbur, walking among the undead.

Tommy, missing and presumed dead.

Perhaps this is a punishment from Death, for not treating his children better?

Why *Death* exactly?

Phil's not quite sure himself.

They've been walking for a long time now. Techno encouraged him to eat, despite feeling like he didn't deserve to. Tried to make conversation, in hope of reassuring his father.

But Philza didn't really want to talk, but he did feel grateful that his remaining son still cared for him after everything.

"Phil. I think we should take another break. 'Bout time we stopped to drink some water." The young man with braided pink hair said suddenly.

"Alright, mate.."

The father and son entered an abandoned clothing store.

Techno made sure to survey the area first, and it wasn't too long until his son seemed to spot something.

"Bruh. Phil, we need to find a different place to crash."

Philza was about to ask why, until a small figure shifted just out of sight. Too dark to make out any features, but it was clear what that shadow must've been.

There's a zombified *child* in here.

"Shit.."

This is bad for two reasons.

The fact that children can become infected is a very heartbreaking reality in the apocalypse. Although, somewhat mercifully, very few kids actually turn. Most simply die from the virus.

Those who don't though..

Well, they're just as *vicious* as the creatures roaming the streets.

If not more than that, considering child zombies are actually kind of intelligent.

A creepy little giggle was heard from somewhere in the room.

"Phil, let's get out of here. Now." Techno insisted. His father completely understood why.

This place is rigged with *traps*.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't good though! If I find any problems later I'll try my very best to fix it! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

The Other Others.

Chapter Summary

Icarus hangs out with his new friend, while Techno has to rescue Phil.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 46 guys!! We've got another Icarus and Techno chapter! Things are starting to look rough for the father and son duo though! I really hope you like today's chapter guys! I'm trying very hard to get the spookier scenes right! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Icarus likes his new little friend.

It tickles.

He likes the feeling.

It wiggles on his head.

It looks like a green ground thing, but dark and red.

There's a lot of green ground things around.

This one is different though.

Bendy twig moves.

Other green ground things don't move.

It sits on top of his hair comfortably.

~~Get it off me I don't like it~~

Icarus wants to touch it.

Tommy isn't here to grab his hands away.

The young man touches the bendy twig.

Bendy twig moves.

A tiny black thing wraps around Icarus's finger.

He doesn't know how, but he knows it's saying hello.

Plants can't talk-

Icarus strokes bendy twig.

It feels happy.

Strange though..

*He didn't know that green ground things could become **Others** too.*

That's okay though.

The last time he was around his kin, Icarus had to kill them to protect his Tommy.

It's nice to have company again.

Hopefully it won't hurt his precious familiar thing.

Techno is far from being afraid of a zombified child.

The warrior is not a coward.

However, his insistence upon leaving should be taken very seriously. Because undead kids will do everything in their power to make a survivor's life *hell*.

They weren't really capable of defending themselves through attacks much (*bites should still be avoided at all costs.*) Yet they make up for weakness in cleverness.

Whatever the virus did to these kids, it made them able to make deadly traps out of the simplest objects, and there was no doubt in Techno's mind that this place was full of them.

What made these traps so dangerous, was because zombies never travel too far away from the rest of their kind.

One accidental step onto a toy with a squeaker, could send a whole group of undead after them. Those monsters have incredible hearing.

One silver lining is that if ignored, these little creatures will eventually get bored and look for someone else to torment. They won't chase after you like other zombies.

Perhaps it's because the little zombies know they can't win in a *proper* fight.

“Come on, let's go. If we leave now, we'll be fine.” Techno urged his father. The last thing he wanted was to be stuck in a room with an undead child.

“I'm right behind you, mate.” Phil said in a hushed but hurried voice.

But it was when they tried to leave, that the zombie kid displayed one of their cruelest tricks.

It started to *cry*.

Immediately Philza froze. His hand stopped just over the doorknob. Turning his head around in search of the sound. His eyes widened.

“Phil! Ignore it. You know it's a trap.” How horrible. Of course the zombie kid couldn't tell that one of them was hurting, but it just *HAD* to play the scared innocent child act when someone is grieving.

Great fucking timing.

“T-Techno, mate, I have to look. I can't just leave another kid..” His father looked absolutely torn. His hand was still above the doorknob, but he was carefully inching little by little toward the shadows.

The creature's cries got louder. Trying to lure the heartbroken man closer. Techno hated to see it, because it's clearly succeeding.

No doubt this is brought about by his guilt.

But this thing isn't a child anymore.

It's rotten inside.

Just like the zombies that bit *Wil*.

Techno took out his axe.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoy this chapter guys! I worked really hard on it! I'm sorry if it's not good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Delusion.

Chapter Summary

Tommy has some lunch with Ghostbur and Ranboo, while Phil faces another memory.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 47 guys!! Today's chapter we've got some friendship/bonding with the survivor boys, and some angst lol. I worked really hard on this chapter so I really hope you guys like it! I'm sorry if it's not good though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Tommy had woken up again, he felt a little better. Even a little bit of sleep was better than nothing.

The boy yawned. Turning over so he could get a look at his watch. 12:30 PM it read. If this were a normal world, it would probably be lunch time. In the apocalypse however, survivors can't afford to eat all the time.

'Real shitty isn't it? Guess I should've checked if this farm actually has food.' Tommy thought tiredly. The boy had half a mind to just go back to sleep. This couch was pretty comfortable, and the blanket was quite warm.

But, alas. A big man's work is never done. If the group wants to thrive, they'll need to get a head start here.

Getting up with a frustrated groan, the boy decided to leave the living room. As he did so, Tommy caught sight of a mirror in the hallway. Stopping to look at it.

Yikes.

Tommy hasn't looked in a mirror in who knows how long. His eyes had bags from lack of sleep. His hair was a tangled mess, and his face had a few scratches and bruises. Not to mention the slightly unhealthy paleness.

'Not looking so poggers..' That's what many days of running, hiding, will do to a person. God, he looks almost as bad as Wilbur did before he ran off.

He supposed it can't be helped. Can't expect to be perfectly healthy in a world where everything wants to eat you. You really only need to be healthy enough to survive.

The boy sighed. Waking into the kitchen, hoping to find something edible. He had only eaten breakfast the day before, so he was pretty hungry.

To his surprise. Tommy walked into the kitchen to find Ghostbur and Ranboo setting plates on the table.

"Uh, hello!?" He said, in an effort to get their attention, ultimately this worked, since Ranboo immediately jumped and almost dropped his plate. Looks like the memory boy startles easily.

"Oh hi Tommy! Ranboo and I just finished making lunch!" Ghostbur happily proclaimed. Presenting a plate of apple slices and beef jerky. Ah. The ghost must've got the apples from the little orchard next to the house.

"W-We um.. wanted to start with something small first." Ranboo added, sitting down at the table and beginning to take a few bites of his apple slices.

"Here I thought we'd be skipping lunch. Damn I'm starved. Pass me a plate, bitch!" Tommy said with a huge grin. His joking words were more directed at the new survivor, but Ghostbur smiled and handed him a plate instead.

The three of them sat down for lunch. (*Well, Ghostbur didn't really eat though. Probably wanting to save the food since he doesn't actually need to eat.*)

Tommy ate the apples first, since they tend to get gross when left out. They were sweet and tasted pretty fresh. Then the boy proceeded with the jerky. Once he was finished with that, the boy felt rather content.

"That was pogchamp. Maybe I should start calling you two the '*Cooking Duo!*' Tommy playfully jokes. He doesn't want to admit it, but he's glad that he's stuck with these guys. Most people probably wouldn't want to hang around a literal ghost, and Ranboo may be very new but he seemed like a good guy.

"It was fun! I like working with Ranboo! Maybe we can make dinner tonight too!"

"You're pretty uh fun to work with too, Ghostbur." The amnesiac said, slightly nervously, but he had a soft smile on his face as he spoke.

Now having eaten. Maybe Tommy can take a crack at doing some gardening. They really should start growing some food after all.

Of course Techno is right.

Going into the shadows would be a horrible idea.

But when the father heard the child's cries, his already fragile heart began to break even more.

Wilbur is *dead*.

Tommy is *gone*.

The man can't fail another child, even if it's not his own.

If there's any possibility that the kid crying in the darkness is human, then Philza has to know.

Techno is trying to stop him.

But as the father gets closer, the scene changes.

"DADZA!" A small voice piped up behind the man as he was reading. Phil turned around to see his four year-old son Wilbur sniffing. The backyard door was wide-open, and in his hand was a toy sword.

"Techno beat you again huh, mate?" The man smiled patiently. Scooping the little boy up and sitting him in his lap.

"I-I never win! It's not fair!" Wil hiccuped. Wiping his eyes with his sleeve while his other hand still held the toy.

Wilbur was so small at that age. Not exactly frail, but he was lacking in the steady growth that his twin had. Techno was growing fast. He had been sprouting like a weed, healthy and strong.

Phil had a feeling that this argument wasn't really about losing in a toy sword fight.

"I know, son. One day you'll win. If not, well.. just because you're twins doesn't mean you two have to be exactly alike." He tried to explain to the small child that life isn't always fair, but in a way that he'd understand. No one can be the same as everyone else.

"S-So does that mean Techno will have pink hair?" Wilbur stopped sniffing. Wiping his eyes again. Philza had to try not to laugh when he heard that. It was definitely not what he was expecting.

"If that's what he wants, mate."

People can be different. It doesn't matter if you're small, tall, weak or strong. If you have brown or pink hair. What matters is who *YOU* are.

No one can be the same as everyone else.

It's funny though, isn't it?

Wilbur is the same as every single walking dead now.

The man keeps walking into the shadows, even as someone tries to shout his name, pull him back.

A child is crying and he needs to make it better.

Just like he should've done, when his *own* died.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried very hard! I'm so sorry if it isn't good though! I had no idea how to write little Wilbur, but I tried my best! If I find any problems with this later I'll try very hard to fix them! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

“Listen to me.”

Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to get some work done, while Techno struggles to get his father to listen to him.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 48 guys!! Today's chapter is a BIG ONE! Dang I've been working so hard on this one and I've been so excited to show it to you guys!! I really hope you guys like it! Beware for some huge angst!! xD :D

Also I'm so sorry I didn't post this yesterday! I was extremely busy and I had zero time to post! I really hope this is worth the wait!!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's about time some actual work got done around here.

If the group is going to stay on the farm for the long haul then they'd better get started on growing some food.

Luckily with a bit of rest and some lunch, Tommy was feeling much better, and raring to get back outside. Although he'd still much rather be relaxing in the game room or sleeping some more.

“Alright, Ghostbro, you're with me, kay? Ranboob, you stay inside and take a supply check while we start planting shit.” The boy addressed his two companions. Making a sort of chore chart of some kind.

Having someone do a thorough check of the house would be a good idea. They need to know how much clean clothes are available, as well as medicine, bandages, food (*something told Tommy that Ghostbur might've found a good amount already though, but it won't hurt to keep checking*), hygiene supplies like soaps, matches.

‘That's a fucking long list.. and that's not even half of what we should look for.’ Tommy thought to himself, slightly concerned. Even if this house does have all this stuff (*With their*

ever-increasing luck, it probably does), what will they do if they run out?

Supplies can only last so long before you have to find more..

“Uh, sure. Yeah, I can do that. I-I’ll um, make a list in my memory journal.” Ranboo said. Pulling out a small, slightly tattered notebook.

“You have a memory book too? Wow, we’re so alike, Ranboo!” Ghostbur, upon seeing it, had gasped. The ghost’s eyes lighting up like stars.

Tommy softly smiled at that. It’s nice that Ghostbur is making a friend. His brother won’t admit it, but the boy could tell that the spirit felt lonely being the only ghost around.

As far as Tommy could tell, Ranboo seemed like a good fit for the spectre. The new survivor did have amnesia, and he wasn’t a zombie. They appear to get along well. So really, as long as Ghostbur is happy, he’s happy.

“That’s uh, cool Ghostbur! Maybe you could, like, show it to me later?”

“Sure! That sounds like fun!” Ghostbur bounced in the air happily. “Toms and I should probably get going now. Bye bye!”

Now that they’ve said their very temporary goodbyes, the two brothers exited the farm house to get started on growing some vegetables.

Only to find the door to the shed, wide open, and Wilbur wandering around outside.

How the fuck did he get *out*?!

One would think comforting a crying child would be a good thing.

If it were a *real* child, then yes. It absolutely is.

But when it happens to be a zombified kid who is just trying to lure your father away to be bitten.. Well, that makes it really hard to feel bad for the little creature.

With an axe in hand, Techno followed after Phil into the shadows.

‘Bruh. Should’ve left when we had the chance.’ The young man thought. He would really rather not be doing this, but there’s no way he’ll let Phil get bit by a stupid kid.

The zombie kid is still crying (*from wherever it was hiding*), and Techno found himself wanting to tell it to quit being so overdramatic.

What does it even have to cry about? It had been giggling rather creepily to itself before it played the innocent act.

For a split second, Techno swore he'd seen movement, and nearly swung his axe out of instinct. Only to find nothing.

When he turned around, Phil was nowhere to be seen.

That's not good..

“Phil?”

The warrior looked towards the darkness, but again, there's nothing.

Wait.

His backpack. There's a flashlight in it.

Damn. Why didn't he remember this until now?

Techno took his flashlight out of his bag, turning it on and watching light spill into the shadows.

Shit.

What the light had uncovered were bloodstained floors and walls. Bones littered the ground and could only be assumed to be human. Broken glass could be seen in piles.

A few toys also littered the place. Obviously belonging to the dead kid. Some appeared to be laid out as traps. Just as Techno had thought.

This store was positively filthy.

At the far end however. Stood a little boy. The cries had stopped, and the child was covering his eyes and hissing from the light.

Approaching him was Philza. Probably still under that monster's spell. Clearly, his grieving father was seeing something else because if he could truly see what he was walking up to, he'd know not to get too close.

“*W-Wil?*” Phil asked in a weak voice.

The zombified child paused. Not seeming to understand, but still took this as a sign to return to heartlessly crying.

Techno *HAD* to pull the man back now. Rushing forward, choosing to put down his axe, so he could grab his father's arm.

“Phil! Listen to me. If Wilbur were still here he'd be twenty-five. That thing is not him!”

Something had just sunk its **teeth** into his wrist. The one that still held the flashlight.

Techno knew he shouldn't have put the axe down. Even if it was for a minute.

Phil snapped out of whatever memory he'd been trapped in.

His father looked at him. Eyes filled with *horror*.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked very hard on it! I'm sorry if it wasn't good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Also, hmmm. I wonder what will happen next? XD

The Steak Debate.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur listens to some of Icarus's jokes, while Ranboo tries to take inventory.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 49 guys!! We've got another chapter with the survivor trio! I wanted this one to be sillier after yesterday's angst. I hope that's okay! Don't worry though lol, there will be more angst in the next chapter. Anyway, I hope you like this chapter guys! 😊

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Seeing Icarus outside made Ghostbur happy. At first he wasn't sure why his friend had been in the shed, but after Tommy told him that the man was very sick, now he sort of understood.

Putting someone in a shed doesn't sound very kind though. If Icarus isn't feeling well, then he'll need some proper bed rest and some soup, as well as plenty of water.

Tommy was clearly trying his best, so the spirit won't judge his little brother for not knowing how to take care of an ill person before.

Ghostbur had tons of experience though. He always made sure Tommy was well taken care of when he was sick. Hmmm.. if ghosts can still have jobs, should he work as a doctor?

"Hi Icarus! Did you come out to say hello?" The spirit asked with a patient smile. "Toms said that you're not feeling so good."

Icarus kind of looked at the ground, then at Ghostbur, and then finally Tommy. Oh! Who made the flower crown that his friend is wearing? It looks very nice!

"H-H..ell..o.." Icarus mumbled shyly. That's sweet. He must've really did come out to say hi.

"Icarus, what the FUCK are you doing out here?" Tommy asked, looking unhappy for some reason. Ghostbur wasn't sure why.

Oh right! It's because Icarus is *sick*.

“O-O..ut..” The man answered simply.

“Tommy, I don’t think Icarus likes being cooped up in there..” If Ghostbur could get sick, he doesn’t think he would like being stuck in a shed all day. It doesn’t seem like a good environment to recover in.

“I know, Ghostbro, but we don’t have any other options. He thinks Ranboo is a steak filet, remember?” The boy reminded the ghost. Ah, right. What a strange sickness that is.

“R-Ra..nboo..?” Icarus moaned questioningly. A confused look on his face.

“Oh, you know Ranboo! We met him yesterday!” It seemed that Icarus wasn’t able to properly introduce himself yesterday, because Icarus didn’t know their new friend’s name.

A look of understanding then dawned on the young man’s face.

“F-Food..” His friend nodded.

“No- NO! Icarus, Ranboo is **NOT** food! Kay, big man? Scratch that from your menu for fuck’s sakes.” Tommy shook his head no fervently. Raising his hands in a ‘*stop*’ motion.

“Y-Yes.. f-foo..d..” Icarus nodded. Disagreeing with Tommy.

Tommy then gave a loud, irritated sigh. Beginning to pace around. Muttering to himself in a frustrated tone that the spectre couldn’t catch. Meanwhile, Icarus fiddled with the pretty red flowers in his hair. They strangely disappeared shortly after that, oh well.

“It’s okay Icarus! I’m sure with some rest, you’ll be feeling better in no time! Then you won’t want to eat Ranboo anymore!” Ghostbur put a hand on his friend’s shoulder, wanting to show encouragement.

“E-Eat.. R-Ran..boo..” Icarus repeated. Smiling slightly. Staring up at the top-floor window.

Ghostbur laughs.

Icarus tells the silliest jokes.

Ranboo made a list of everything Tommy had told him to look for. There was a lot so hopefully he didn’t forget to write anything down.

“Let’s see..” The amnesiac took out his journal/notebook, and quickly read what was jolted down.

Supplies we need.

One: Matches.

Two: Extra blankets and clothes.

Three: Shampoo, dishwashing soap, hand soap, disinfectant spray, and soap for the washing mashine (*Ghostbur found one earlier.*)

“So um, basically we need a whole lot of soap..” Ranboo thought aloud. Then continued to read his list.

Four: Gardening supplies. (*So far this should have a check mark.*)

Five: A ton of bottled water in case the water stops working.

Six: Food. (*Wouldn't hurt to keep looking.*)

Seven: Weapons.

Eight: Medicine like painkillers, or antibiotics.

Hmmm. Perhaps this list is a little too long. Or maybe it's too short? Ranboo isn't sure.. after all he'd never been in a zombie apocalypse before, but he definitely doesn't want to let his new friends down.

Where should he look first?

'I guess I could check for some medicine first.. that would be pretty important.' The boy decided. Putting his journal back into his pocket before heading upstairs and into the bathroom.

He turned on the light. Inside the bathroom was a cabinet sink with drawers. Though usually people don't put their medicine in those. However it looked like the mirror could be opened.

Sure enough, after popping the mirror open, Ranboo found bottles of pills, along with bandages. He found a full bottle of tylenol and advil. There was also some cold medicine and benadryl for nausea and allergies.

Oh. There's even some extra tubes of toothpaste. Hiding behind it was amoxicillin. Antibiotics. Great!

“Looks like I can um.. check these off!” The new survivor quickly put a check mark next to medicine on his list.

Perhaps he should start with the clothes next, since the boy is already upstairs.

Ranboo then proceeded into the bedrooms. Stopping at the master bedroom first.

There was something about the door that he hadn't noticed before. Probably from the shock and exhaustion of the night before..

A huge fist-sized hole was smashed through the wood. Dark smudges circled around the breakage. It appeared as though something from inside the room had tried to *fight* its way out.

“I-I.. I'll um. Check that room later.” He doesn't really want to know where that came from.

The amnesiac decided to check the other rooms instead.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried my best to make it funny! Sorry if it wasn't good though! I'll try very hard to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Seeing Red.

Chapter Summary

Wilbur feels confused about Ranboo, while Phil sees red.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 50 guys!! Sorry I didn't post yesterday! I was had a really hard night the day before and I needed some time to calm down. I'm actually sick right now as well. I really hope you guys like this chapter thirty! And I'm so happy that we've made it to 50 chapters!! It's absolutely insane! Thank you to everyone who decided to read my story!! You guys are the best! :D

Since it's been another 10 chapters I will now go on a break from writing/posting for a week. I'll be returning soon though!!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy said another name.

He said Ranboo.

Icarus is confused.

Tommy said 'No eating Ranboo.'

There's only one other thing that moves here other than his precious familiar thing, Ghostbur, and the little bendy twig that sits on his head.

So it must be the fast-thing Tommy is hiding in the house.

That makes no sense.

Fast-Things can't have names.

They're too stupid for that.

Fast-Things are food.

Their only purpose is to be eaten.

Yes, they run and try to fight.

Icarus doesn't know why they do that.

But in the end, they're just food.

Food doesn't have feelings, thoughts, or names.

So then why does Ranboo have one?

Did Tommy name it?

Maybe Ranboo is a new thing like Tommy, but the man doubts it.

Only Tommy feels special.

Icarus doesn't know why his familiar thing wants to keep that fast-thing around.

Not eating it would just be a waste.

Something inside agrees with this.

But something else doesn't.

It feels like there's an argument going on.

Inside voice is talking again.

Icarus tries not to pay attention to it.

In fact he kind of stopped paying attention to Tommy and Ghostbur too, so he didn't complain when he got put back in the little house.

He feels his inside stuff moving around.

It moves and moves.

~~N-No wait-I..~~

No more talking.

No more.

Icarus doesn't like it.

His blood is very active right now for some reason.

That's fine.

Maybe it doesn't like the strange voice either.

This can't be happening.

Surely this is just a nightmare.

A very long bad dream.

Phil will wake up, to see Wilbur, Techno, and Tommy, all safe and sound. Bickering amongst each other like usual.

Everything will be back to normal soon enough.

So then why is staring in horror, at his one (*possibly*) remaining son?

Watching helplessly as a little monster latches onto Techno's arm by its teeth.

No.

No.

NO!

The father isn't going to let another one of his children turn into a shambling, bloody creature. He can't let it happen *again*.

Tommy's whereabouts are still unknown, hell, neither of them know if he's still alive and yet they wanted to search for his youngest son.

If Techno is infected..

God.

Who is the man kidding?

After what happened to Wil, he should not have expected his other sons to survive either. No matter how strong, or brave they are.

Everyone is going to die from the virus eventually.

Doesn't matter if it's because you got bitten, or were eaten by something that was.

Humanity's hope for survival is *bleak*.

But..

Techno's axe is on the ground.

It barely registered to the man when he picked it up.

Everything is *red*.

The sound of heavy footsteps and growls begin to enter the store.

The child must have alerted other zombies with its cries.

Phil decided upon instinct, to do the only thing he could.

He shoved the blade of the axe into the monster's back.

It let out a weak sudden whimper, before letting go of Techno. Dropping to the floor.

And for a terrible split-second, the father saw *Wilbur* falling in the undead child's place.

Just as the man was about to enter another spiral into grief-ridden insanity, a warm hand pulled him to the back of the store.

Techno's hand.

"I knew you'd come through for me, Phil." The pink-haired Warrior cracked a *smile*, in spite of his unseen injury. Leading them both out of the store through a backdoor he hadn't seen before. Having the room been so dark, it had been impossible to see.

"T-Techno..?" Phil asked in an almost inaudible voice, as he and his son exited the quickly overrun clothing store.

He was so focused on their escape that he barely heard the agonized screams of the undead still inside the shop.

Their shrieks sound similar to the one a person makes when they discover something *horrifying*.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I'm so grateful we made it this far! I hope I can continue to write for this story as I absolutely love it!! I'll be back in a week too! I'm sorry if this chapter isn't good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Inside Voices and Tricks.

Chapter Summary

Icarus thinks about his identity again, while Philza and Techno successfully escape the undead.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 51 guys!! I'm back from my week-break! I'm happy to be back! I do need to let you guys know though, I've got 6 chapters (if I'm not counting this one) pre-written, but I had a very bad case of the flu while writing them, so I'm sorry if the new chapters aren't very good! I just wanted to be productive while I was sick! I probably should've been resting though. Anyway, I hope you like this chapter guys! I'm sorry if it's not good!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Inside Voice hasn't spoken in awhile.

It's safe to say that the annoying thing is gone.

At least for now.

Another voice says this is good.

He knows what that one is.

It's in all Others.

Sometimes it tells them things.

What to do.

Where to go.

When to eat.

That voice doesn't bother him like Inside Voice.

Inside Voice is strange.

Icarus tries to ignore it.

He really doesn't like it when it cries.

Thankfully Inside Voice is usually asleep.

Somehow he knows that it hates him too.

But that doesn't matter.

This is not your body anymore.

US.
It belongs to US now.

Icarus agrees.

This is his body.

But.. something deep down makes him feel like it wasn't always his.

Maybe he used to be someone else?

That can't be right though.

If the young man hadn't been here before, then who would have?

Ghostbur gave him his name after all..

It's all getting too confusing.

His head is spinning with all these strange thoughts.

All these ideas are meaningless anyway.

By the time Icarus starts petting Bendy Twig, the thoughts were gone.

Slipping through the palms of his hands like sand.

The screams of the undead continued to pierce the air as the two men ran from the store.

Techno was leading the way. His father didn't object, but he was confused.

Why was his son being so calm about this?

They both stopped in an alley. Ducking behind trash cans, watching the pack of zombies run past. Believing that their prey were still running down the street.

Now Phil had time for questions.

“T-Techno, mate, w-what the hell did you do?” Why had the young man seemed so confident back there? Why had he smiled like that? The father needs to know.

“Phil. Calm down, the kid *didn't* bite me.” Techno said in his usual monotonous voice. Seemingly waving this off like nothing had happened at all.

“H-How?! I know what I saw!” Impossible. The zombie boy was latched onto his arm earlier. Something like that doesn't get forgotten.

“Bruh, I have proof. Here, look.” The warrior lifted his arm. The one Phil saw get bitten. Expecting there to be a bleeding bite-mark when Techno began to roll down his sleeve.

There was some kind of *metal* make-shift armour. Visibly dented, it looked damaged as well. Probably due to the strength of the child's teeth. Ultimately however, it seemed his son's armour protected him.

So that means..

Techno is safe.

Phil found himself fighting back tears again. He was so relieved. Immediately the man pulled his son into a hug. Part of him was a little angry that Techno hadn't told him about the armor before, but Phil didn't care. Techno isn't going to die.

He's not going to turn like *Wilbur* did.

“I-I thought I was going to lose you, mate!” Holding Techno tighter, that's when the waterworks came out. Phil couldn't help it. Tears flowed down his face and wouldn't stop. He was just so happy that his son hadn't been bit.

“Hey, don't cry, old man. ‘*Technoblade never dies!*’ Remember?” The miraculously uninjured man smiled again.

“S-Should've told me about the armour, you little shit!” The father laughed. Still crying, but ultimately much happier now.

“Thinking about crafting a belt?”

With that, Phil devolved into a cackling fit. Having to immediately cover his mouth so the noise wouldn't attract any of the zombies that were searching for them. Meanwhile, his son just smirked.

Both men hadn't joked with each other in what felt like ages. It felt so good to just let it all out, although it was mostly Phil laughing, but the father could tell that Techno was glad.

“Well, we should probably get back to it. We’ve got a gremlin child to find.” Techno reminded the man. As great as this moment is, they need to find Tommy. If there’s even a small chance he’s still alive, they have to take it.

“Y-Yeah.. you’re right, mate. Let’s go find him.” Wiping a tear from his eye, Philza agreed.

Things were still bleak.. but at least he feels a little better now.

Thank god Techno had that armour.

Who knows what would’ve happened *if* he hadn’t?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! Even though I had the flu and my head was kind of messed up because of it, I tried my best so I hope it’s okay! I’m sorry if it’s not good though! I’ll try very hard to fix it when I can later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Seeds and Basements.

Chapter Summary

Tommy and Ghostbur become farmers, while Ranboo investigates the basement.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 52 guys!! Sorry if this chapter is a little boring. Like I said before I wrote a lot of these when I had a really bad case of the flu, so I'm really sorry if it's boring or not good! I will say though, that Chapter 54 is going to be really huge! Two new characters are going to be introduced during that chapter! Anyway, I hope you like this chapter!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Once Tommy and Ghostbur had helped put Wilbur back in the shed, they tried to return to what they had originally been doing. Which was getting the garden in order.

Now, Tommy was in no way a farmer. Neither was Ghostbur. So they'd have to be careful in choosing which plants to grow in the current season. As of now it's November. That would mean the brothers would have to figure out which vegetables grow best during this month.

Luckily, being the bookworm that Ghostbur is, he'd found a book inside the farmhouse that had a pretty good list of good plants to grow during which time.

Ah. Tommy will always be grateful to have Ghostbur by his side.

"Okay, Toms! So the almanac says that the perfect vegetables for November would be carrots, broccoli, leek, radish, turnips, beets, oh! Look, we can even grow sweet potatoes and tomatoes! Isn't that nice?" Ghostbur showed the book's pages to his little brother excitedly. It was pretty sweet to be honest. The ghost's enthusiasm can be really uplifting at times.

"Pog! Was hoping we could grow some carrots, big man. Let's see if we can find some seeds." If the boy could remember correctly, there were a lot of seed bags lying around. Unfortunately they were either unlabelled or the writing was too small. So it seems he'll have to get a closer look at the bags.

“There’s a bag of carrot seeds at the front of the house! I saw it yesterday when you were making sure there was no wrong’uns in the house!” The spectre happily informed him. Ghostbur did pause for a moment after though, as if thinking. “Did you find any wrong’uns, Tommy?”

Oh shit. The boy hadn’t realized that the ghost might’ve been able to hear him screaming yesterday when the undead farmers attacked him.

“N-No! No wrong’uns Ghostbro! If there were, obviously the bastards would’ve been scared off. I’m a big man! I’m Tommy Danger fucking Innit!” Hopefully his fake confidence will be enough to convince his spectral brother that everything was fine yesterday.

“Oh okay! I was just a little worried, Tommy! You know I’ll always be there when you need me, don’t you?”

Taken by surprise, Tommy was speechless for a moment. Not sure where this is coming from. The boy tried to hide how touched he felt by his brother’s words out of embarrassment. Ghostbur doesn’t tease often, unlike Wilbur did. So it had to be genuine. *(Not that Wil wasn’t genuine either. He was just a lot less.. comfortable saying things like this out loud perhaps.)*

Not wanting to embarrass himself out of habit, Tommy simply grinned. Patted his ghostly brother’s shoulder. “I know Ghostbro. I know.”

“Anyway, let’s go grab those seeds. I’m pretty excited about the carrots and shit.” Tommy said, still smiling. Feeling good after hearing Ghostbur’s words. The ghost really knew how to bring everyone’s ‘spirits’ up.

The boy had to hold back his laughter upon making his internal pun. If Charlie were here, he probably would’ve loved it, the man greatly enjoyed these kinds of things.

That’s when Tommy remembered he had no idea how a lot of people were doing.. Quackity, Sam, Charlie..

Tubbo..

God it’s been so long since he’d seen Tubbo..

As everything started to turn gloomy, Tommy tried to block these thoughts and feelings out. Tubbo couldn’t be dead. His best-friend was surely still out there, alive and well.. waiting for him to come back.

“Toms! I found the seeds!” The spectre’s sudden voice breaks Tommy away from his thoughts. He turned to see the ghost bouncing happily in the air, above a bag of vegetable seeds.

Time to get planting.

Seems like this farm couldn't get any better. Ranboo managed to find everything he needed on his list! Well, everything except weapons.

"Maybe I'll just erase weapons from the list.." Ranboo thought aloud. It might be a dumb thing to do, but something told him that finding weapons wouldn't be easy at such a pleasant farm.

The only rooms in the house he hadn't checked yet were the attic (*he didn't even know the house had one until he spotted what appeared to be a trapdoor on the ceiling. He just didn't know how to open it*) and the basement.

There wasn't really a need to go down there since he already checked everything off the list, but it probably wouldn't hurt to take a look.

While he'd been exploring, Fly the frog had shown up again. Which was a welcome surprise. The tiny amphibian in question, sat on the amnesiac's shoulder as he descended down the stairs into the basement.

Expectedly, it was pretty dark down there. So Ranboo felt around for a light switch. When he found it, he flicked it in. Light then came into the room.

"T-This is uh.. a lot more normal then I was expecting." Part of the new survivor was worried the basement would look like some serial killer's hideout. Why had he thought that? Ranboo didn't know. Perhaps it was just anxiety.

The basement had a lot of boxes lying around. Some made of cardboard, some out of wood (*looks hard to open. Maybe there's something he can use to pry them open somewhere?*) A few metal shelves lined the walls, with more cardboard boxes on top.

Curious, Ranboo decided to look through the boxes. He started opening one of the cardboard boxes.

In a way, this is kind of like treasure hunting.

At least, that's what the amnesiac is telling himself. It seems kind of wrong searching through someone else's belongings. Especially when the owners are most-likely dead.

Inside were some old school supplies? Not very useful. They must've belonged to one of the previous inhabitants.

"I'm just gonna put this back.." He closed the box, and put it back where he found it.

Ranboo wondered how the gardening was going. Did Tommy and Ghostbur find the seeds? He hoped it was going well outside. Maybe he could leave the house and check? The little frog on his shoulder would probably like some sunshine after being inside all day.

Before he left however, the boy noticed a trunk in the corner of the room. Some sort of old steamer trunk, with a lock on it..

“Fly, think I should check it out?” Ranboo asked his tiny companion, as if it would answer back. Instead the frog just croaked, still sitting on his shoulder.

“Guess I’ll um, take a look?”

Right as he began to approach the trunk, he heard a *booming* laugh from outside. It sounded like Tommy. Despite the fact that it was clearly just very loud laughter, it still shook him up quite a bit.

Hopefully that’s a good thing?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! Sorry again if it was boring or not very good! I’ll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

POG Farming and Plant Friends.

Chapter Summary

Tommy and Ghostbur manage to get some carrots planted, while Icarus wonders if he can escape again.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 53 guys!! Sorry again if this chapter isn't so interesting! Tomorrow's though will introduce two new characters! I'm really excited for it! I apologize in advance if the new characters aren't written well tomorrow! I tried my best! Anyway I hope you like this chapter too!

Also wow! 10000 hits on this story! That's insane!! I've never had anything of mine be read this much before! Thank you all so much for taking the time to read my story! You guys are the best!! Thank you so much!! :D <3

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/yvvehHCW>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Fuck yeah!” Tommy shouted. Laughing confidently at his finding. Due to his tiredness, it probably sounded pretty insane and less than normal.

Turns out there was a woodcutting axe next to the house. Perfect for chopping up trespassing hungry zombies. He was tempted to start swinging it randomly.

Ghostbur however, had started placing seeds into the dirt. Happily humming as he filled a watering can up, and sprinkled the seeds with some fresh water.

“Toms, look! I've planted some carrots for us!” The spirit excitedly showed his little brother. Ignoring the fact that his still exhausted brother was holding an axe.

Suddenly remembering Ghostbur was here, Tommy put the axe back down. Shit. Even with the nap he took he's still so tired. He can't even remember the last time he'd allowed himself to get so distracted since the apocalypse.

Playing around with a fucking axe isn't going to get the garden ready. Not to mention, it's dangerous and extremely irresponsible.

“Huh? Oh, nice Ghostbro!” Tommy walked over to his brother, and took a look at Ghostbur’s work. It looked pretty good. It seemed the spectre had a knack for gardening after all.

“What do you think we should grow next, Tommy?” Ghostbur smiled. Wanting to hear his brother’s opinion.

“Hmmm.. not sure, big man. What about turnips? They kinda remind me of one farming game I saw once, Harvest Moon I think?” Tommy hasn’t played it himself, but he swears he’s seen it somewhere. Oh well, it’s not really important.

“Okay, Tommy! It reminds me more of Stardew Valley, but alright!” The ghost said, grabbing some turnip seeds and making small holes in the dirt to place them in.

Ah. Of course the forgetful spectre would remember Stardew. The boy remembered Wilbur playing it a few times, and the game was quite a pleasant one. It makes sense for Ghostbur to remember it, since he only remembers happy things.

Tommy then decided to try to help with the gardening himself. Ghostbur seemed fine on his own, but he wanted to keep the spirit company. While he was watering the plants, the boy heard the door to the house open up.

Ranboo came out, looking timid as usual but otherwise seemed fine. “H-Hey. Uh.. I heard something out here, so I uh, thought I’d take a look. How’s the planting coming along?”

“Hi Ranboo! We just finished planting some carrots! We’re planting some turnips now. Would you like to help?” Ghostbur waved, putting the bag of seeds down and floating over to him.

“Uh.. sure! Um, Icarus isn’t, like, out here right?” Understandably, the new survivor started looking around nervously. However when he noticed that it was only the three of them outside, he seemed to relax.

“Nope! He’s in the shed. That reminds me though.. Tommy, are you sure we can’t let him stay in the house? It doesn’t seem very comfortable there.”

“Sorry, big man, it’s better for him to stay in there. Can’t have Memory Boy getting sick. It makes people think everyone is steak and shit, remember?” Tommy explained again. He hadn’t expected his brother to fully grasp the situation, but that’s okay. At least he tried to make the spectre understand.

At least they’re getting the garden back together though.

But now that Tommy thinks about it again, how did Wilbur get *out* before?

Bendy Thing is a smart Other.

A good Other.

It sat on his head.

It tickles.

Keeps him company.

He feels lonely when his Tommy isn't there.

Icarus can hear the boy, but he's not here.

Tommy is outside with Ghostbur.

What are they doing out there?

He looks through the glass.

Ghostbur looks happy.

Smiling.

Icarus smiles too.

Tommy is also smiling.

The man tries to smile more, but his face can't move that much.

Oh well.

It's the thought that counts.

He's not really sure what they're doing though.

Will Tommy get mad if he leaves again?

Bendy Twig opened the moving wall last time.

It stretched with its long dark things into the circle hole.

It clicked and then they were free.

Could they do that again?

But what if his precious familiar thing doesn't like that?

What if Tommy takes Bendy Thing away?

He's not sure..

Icarus decides to sit down.

Wanting to think.

*Thinking has been much better since **All Voice** made Inside Voice quiet.*

***All Voice** is the only voice he needs to listen to other than Tommy and Ghostbur.*

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'm so excited for tomorrow's! Sorry if this one wasn't great though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Taking a Break/The Compound.

Chapter Summary

Techno and Phil take a break, while a boy misses his friend.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 54 guys!! This is a really special chapter as I'm introducing two new characters! One character I have a little bit of experience writing, but the other I have absolutely none. So I'm very sorry if these characters are written badly! I'm still learning how to write them, especially since it's my first time writing one of them. Anyway, I really hope you like this chapter! Sorry again if it's not good!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Making that armour out of scraps of metal was a really great idea.

Had Techno not been wearing it, the undead child surely would've pierced through his skin, passing on the infection. Then he'd have to be put to rest by his father, just like his twin.

In a way, the young man was kind of glad that Phil was there to kill Wilbur. Even if he doesn't like to think about his brother's fate, it does give him some peace knowing that Wil isn't suffering anymore.

If Phil hadn't been there to do it, Techno probably would've bore the burden of killing his twin himself.

Something like that isn't easy to imagine..

Killing your own twin.

At least his father seemed to be in a much better mood than he had in days. Still crestfallen over his loss, but Techno could see a spark of hope in the man's eyes that hadn't been there before.

"Y'know, we've probably lost them by now, Phil. Let's take a break for real this time." The warrior suggested. A small reassuring (*or at least he tried to convey that, however it probably didn't look as friendly as he hoped*) smile on his face.

After being rudely interrupted by that little zombie brat, and cruelly messing with his father's grief, the pair really could use an actual break. Some water would be perfect.

"You sure, mate? I can keep going.." Phil returned the smile. Albeit weakly. Techno could tell that his father wanted to try harder now. More determined to find his (*hopefully still alive*) youngest son.

Still. It didn't take a genius to see that the man was growing weary.

"Yeah. We need to drink at some point. Can't afford to get dehydrated." Techno reminded Phil. Pausing for a moment to look for a good spot to rest.

They've gone farther into the city. If the young man could remember correctly.. there might be a survivor compound nearby. The one that Wil mentioned a few times. Run by a man only going by the name of "*Dream*."

Something told him that his little brother wasn't there however. Some sort of gut-feeling that Tommy wouldn't be there. Not to mention if the boy had wound up there, he'd most-likely get kicked out for being a chaotic child.

Then there's the strange *warning* Wilbur told Phil.

"Y-You don't believe me, do you Phil? I'm telling you that green FUCKER is out to kill us all! It's all a damn lie!"

Of course, Phil had only mentioned this to Techno in some of his more stable moments. Dealing with the death of your child isn't easy after all.

Realizing he'd gotten distracted, Techno quickly found a good spot under a tree for them to eat something quick and drink some water.

Hopefully it won't take too much longer until they make it to their destination.

Somewhere else. A lonely boy sat on a bench, and glimpsed at the devastation outside the walls of the compound.

Tubbo hasn't talked much since Tommy disappeared. In fact he tried to distance himself from the other survivors as much as possible. Not out of fear or hatred, but simply because the boy didn't have the energy.

Thankfully no one seemed to blame him. Quite a few people were living in this large settlement, and most were generally kind and understanding. Lots of people are going through hard times because of the apocalypse. Having lost friends and family.

The leader of the compound seemed friendly enough. Definitely mysterious though. He doesn't come out much, and when he does, he always hides his face under a mask. A simple white mask with a smiley face on it.

Tubbo can understand why the leader Dream (*he recently learned the man's name*) was so busy. There's probably a lot of duties to be done as head of the compound. Making sure everyone has enough food, water, shelter, as well as arranging scavenging groups, and people to patrol the gates.

It's a lot of work making such people stay alive after all.

He's not quite sure why he was let in though. Of course, he'd heard a few stories of this settlement from other survivors, but the boy was always told that Dream rarely let anyone in.

So why him?

Why had *Tubbo* been let in?

The boy is intelligent, the logical mind in contrast to his friend's chaotic nature, but surely Dream wouldn't have known that at first glance. Tubbo isn't particularly strong either, so what would he have had to offer?

It's all a little baffling to be honest.

"Hey Tubbo!" A sudden voice broke his train of thoughts. It sounded friendly, yet cool and confident. The young survivor turned around to see the leader himself.

"Oh! My apologies, Mr Dream. Is there something you need?"

"Nope, just thought I'd see how my new friend was doing. You've only been in the compound for a few days, so I wanted to see how life here has been treating you." Dream said from behind his smiling mask. His tone was welcoming.

"It's pretty well, sir. Different from what I'm used to, but I'd hardly call it bad." Tubbo gave a weak smile. So far it's been fine, really. It's just hard to really feel good when his best friend is missing.

"That's good to hear, because I was thinking of giving you a job!" The masked-man sat down next to him on the bench.

"What kind of *job*, Mr Dream?" The boy asked, however Tubbo wasn't entirely surprised. It seemed like everyone in the compound had some kind of job. He just isn't sure what he could really do to help though.

"We need some people to go look for supplies outside. I already have a group set, but they just need one more person. Think you can do it, my friend?"

Dream wants him to join a scavenging group? After all the time he spent stuck out there in the city..?

"I don't know.. in all fairness I believe I should help, after all you did let me in, sir. It's just that, if I do, would you be willing to help me with a problem of my own, I reckon?"

Maybe it's rude of him to propose such a thing, but if the boy really has to go back into the zombie infested streets, would it be such a bad thing to ask for the man's aid in locating Tommy?

"Of course. No problem, what do you need?"

Surely a whole facility of people would be enough to find his best friend, right?

Tommy's still out there.

Tubbo *knows* he is.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked very hard on it! Sorry again if this chapter isn't good or if the characters are very poorly written! I'll try my very best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

The Spider.

Chapter Summary

Icarus wants a snack, while Tommy deals with a 'spider.'

Chapter Notes

Chapter 55 guys!! Sorry for posting late today! I got very busy unexpectedly so I didn't have time to post it earlier! I really hope you guys like this chapter though! We've got some more Icarus/Wilbur angst today! Sorry if it's not good!!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Outside is empty now.

Tommy gone.

Ghostbur gone.

Food gone.

Only Icarus and Bendy Twig stay.

Inside the small house.

Icarus wants to leave again with the tiny Other's help.

But if Tommy sees him he'll get put back inside again.

So what should he do?

Bendy Twig is making more pretty things.

He touches them and they feel soft.

It tickles in his hair.

Icarus is so happy to have a friend like it.

Even if it does look pretty different.

There's nothing to do here.

Maybe he'll sleep again.

Just shut his eyes.

A little bit..

...

...

HUNGRY
Need to eat.

It huffs

Food.

Where's food?

House house house house house house house house.

Food in house.

Pain

Why pain again?

Please stop..

Need eat..

EAT RANBOO

Popping open some cans of Coca-Cola, the trio sat at the kitchen table, feeling proud of their work for the day.

A good amount of suitable seeds for the month were planted, and there's still plenty for next November. (*If they manage to stay here for a whole year that is.*)

Actually..

What if they do make it that long? It can't be completely impossible, not with the incredible luck they've had with this farm so far, right?

Tommy certainly hoped he'd still be alive in a year from now. Hopefully by that point he'll have reunited with his friends and family. (*Even if he does hate them.*) Hell, hopefully by then a cure will exist.

Until then, he's just happy that the group will hopefully have enough food to survive the coming winter.

Ghostbur was in an especially good mood. Singing to himself. It's that one song he made about some girl's new boyfriend. It was pretty funny, and it made Tommy laugh upon hearing his ghostly brother sing.

"I've got the key and he's just a doormat!" The ghost happily sang, drumming his fingers against the table as he did so.

Meanwhile, Ranboo simply drank his cola. A peaceful expression on the amnesiac's face. The room's atmosphere and overall mood was pretty calming after a hard day's work.

"Missed hearing you sing, Ghostbro. You thinking of writing any new songs some time?" The boy asked his ghostly brother, taking a sip of his pop first. Ah. Nice and refreshing.

"Hmmm. I'm not sure, Tommy. Maybe if I had my old guitar, I could try writing again! I do miss playing it very much!" Ghostbur pondered for a moment, then answered with a smile. Wil loved his guitar when he was alive, it made sense that the spirit would miss the instrument.

Now that Tommy thinks about it.. looks like he just thought of the perfect Christmas gift for his brother this year! (*Just because the world is crawling with flesh-eating zombies, doesn't mean you can't give your loved-ones a well deserved present.*)

"I'd like to um, listen to your music too. I-If you make more that is!" Ranboo tried to compliment. The new survivor had been mostly quiet at the table. From what Tommy had gathered, in the short time he had known him, is that Ranboo isn't very good at talking much.

That's alright though. Can't fault someone for being shy, or just not having the best social skills. Who knows what Ranboo had gone through?

After finishing their drinks, the group decided to move into the living room. With Ghostbur choosing to read the almanac he'd found earlier, while Ranboo wrote in his journal. Tommy was unsure of what to do though.

He could probably go play something in the game room, or watch a movie.

While the boy tried to decide on an activity, a familiar *shriek* broke the calm silence. Causing the three to immediately drop what they were doing.

"I think that was Icarus! Oh no! There must've been a spider in the shed!" Ghostbur said with concern. Thankfully still naive to what could really be happening outside, and judging by that

scream.. it probably wasn't good.

"D-Damn.. w-what do we do?" The new survivor looked afraid. Clearly he knew it was not in fact a spider that had caused the zombie in the shed to shriek. He twiddled his thumbs nervously.

Seeing an opportunity to deal with this on his own, instead of possibly endangering Ranboo, and scaring Ghostbur. Tommy figured he could use the whole '*spider*' thing.

"Yep, it's definitely a spider, the ugliest fucking spider I've ever seen! You two stay inside, kay? If you look at it, your ears might go blind and shit!" Tommy was spouting up nonsense, but he didn't really care. If Wilbur had gotten out of the shed again, and was screaming, that could be very bad news. The boy needs to make sure it's safe for his brother and new ally first.

"B-But, Toms!-"

"I'll be fine! I'm a big man! I can take care of one little spider, Ghostbro." The boy tried to reassure his ghostly brother. Internally, he was glad that Ghostbur was worried about him. Even if the ghost did think a spider was the danger.

'I really hope he did see a fucking spider..' Tommy thought as he walked outside, a bit of dread filling him as he prepared to face the potentially dangerous zombified form of Wilbur.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter! I've been meaning to add some angst to the survivor trio for awhile lol! Sorry if it's not good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Stay Indoors.

Chapter Summary

Tommy goes to check on Wilbur, while Ranboo and Ghostbur wait for Tommy to come back.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 56 guys!! We've got a little more angst with the survivor boys today! Looks like Wil isn't feeling so good! I wonder what's going to happen? Lol. I really hope you like this chapter guys! Sorry if this introduction is a bit weird today! I have a bit of a headache and can't focus very well. Sorry about that!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

By this time. Tommy had grown slightly more used to Wil's creepy behaviour. However this didn't make what he was doing now any less disturbing. Especially due to the even more bloody state he'd found him in.

If the undead could get sick, surely this would be it.

Wilbur had his face pressed against the window of the door. More blackened blood dripped from his mouth than usual, as if he'd been throwing the disgusting stuff up. Dark smudges stained the glass. He was more or less banging his head against it and growling, which Tommy had found to be worrying.

The boy tried to approach the shed, albeit slowly and carefully. Like a mouse to a cat. When he got closer to the door, he spoke. "W-Wil? You doing alright, big man?"

Shit. Being nice to a zombie, and knowing exactly what to say is hard. He wants to be more compassionate towards his brother, but it's not like taking care of a zombie comes with a handbook.

Low pained moans answered him back, instead of the usual repeating of Tommy's name. The zombie looked dazed, almost more *undead* than usual with his mindless growling. It was unsettling.. did Wilbur not recognize him?

Despite the concerning behaviour, his brother didn't seem particularly aggressive.

Then why had Wil screamed?

Was he feeling pain? Did something scare him? If only Tommy could just ask the man what happened, or why he's acting even less like himself, but surely any attempt would be close to talking to a brick wall.

Is he.. *hungry*?

Fuck. How could the boy have forgotten this exchange from yesterday?

"H-Hu..rts.. p-pa..in..!" The man twitched as he struggled to speak. Blood dribbling from the corners of his lip. His hands clenching and unclenching.

"W-Wil. L-Listen, I know it hurts-"

"H-Hur..ts..!"

Wilbur had made it clear enough. It's extremely painful for him to be hungry.. and after realizing that his brother can still in fact, feel pain, he feels a sudden overwhelming sense of pity well up in his heart.

"Hey.. look at me, big man." Tommy tapped the door's window, where the zombie was still lifelessly banging his head. Trying to get Wil's attention.

The zombie sort of jolted a bit, at the sound of the tapping. His dark eyes widened, but he still didn't seem fully aware of what was happening. Instead he had a feral look around him. Which made Tommy uneasy.

When his former brother's eyes caught sight of the boy, they immediately darted away. As if Wilbur was purposely ignoring him. A worried groan escaped his lips. Was he afraid of hurting Tommy?

"Listen, Big Dubs, I know you're starved right now, but it's going to be okay! I'll find you a rabbit or some shit. Calm down." Tommy tried his best to sound comforting. Keeping his voice softer in an attempt to soothe him. Although, the boy wasn't quite sure if he knew how to do that right.

Calming people down isn't Tommy's strong suit. Much less the undead.

Listening to Tommy's silent order to remain inside the house, was a no brainer. Ranboo wanted to try to help with whatever was going on, but the blonde survivor was better equipped to handle his brother.

If Tommy wants him and Ghostbur to stay indoors, he'll respect his decision.

Considering how the last two times went when Ranboo had been near the zombie, he simply didn't want to tempt fate for a third time.

Out of worry, the amnesiac went to the window to get a look outside. He could see Tommy outside, talking to Wilbur, who thankfully was still in the shed.

Meanwhile Ghostbur sat on one of the couches, humming to himself nervously. The ghost was still as smiley as ever, but the boy could sense that under the surface, the spirit was very concerned.

Stepping away from the window, Ranboo sat down next to the friendly spirit. Intending to say something encouraging, but the amnesiac didn't know what.

"Hey, um.. I'm sure the spider isn't, like, that big, Ghostbur! Tommy's gonna get rid of it, and then uh, Icarus will be fine!" Using a spider to explain why Wilbur- Or Icarus (*he should probably use that name now that thinks about it*) had screamed was a pretty smart idea on Tommy's part.

"I know.. I just feel bad for my friend. I really don't think he likes it in the shed.." The spectre mumbled. Ranboo understood why. Ghostbur had been saying multiple times that he didn't think his friend was happy being all alone in the shed.

Even after carefully explaining to him that Icarus could get him 'sick' he's still worried. Which is sweet, it's nice that the spirit cares so much about his friend. However, the boy also knows how dangerous it would be to let the zombie into the house.

How can they explain the situation clearer?

Having been chased by several groups of undead and then attacked by the particular zombie in question, he could safely assume that when the infected scream, it may mean life or death.

'I really hope he didn't see another survivor.' The amnesiac fearfully thought, but judging by the lack of noise outside, it seemed that wasn't the case. If something very serious was going on, Tommy would let the group know.

Then, as if on cue, Tommy barged in through the door.

"False alarm guys, Icarus's just feeling hungrychamp. Poor bastard's fucking starved. I'm going out to see if I can find something for him." The young survivor sighed, looking a tad frustrated. Grabbing a jacket from a coat rack. Most likely leaving to go hunt around the area.

Wait a minute, Ranboo never asked but can Icarus eat animal meat or only humans?

Yikes, he certainly hopes Tommy won't have to kill anyone in order to keep his brother fed. In fact.. god. What if that's why the survivor let him stay? Is Tommy planning on feeding him to Icarus?!

Okay, calm down. That's completely ridiculous.

“He seems to like rabbits and shit. I’m going to look around for some. You two stay put. Icarus becomes kind of uh.. bitch when he’s hungry. Ghostbur, Ranboo, keep holding down the Innit Fortress while I’m gone.”

“Did you take care of the spider, Tommy? You put it back outside where it can see its friends, right?” Ghostbur asked innocently. Becoming calm upon seeing his little brother again. The spirit’s smile seemingly more real and less forced than before.

“Yep! Spider-Man is back home, safe and sound. I’ll be back in a bit.” Tommy jokes, returning the smile. He put his hand on the doorknob, and began to open it.

Tommy paused before the door was completely open however. Stopping to look at the amnesiac with a more serious expression.

“Remember to stay inside Memory Boy. I’m not saying he won’t get out, but in case he does.. and I mean this in the nicest possible way, stay the *FUCK* inside.” Then the boy promptly left. Closing the door behind him. Leaving behind both a confused Ghostbur and Ranboo.

Well, if Ranboo had wanted to go outside before that (*and trust him, he didn’t*), he definitely didn’t want to now.

In fact, he’ll be keeping his eye on the shed through the window while Tommy is gone.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I’m sorry if it’s not very good though! I’ll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Halfway There.

Chapter Summary

Phil and Techno make it to the place they last saw Tommy, while Icarus makes his escape.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 57 guys!! We've got another chapter with Philza and Techno! Plus some more Icarus angst. Sorry if it's a bit short though! Tomorrow's chapter is going to be pretty exciting! I don't want to spoil but I think you guys are going to love it! I hope you guys like this chapter! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They made it.

To the place Tommy was last seen. On the other side of the horde.

Phil remembered it like it was yesterday.

The countless bleeding, snarling faces, stumbling around seeking the flesh off terrified survivors. Grabbing whatever pieces of gore they could find, and stuffing them into their endlessly hungry mouths.

Many people had died that day. There's no telling how many people are walking among their killers now. Unaware that they've become the very things that killed them.

Wil had died that day too. Although not from the wave of zombies coming from the horde. From what his son had told him, before he turned.. Wilbur was just in the wrong place, at the wrong time.

An accident.

A completely avoidable *mistake*.

Maybe that's why it hurt so much..

But even one bite is enough to cost your life.

There's no going back from it.

On the other side of the wave of death, was Tommy. The father remembered his face clearly, even from so far away.

That look of anger, hopelessness, and betrayal. Again Phil wonders, if his youngest son truly is alive, would he even want to see him anymore? At this point, the man won't even blame him if he doesn't.

"Well, we've made it. I guess we should just keep going down the road." Techno said, breaking the silence that Philza hadn't noticed was there.

This entire street was remarkably empty. Signs of an attack were very much present. Broken glass littered the ground, along with scattered newspapers. Dried blood caked the pavement in many spots. However, whether this was all from the original outbreak or the horde attack the father has no clue. In the end, it probably didn't matter.

Further down the road were a few wandering zombies. They shuffled around. Back hunched over as if to stare at the ground, with their arms dangling loosely at their sides. Clothes filthy from dirt and blood.

Thanks to their poor sight, they hadn't seen the two men yet. With the very low number of them, they wouldn't be too much of a threat either though. They mostly just gurgled and groaned rather loudly to themselves.

"Bruh. No matter how many you see, they never get any less annoying. S.M.H." His son sighed. Grabbing his axe in case they need to fight. "What's your move, Philza? Take them down or sneak past?"

"Let's take them down, mate. These little shits cause enough trouble.." Perhaps it was the grief still talking, or the pent up rage from when the father thought Techno had been bitten. But he simply did not have the patience to just let these monsters continue to exist.

As long as zombies roam this world, there will be nothing to stop them from spreading their disease.

It's best to stop these few, can't let another person potentially lose someone to these creatures..

Tommy came again.

His familiar thing is liking him more, he thinks.

That makes him so happy!

So happy! 

But..
HUNGER!
Rain.

So much hurting inside.

But can't hurt Tommy.

No bite.

No scratch.

Must protect his Tommy.

*Eat the **Ranboo** instead.*

Yes.

*Yes, eat it. Eat the **Ranboo**.*

Eat the food to make the pain go away.

Tommy tries to speak to him.

Icarus needs to ignore.

Can't pay attention to his familiar thing no matter how much he wants to.

He can't get confused.

Tommy looks like a fast-thing.

Icarus doesn't want to accidentally eat him.

But the boy leaves.

Good.

Please leave..

Tommy is safer if he leaves.

***Ranboo** food is in house.*

Need to leave tiny home.

Moving wall won't move.

Bendy Twig could help.

But Icarus is so scared.

Doesn't want to run into Tommy.

Not like this.

Cannot eat him.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't very good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I might find later! If you guys did like this chapter please leave a comment, as I'd love some feed back!

Back in the City/Watching the Shed.

Chapter Summary

Tubbo heads back into the city for his first assignment, while Ranboo keeps an eye on Icarus's shed.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 58 guys!! We've got another chapter with Tubbo, and the survivor trio! (*Well technically it's just Ranboo and Ghostbur since Tommy left to find Icarus some food lol*) I've been really excited for this chapter! There's a surprise character being introduced today! You guys are going to love it! At least I hope! I'm sorry if you don't! Lol sorry if I sound weird here, I've just been really excited for this chapter. xD <3

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Initially Tubbo was anxious for his first trip back out into the city. Definitely not eager to make a return to the zombie infested place, but he felt safer with the equipment that Dream provided. As well as in a group, instead of being alone like he had been before.

Dream had given him a hunting knife, a pistol, a radio, and a vest for protection. Tubbo didn't ask where he got that stuff from though, from what he's seen so far in the facility most people (*citizens excluded*) had these.

The group's current objective was to scout out a grocery store several streets away from the compound. Check if there's any useful supplies, and report back to base.

Something told the boy that perhaps the leader of the settlement didn't want him to do anything particularly dangerous just yet. As this is his first time going on a supply-run for the compound.

Hopefully there will be some sign of Tommy in the area.

Tubbo remembered what his best-friend had told him before he went missing. The pain and anguish on his face.

“T-Tubs! TUBBO! W-Wil’s gone! Phil killed him! That bastard fucking killed him, Tubbo!” Tommy had run to him, practically screaming. His body was shaking, and he refused to let go of his friend.

“Oh my god! Man, how? Why? What happened, Big T?!” Tubbo had been grabbing his things and preparing to find a safe house to stay in before the wave hit. What he wasn’t expecting was for his best friend to come seemingly out of nowhere to tell him that his father had just killed his brother.

The boy hoped this was some kind of messed up joke.

“He- he was turning! The bitch was TURNING, Tubbo! Wilbur fucking left me, and got bit!” He shouted furiously. Tears ran down his face, and Tubbo didn’t know what to do.

“What..?”

Wilbur wouldn’t have just left his brother like that.. he wouldn’t have left anyone like that. And Phil killed him? His own son?

“I-I’m so sorry, Boss Man! Look, we need to get out of here, I think. The horde is coming! I reckon if we don’t find shelter soon, we’ll be in big trouble!” There’s no time to console him, no matter how much he wishes he could.

Then Tommy was gone. Just like that, the image of his best friend’s desperation had vanished. Only a ruined city remained.

A city that Tubbo had to explore now.

At least there’s two others out here with him. “BBH” and “Skeppy” they said? Tubbo wasn’t really listening. Normally he would, but he had other things on his mind. They didn’t seem to be bothered by it much, thankfully.

Once the group had made it to the store, it was decided that each would split-up and enter through the front and back doors. Tubbo will enter through the small greenhouse section.

With his fellow survivors heading off first, that gave the boy a moment to himself.

The sound of pebbles scattering somewhere behind him told Tubbo that something was coming.

Something dangerous, stealthy unlike other things.

A predator that has been stalking the boy for quite awhile now. From before he had entered Dream’s compound.

It’s no surprise that it would still be following him.

He turned around and smiled.

“Hello, Michael.”

With Tommy heading out to find food for Icarus, Ranboo and Ghostbur tried to find something to keep themselves occupied.

Ghostbur had been quicker to distract himself. The spirit held a needle and thread, with his little brother's neckerchief sitting on his lap. That's sweet. He's sewing up all the tears in its material.

Maybe he could write in his memory book? It seemed like a good idea to do so, after making friends and being allowed to stay on the farm. The amnesiac already wrote some things, it couldn't hurt to write more.

Ranboo took a pencil from his pocket, and picked up his journal. Staring at the blank page until he thought about what he wanted to write.

He wrote about current events. It was important for him to remember in case he forgets. The boy wrote about the work the group had done today in the garden. How Tommy and Ghostbur had done some planting in the garden, while Ranboo investigated the basement. Then proceeded to write about Icarus's strange behaviour and that Tommy left to find him food.

Hopefully that wouldn't take too long.

The boy kept glancing through the window curtains (*Ranboo realized that maybe if the curtains were closed then if Icarus got out, he won't be able to see him inside.*) He swore he could see the shed's door shake every so often, as though something in there is trying to get out.

Which in hindsight, absolutely is.

Ranboo had already seen the zombie do it before.

"Hmmm. Do you think Toms would like it if I put his initials on this?" Ghostbur asked suddenly. Holding up the green neckerchief for the amnesiac to see. From what could be seen, the rips and tears were all patched up. The job was clearly done with *love* and care.

"Uh. I dunno, I still, um, don't know Tommy very well.. but I bet he'd like it! I think." Well if Tommy doesn't like it, Ranboo definitely does. Not that he wants to take it or anything. It's more that the boy really admired how good the piece of fabric looked after being carefully stitched up.

"Okay! I'll add them on! Oh, maybe he'd rather it say '*Big Man*' on it! Yes, let's go with that!" The spirit positively beamed at his idea, and with his new friend's approval. Grabbing some thread from a basket next to the sofa Ghostbur was sitting on. Choosing a nice, fine red for the letters.

It's stupid, but with Tommy not being home, it's making him really anxious. It hadn't been more than maybe ten minutes, but the boy was still worried.

He hadn't run into any zombies on the way to the farm before, so it's highly likely that Tommy is fine, and that there's nothing to be so stressed about.

The amnesiac looked outside again, just to make sure that Wilbur, or *Icarus*, was still in the shed.

To his horror. The door to the shed was wide-open. How did he get out again?!

Right as the boy tried to tell Ghostbur, a loud banging noise came from the door to the farmhouse. So loud that the ghost gasped and accidentally dropped the sewing supplies he was holding.

"Someone's at the door! Looks like they really want to come in. Should I open it, Ranboo?"

All he could do at that moment was shake his head.

No.

Do *NOT* open that door.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'm still extremely new to writing Tubbo so I'm sorry if it's not good! Also I apologize for not writing any dialogue with BadBoyHalo and Skeppy! I just have absolutely no idea how to write them and I need time to learn how. Anyway sorry about that! I'll try my best to fix any problems I might find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Frightened/Michael.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur is scared by the noises outside, while Tubbo reflects on his first meeting with Michael.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 59 guys!! Sorry I didn't post this yesterday! It was my dad's birthday so I was really busy! We've got another Ranboo, Ghostbur, and Tubbo chapter today! I really hope you like it! Sorry if it's not good though! I haven't had much time to look it over! I promise I'll try my best to fix any problems I find!

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

What could be heard from outside was the stuff of nightmares. Feral shrieks and angry growls came from the other side of the door. While the door itself shook violently from the impact of the zombie's punches.

With Ghostbur first wanting to open the door, to kindly let whoever was outside into the house, the spirit seemed to change his mind quickly. The noise had frightened the poor spectre into hiding behind Ranboo.

Ranboo could feel his new friend's ghostly hands on his shoulders as Ghostbur cowered behind him.

"R-Ranboo, I thought Tommy took the spider back to it's home.." The spirit muttered, his voice quiet and fearful. It made the boy feel bad for some reason. He wasn't sure why.

But, if Ghostbur thinks that the creature outside is a spider and not a zombie, then perhaps this could help keep up the illusion that everything is fine?

The boy decides to play along. It'll make Ghostbur less scared in the long-run. Ranboo knows that Tommy tried his best to explain to his brother the truth of what's been going on, but the spirit doesn't seem ready for the whole truth.

He'd have to be crazy and down-right cruel to tell him that was Icarus.

“Maybe it, uh, came back? D-Don’t worry! Tommy will, um, be back soon Ghostbur!” The amnesiac tried to calm the spirit down. Not knowing what’s going on can be just as scary as knowing the truth sometimes. So Ranboo felt sorry for him.

Best he can really do for now though was let Ghostbur know that the ‘*spider*’ is not going to hurt him.

“W-What if the spider ate Icarus? I-I should go out and check on him!” Ghostbur let go of the boy and started to nervously float to the door. Which was not a good sign, considering the banging noises were getting louder.

“No! Don’t like, do that! Uh.. remember what Tommy said? Your ears will go um, blind?” Ranboo almost facepalmed upon hearing his own words. He never thought he’d have to say something like this.

It’s ironic that Ghostbur is worried that a spider ate his friend, since it’s Icarus who wants to *eat* the amnesiac.

“Oh.. right, Tommy did say that.” The spirit then laughed, but it sounded forced.

Suddenly the door started rattling again. The shrieks had started up again, and part of the boy wondered if Icarus was simply doing that for a reaction. The two of them had stopped paying him attention after all.

That probably isn’t the case however. It’s a zombie, and even though Ranboo wanted to empathize with the poor thing, it’s still a flesh eating monster.

The only thing Icarus would be wanting now, is his flesh.

“*G-Gh..ost..bur..?*” A weak groan asked from behind the door. Causing Ghostbur to look confused.

“I-Icarus? You’re okay! I-I thought the spider got you! I’ll let you in!”

“G-Ghostbur! NO!” Ranboo shouted uselessly.

Too late.

Time to *run*.

Michael is an odd one.

From what Tubbo had seen, his little friend was absolutely a child. Had the baby face, and fragile frame of a little kid. If the boy had to guess, Michael would be about.. four to six years old?

He definitely acted like a kid. Still played games with other children, slept with a teddy bear, played pranks (*Michael was particularly fond of pranks*), would cry if he scraped his knee,

and feel better upon being bandaged up.

Now, here's where the little boy differs from the average child.

Michael had tried to *eat* Tubbo.

Yeah, Tubbo had somehow managed to befriend a zombie kid. How did he do it? He doesn't really know.

It had started after Tommy went missing. Tubbo had gone looking for his friend, and ended up in a part of the city he didn't recognize. Lost and confused, he tried to hide in an abandoned café.

Eventually he found Michael who had been living there. Obviously due to the nature of zombie children, the place had been filled with traps.

Noisy objects were scattered all over the floor. Trip-wires were set up between aisles. Tubbo had one hell of a time trying to get past those. Unfortunately he hadn't realized exactly what he was dealing with at the time.

So instead of getting out of there like any survivor would, he just kept trying to explore.

Somehow Michael must've thought the boy's struggle was amusing. Because when the survivor had finally caught the zombie kid, he didn't immediately attack. Instead he tried to mess with him more.

With Michael playing the guilt-trip card, and crying. Attempting to lower Tubbo's guard so he could bite him. That doesn't mean he didn't try to attack the older boy at all. He was pretty determined to do that. The kid just wasn't strong enough to take Tubbo down.

For some reason Tubbo decided to let Michael go. It didn't feel right killing a child, even if it is a *zombie*.. So when the little boy gave up and threw a tantrum, the survivor made his escape. Not wanting to be there for when more zombies arrive.

After that encounter, they had seen each other a few times more. They'd basically go through a similar song and dance, until Michael must've decided that Tubbo was too interesting to eat.

Maybe it's dangerous, but they've formed a bond since then. The older boy had decided to take care of the younger one. Giving him food when he can, and just generally being kind to him.

Now Michael was in front of him. With a curious expression on his bloody face.

"*T-T..ub..bo..?*" The little zombie asked. Stumbling towards the young survivor. A hint of a smile on his face, or so Tubbo thinks. It's hard to tell with the undead. Usually they either look totally expressionless or angry.

"Hey, Michael! My apologies for not seeing you sooner! I didn't think I'd be gone for so long, honestly." He pulled the small child into a hug. He'd been around Michael long enough

to trust that the little zombie won't bite him.

A sudden buzz from his radio reminded Tubbo that he had a job to do.

"Oh! Man, I got to go. I'm sorry Michael. Just wait here, actually. I'll be back in a minute, I reckon." The older boy put the small zombie back onto the ground. Ignoring Michael's little squeaks of protest. Clearly he did not want to be put down.

Charging off towards the store, Tubbo left the zombie child alone. He'll just have to say hello to him again properly later.

It might be dangerous for Michael if anyone else sees him anyway.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again if it wasn't good! Especially the Tubbo part! I'm so new to writing him, and I'm having a hard time figuring it out. I'm trying very hard though! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Hunting.

Chapter Summary

Techno and Phil head towards the forest, while Tommy searches for something Wilbur can eat.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 60 guys!! Wow! 60 chapters is insane! I can barely believe we got to 50 before!! Thank you so much to everyone who has stuck with this story!! You guys are the best, and I really hope I can keep posting chapters for this AU! Since we've hit 10 chapters again, I'll be taking a break from writing and posting this week. So I just wanted to take this time to wish you all a merry Christmas and happy holidays!! :D <3

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Going straight ahead would be the father and son's best bet. Of course there was no way to tell if Tommy had in fact went down this road, but they didn't have many other options.

If only there were some kind of magical quest marker, to show them the boy's whereabouts.

Too bad that stuff only happens in video games.

Damn. Techno would much rather be playing Skyblock right now. As fun as it is dispatching the undead, the young man missed the simpler times.

Back when he and his brothers were younger.. when all you had to worry about was finishing homework, going to school, having a social life.

It was better when the warrior didn't have to worry about his father's health. Sure, Phil was getting a bit better after seeing that Techno was unharmed.. but if they don't find Tommy soon, he's not certain his father will be able to take it.

Techno wasn't sure if he could handle losing anyone else either.

You can only be *strong* for so long.

Eventually emotions will start flooding like a waterfall.

The man has never been the type to cry, so if he does lose what's left of his family, he'll just have to kill every last zombie. Even if it kills him. Rage would be what would keep him going.

"What are you thinking about, mate?" Phil suddenly asked, bringing Techno out of his thoughts. Putting a hand on his shoulder.

Not wanting to stress his father, Techno thought of a different answer.

"Hmmm.. just wondering how my Skyblock farm is doing. Been awhile since any of us have played Minecraft." The young man lied. He'd simply rather not talk about his feelings. Of course he'd trust Phil not to judge him over said feelings, but Techno just doesn't feel comfortable doing that right now.

"Doubt any servers are still up. Sorry, son. Might be able to play single player still though." Phil laughed a little. Joking around with him. It's highly likely that neither of the men will be able to play video games again.

People don't have time for much fun during a zombie apocalypse.

Which.. almost made him miss his brothers even more.

Luckily at that moment, a zombie had spotted the pair, and charged after them. Snarling and growling hungrily. Techno managed to put it down easily with a swing of his axe.

"Think we should make camp somewhere, mate. Sun's starting to set." His father remarked. Slightly pointing to the sky.

Hmmm. Phil's not wrong. It's starting to get a little dark. They should probably stop and eat again soon too.

"I see a forest nearby. We can probably go there for the night." Techno directed. The undead can't see too well, so staying somewhere secluded would be a good idea. It'll be harder for the zombies to spot them through the dense trees.

Hopefully the night will pass soon, so the father and son can resume their search for Tommy.

Hunting for food for a zombie wasn't what Tommy was hoping to do.

He'd much rather have tried to get some more work done around the farm, before dinner. There's a lot to be done with winter coming. They'll have to be prepared for a lack of food during this time.

Of course, that's exactly why Tommy and Ghostbur had been working on the garden and planting the proper vegetables for the month.. but what if it's not enough? The brothers may have done a good job today, but neither of them are farmers.

The boy guessed that he'll have to get accustomed to hunting. If not just for Wilbur, he and Ranboo should still have some meat in their diet as well.

Tommy isn't sure he can really kill an animal though.. he may be a tough, big man, but killing an animal just seems cruel. Hell, the rabbit that he found and tried to cook a few days ago (*that Wil stole and ate*) was dead when he found it. The boy didn't kill it himself.

Sighing to himself, the survivor decided that for now, he'd just have to hope that he comes across something already dead and still fresh enough to give to his zombified brother.

'I'm not letting Wilby eat fucking rotten shit.' Tommy hasn't totally forgiven Wil for abandoning him before his death.. but he felt guilty at the thought of making him eat something utterly disgusting. His brother had saved him several times from other zombies. The least he could do is give him something fresh.

It's getting colder. Tommy can clearly tell. The chill in the air was more present than before, and the boy was relieved that he wasn't staying in a tent anymore.

He's not sure if he could've handled spending the winter out in the forest.

Hopefully the crops at the farm will survive the cold. That's another thing the boy is worried about.

Well, perhaps that's enough stress for right now. Tommy has another job to do, and that's finding Wilbur some food. Can't have him going after Ranboo after all.

In all seriousness however, Tommy could see how much his brother needed it.

Wil had told him that he was in pain..

'There has to be something around here.' The boy looked around in all directions. He didn't want to, but there's a chance he might have to head back into the forest.

Not that he was afraid to go back into the woods or anything. Tommy just didn't like it there. He'd nearly gotten lost in the forest a few times. One night the boy couldn't find his tent. Ghostbur had been very worried. It took him about three hours to make it back to his campsite.

Eventually after a long while of searching, the boy stumbled across a furry thing in the grass.

Unsure if it was alive or not, Tommy carefully crept up to it.

Oh shit.

It's a dead *rat*.

"Fuck. Wil's not going to want this shit.." Tommy groaned in frustration. Ten minutes of searching and all he finds is a dead rat. It looks fresh enough, but is he really willing to give *that* to his brother?

“Big Dubs is going to kill me.”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'll be taking my break now! I'll be back in a week! I'm sorry if this chapter isn't great though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! Happy Holidays and Merry Christmas everyone!! I hope you have a wonderful week! :D

“Are you okay?”

Chapter Summary

Icarus tries to find the Ranboo Steak, while Ghostbur tries to get his friend to rest.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 61 guys!! I'm so sorry I took so long to post! I ended up getting writer's block and I had a very difficult time writing these chapters! I'm honestly terrified that the next seven chapters are going to be terrible.. but anyway, sorry again for the wait! I hope you all had a great New Year!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Food in house.

Ranboo in house.

Eat the ***Ranboo***.

Ghostbur in house.

Alone.

With a Fast-Thing..

Icarus doesn't like that.

Fast-Things are dumb.

Stupid.

Thoughtless.

Brain-dead.

They only exist to be eaten.

It has no place near his friend.

Why is Tommy and Ghostbur keeping it?

He needs to kill it.

Has to eat it.

Before his Tommy comes back.

Icarus will never forgive himself if he hurts his precious familiar thing.

The young man gets desperate.

He bangs on the moving-wall.

Hits it so hard that Inside-Stuff is leaking from his knuckles.

It hurts..

But Icarus keeps hitting.

Stop it.

Icarus will not stop.

~~Continue~~

Yes. Continue.

Don't fucking eat him!

Inside Voice?

Not this again.

Can't the strange voice understand how hungry he is?

Does it not know the pain of hunger?

The fear of turning Empty?

~~There is nothing to fear as long as you eat~~

~~for the Rainbow~~

Icarus feels like his head is spinning..

Why won't the voices stop?

Everything was better before Inside Voice appeared.

When it was just him and the All Voice.

Inside Voice..

~~You don't belong here.~~

Icarus can feel the voices arguing again. Screaming at each other.

All he wants is for All Voice to put the Inside Voice back to sleep.

So he can eat in peace.

Icarus is okay!

Ghostbur is so happy to see that his friend wasn't hurt by the scary spider. He hadn't seen the terrifying beast, but the ghost had definitely heard it outside.

"Icarus, I'm so glad you're safe!" The spectre pulled his friend into a hug. Letting him into the house, and away from the evil arachnid that was hiding around.

"I was terribly worried! I thought the spider had gotten you! Did you see where it went, friend?" Ghostbur wanted to know, just in case the spider decided to come back. If he knew where it was, then he could tell Tommy. His brother will know what to do with the pesky creature.

Icarus didn't say anything. His face scrunched up in a look of pain. One arm held his stomach, while the other gripped the ghost's hand tightly. Kind of like the way squeezing something hard will comfort someone when they're stressed or hurting.

"Icarus? Are you okay?"

He looked oddly.. *sick*. A strange kind of sickness that Ghostbur had never seen before. His eyes looked dark, black almost. The spirit could've sworn his friend had brown eyes though.

The young man's skin didn't look right either. It was paler than before, and covered in dark webbed veins.. oh no. Did the spider do this? Had the spider poisoned his friend? A lot of black stuff was coming out of his mouth too.

It leaked from his eyes as well..

Something is wrong here, but Ghostbur can't figure out what.

The spirit turned around to ask Ranboo if he knew what to do to help Icarus, but when he looked back, his new friend was gone.

"Do you need to lie down? If you're not feeling well then you should get some rest!" Ghostbur took Icarus's hand again and tried to sit him down on the couch.

Managing to get his friend into a sitting position, Ghostbur quickly grabbed a blanket and tried to wrap it around his friend. Although he soon found that it wasn't doing much to help.

Icarus was badly trembling.

"D-Don't worry! I'm sure everything will be alright, Icarus! Just sit back, and I'll make you some soup!" The spirit was starting to get worried, but he tried not to show it. To his relief though Icarus seemed to listen, and began to lie down on the couch. That makes it easier for Ghostbur to keep an eye on him.

The spectre hummed in an attempt to calm himself down. Floating into the kitchen, but making sure to listen for his friend just in case. Opening one of the cupboards and pulling out some canned chicken noodle soup.

Turning on the stove, and grabbing a pot. Ghostbur then poured the soup in. Still keeping an ear out for Icarus. He's not going to let his sick friend wander off. That could be dangerous!

Speaking of wandering off though, where did Ranboo go?

Oh right.

Ranboo doesn't want to catch Icarus's *flu*! The spirit couldn't believe he'd forgotten about something so important. It's a good thing his newer friend is maintaining some social distance!

After a few minutes, the soup was done. Ghostbur responsibly turned off the stove. Not wanting to accidentally set this beautiful vacation home ablaze (*For some reason Tommy was worried he'd accidentally light the house on fire?*) He then grabbed a ladle, bowl, and spoon. Pouring the pot's contents into the bowl.

"Soup's done! I'll come and bring it to you!" Ghostbur smiled happily. Feeling confident that some rest and good soup will make Icarus feel right as rain again. He floated back into the living room.

Icarus had been lying down still, but upon smelling the chicken noodle soup, the young man immediately sat upright. Eyeing the bowl of soup with curiosity.

"I used to make this for Tommy all the time when he got sick! You'll be feeling better in no time!"

"*T-To..mmy..?*" Icarus mumbled. Looking intrigued.

"Yeah! He loved it! Please try some!" Ghostbur held the bowl and spoon for Icarus to take.

Unfortunately Icarus seemed confused by this. He tried to take the spoon, but in the process of doing so had accidentally batted the spoon out of Ghostbur's hand and onto the floor. Yikes! Might need to rinse that off first.

Icarus didn't seem to have the best motor skills.

Oh! Ghostbur can just feed it to him!

“I’ll be right back, friend! I’m just going to clean this spoon, and then you can have your soup!” Ghostbur cheerfully said as he left the room again. Not keeping an eye on Icarus like he should be.

Unbeknownst to the ghost, Icarus had just heard a *noise* downstairs.

And is no longer interested in Ghostbur’s soup.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I’m so sorry if it wasn’t very good and I’m sorry again for the wait! I’ll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Chills.

Chapter Summary

Tommy heads home, while Ranboo hides.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 62 guys!! Things are getting chilly down at the farm! Hopefully everyone will be able to bundle up for the coming winter! I hope you guys like this chapter! Sorry if it isn't good though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was headed back home with the dead rat in tow. To put it simply, the boy was not in a good mood.

Having to feed his brother a rat of all things, was not what he had been hoping to do today. Hell, Tommy couldn't imagine eating one even if he were starving, and trust him. Some survivors would jump at the chance for any kind of food.

His circumstances may have not been great, but some people out here could have had it much worse. The boy had been running extremely low on edible food when Wilbur showed up, but Tommy still wouldn't have been desperate enough to eat rodents.

He didn't particularly hate the little things, it's more along the lines of them being filthy and possibly riddled with disease. It had seemed to spontaneously drop dead after all.

Then again the rat isn't for him, is it? No. It's for his zombified older brother, who has been living in a shed for everyone's safety.

Still. Tommy didn't feel good about it.

The little critter probably won't hurt Wilbur, with him being undead after all. Plus it's probably impossible for him to catch any other illness now, and sure Tommy liked to mess around and cause trouble sometimes, but this didn't seem like a funny joke.

If anything, this is just a grim reminder of the state of the world.

The things people have to resort to just to eat.

'There has to be a way I can clean it and shit, right?' Since there doesn't seem to be any other way around this, then the boy can at least make it less disgusting for his brother. Maybe he can just dunk it in a bucket of water and see if that helps?

He's a fucking idiot. Of course that won't work! If it didn't help during the Black Plague, it's not going to help now.

Whatever. It is what it is. Wil needs to eat so he doesn't kill anyone.

If it comes down to eating a rat, then well, you gotta do what you've got to do.

Tommy went back in the direction of the farm. It'll take a bit to get back. Hopefully Wilbur would still be in the shed when he got there.

It's strange how much can change in so little time.

The boy had gone from hating that undead freak of nature, and now.. he can't even think about letting his brother starve. Not just because of the bad things that could result from a zombie's hunger, but also out of guilt.

As he walks, something cold and light lands on his shoulder.

Oh.

It's *snowing*.

Ranboo felt bad about leaving Ghostbur behind in the living room. Honestly he did, but the ghost isn't in any danger being around Icarus.

Now, Ranboo. That's a different story. He's alive, and more specifically not Tommy. So the zombie upstairs has no reason to let the boy live.

Thankfully the sweet spirit was distracting his friend. The amnesiac could hear Ghostbur worrying over the state of Icarus. Asking him if he needs to lie down, and if he wants a bowl of soup.

Again, Ranboo wishes he had a way to thank the kind, yet strange brothers for letting him stay.

However, now is not the time. He can always figure something out later.

Right now he needs to focus on being dead silent. The boy may have only recently found himself in the zombie apocalypse, but even he knows that the undead are sensitive to sound.

If he so much as bumps into something, Icarus will surely hear it.

Ranboo doesn't remember making a bucket list, but if he had one, he definitely wouldn't have put being eaten by a zombie on there.

'It's okay.. Ghostbur's got this. He's friends with Icarus, he knows how to, like, calm him down.

Right?' The boy nervously thought. Taking careful steps down the stairs. There has to be a good place to hide in the basement.

Taking a look around once he gets to the bottom, Ranboo sees several different places he could hide. There's a wardrobe that he hadn't noticed when he was in here earlier. It looks like a good spot.

"Soup's done! I'll come and bring it to you!" Ghostbur could be heard from upstairs. Hopefully the spirit's distraction is going well. So far the amnesiac couldn't hear any footsteps coming down the stairs.

Quietly, he made it to the closet, Ranboo slowly opened the doors. If he opens it too quickly, it might make noise. The boy doesn't want to risk that.

He gets inside, and closes the closet doors. It's a bit of a squeeze, since the closet isn't particularly big, but Ranboo manages to fit.

So far so good.

The amnesiac keeps the closet open just a tad, so he can see if and when someone comes down into the basement. As his eyes peek from the crack, he spots the steamer trunk from before.

As expected, the lock is still present. Ranboo wonders where the key might be again, momentarily distracting him from his predicament.

Thankfully Icarus hasn't come running down the stairs yet, so maybe he'll be safe until Tommy comes back?

Problem is.. how long will that take? What if the zombie ends up finding him before Tommy comes back?

Unfortunately, at that moment. Ranboo notices a spider crawling on his shoulder, and accidentally hits his head when he jumped in surprise.

Damn it.

The boy hears an alert growl from below, and knows that Icarus *heard* him.

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it's not very good! I'm pretty distracted right now so I haven't had much time to look it over! I promise I'll try to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Snowfall.

Chapter Summary

Techno thinks about better days, while Icarus struggles between hunger and listening to his friend.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 63 guys!! We've got a Techno chapter today! Tomorrow's chapter is going to properly introduce two new characters as well so I hope you guys are excited!! I do need to warn in advance though for tomorrow, I have zero idea of how to write them so please forgive me if it's terrible. Anyway though, I hope you guys like this chapter!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's a bit early for snowfall, but Techno isn't really surprised.

It has been getting colder lately.

Maybe it's weird.. but it kind of brings him back to his childhood. When Tommy was just a toddler, and Wilbur would start snowball fights.

Usually those would end up with his twin being pelted with snow, but they still managed to have a blast each time.

With Tommy making snow angels, and waddling around like a marshmallow in his snowsuit. Wanting to join in on the great snowball war.

Wilbur trying to make his own snow country. L'snowburg he would call it. However Techno would've preferred naming it the Antarctic Kingdom.

At the end of the day, Philza and Mumza would call them inside, with hot cups of cocoa. The boys would sit in front of the fireplace after hours of fun.

Those really were the good old days, huh?

But then life had to catch up. Both boys grew older. Mumza passed away. School got harder, soon Tommy wasn't a toddler anymore, and the twins were both young adults.

Techno likes to think they've been successful in their short lives. Wil was becoming a musician, and a popular streamer. Tommy tried streaming himself and got incredibly popular. Techno himself is pretty much a famous Youtuber, and pretty intelligent if he says so himself. *(Even if he did drop out of college.)*

Not to say that Wilbur wasn't smart. In the young man's opinion, he thought his brother was brilliant.

It's just a shame that things can all go downhill, in such a short time.

The zombie apocalypse has all but completely shattered the family's lives. Well, not including one.. it took Wil's life.

As much as he hates thinking about it, Techno has begun to find it harder and harder to combat the guilt.

Getting bitten is just the circle of life in this messed up world. That's what he tried to tell himself.

But..

If it weren't for that fight.

Maybe Techno could've been there to save him?

The falling snow landing in his hair, snapped him out of his thoughts. Ah. Right, the man and his father should be heading into the forest for shelter.

It looks relatively safe. Probably no bears. Although if there are, they've probably gone into hibernation to prepare for winter.

However, judging by how close it is to the city, Techno wouldn't be surprised if a few zombies have wandered in. So it's best for the both of them to stay on their guard.

After a while of walking, Phil suddenly points to something.

"Techno, look over here, mate!" He walks over to a small clearing. Shaded by the tall trees, but clearly had enough space to make camp. How do they know this? Well, there's the cold remains of a campfire.

"Do you think this could've been..?" Phil didn't even have to finish his sentence for his son to know he was thinking of Tommy.

"No clue.. but now we know that someone's gone through here. I'd be able to tell for sure if the gremlin child left evidence. Don't see anything though." Being the human GPS that he is, he'd be able to track his little brother if there was any groundbreaking evidence.

For one, Techno sees multiple sets of footprints. Three at least. Perhaps it's odd that he can recognize this, but one of the prints matches Tommy's shoes. *(Guess he didn't find a new pair.)* This could be a coincidence however.

There's even a set that looks like Wilbur's, but that's probably just the carefully hidden *grief* messing with his head. There's small traces of black blood following those particular prints. It probably belongs to a wandering zombie.

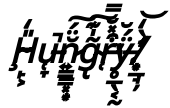
The next set is.. unrecognizable.

Like he said though. This isn't groundbreaking evidence. It could all very much be a coincidence. Still. After Techno and Phil light the campfire back up, and get some rest, they'll follow down this trail.

Ghostbur nice.

Ghostbur good.

Ranboo bad.



The fast-thing is stupid.

It can't hide from him.

Sometimes when fast-things hide, he forgets they're there.

Not this time.

He's a smart Other.

The bad Ranboo is somewhere in this house.

But.. where?

"Icarus, I'm so glad you're safe!"

Ghostbur distracts him.

Cold hug.

Still nice.

"I was terribly worried! I thought the spider had gotten you! Did you see where it went, friend?"

His friend was worried?

No.

Icarus is worried about him.

Ghostbur was left in the house with the Ranboo.

...

What's a spider?

"Do you need to lie down? If you're not feeling well then you should get some rest!"

Rest?

No one to pile with though.

~~*Find food? Rest after?*~~

All Voice whispers.

Listen to Casper, he's looking out for you!

Inside Voice?

Well..

Icarus needs to eat, but he wants to stay with Ghostbur.

Also, who is Casper?

The young man decides to lie down like the shiny ghost wants.

Ghostbur talks some more. Gives him a soft thing and a warm thing.

It's nice.. but his stomach hurts so much.

Icarus needs to eat.

All Voice wants him to.

He wants it too.

Anything to make the pain stop..

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't good though, I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Grocery-Run.

Chapter Summary

Michael thinks about his strange friend, while Tubbo tries to look for supplies in the abandoned grocery store.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 64 guys!! It's Tubbo and Michael chapter today!! I've been excited for these! First time we get to see the point of view from another zombie! I really hope you guys like it! Oh and also, I'm so sorry if BBH and Skeppy are terribly written! I have no idea how to write them, and I couldn't find a guide that could make things easier for me! If you guys don't like this chapter I promise I'll take it down!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Michael likes Tubbo.

Tubbo is funny.

A silly thing.

Michael wanted to eat him before.

The Tubbo looked very tasty.

But Tubbo is smart.

Little Others like making things.

Things to make Fast-Things mad.

Likes making them trip.

Fall down.

They get mad

They're dumb.

It's funny.

Fast-Things are easier to bite when they're on the ground.

Harder for them to run.

Sometimes Fast-Things can be scary.

They hurt sometimes.

Have long sticks.

Cause pain.

Pain bad.

*Sometimes **sharp** things.*

Very scary.

Michael doesn't like them.

Tubbo not scary though.

He is fun.

Gives hugs.

Tubbo gives him food too.

Michael has never met a nice Fast-Thing before.

The little one didn't know they existed.

Michael thinks Tubbo is interesting.

So no eat.

But Tubbo leaves a lot.

Michael doesn't know why.

It makes him feel lonely.

He wants to play with the Tubbo.

Michael doesn't have many friends to play with.

Littles are rare.

There was another one.

Lived in house with lots of warm softs.

*Something **bad** happened though..*

Others told Michael not to go near there anymore.

He hopes his Little friend is okay.

Michael still wants to play with the Tubbo though.

Follow Tubbo.

It's hard leaving Michael behind. For a zombie, he's a pretty lovable kid.

Perhaps it's silly, but Tubbo kind of wants to adopt him. Then again, the boy is seventeen. If the government were still around he probably wouldn't be allowed to.

Plus if Michael were to enter the compound he'd most-likely get *shot*.. and Tubbo doesn't want that.

If the circumstances were different, and the little boy wasn't infected, he'd definitely take Michael with him.

Then again, would Dream even allow him inside? You'd have to be pretty heartless not to take children into your shelter. Everyone knows that a little kid would be the easiest prey for the undead. They can't defend themselves well enough to survive for very long.

Now that Tubbo thinks about it.. he didn't see any children inside the compound. At least, no one younger than himself, and the boy is seventeen years old.

That's definitely a big difference. Of course Tubbo isn't as strong as other survivors, but he definitely has a chance compared to Michael if he were alive and alone.

Refocusing on the task at hand, Tubbo carefully made his way inside the store.

It was pretty run down from the looks of it. Shattered glass on the floor. Merchandise scattered all around the aisles. A few old bloodstains were also present in several different areas. The lights were flickering as well, but most were simply dead.

"Hey kid! Why're you taking so fucking long? We need to finish this mission, or Bad won't give me cuddles!" Suddenly a whiney voice came through the radio, the boy nearly dropping it from surprise.

*"Skeppy! **Language!** Sorry about that, Tubbo. Have you made it inside okay?"* A second voice came through, his tone frustrated before switching to a calmer and more pleasant one.

“Uh, yep! My apologies, I guess I was a little distracted back there. I’m inside now, sir.” The boy answered quietly through his radio. If there’s any zombies inside the store, he’d have to be as silent as possible to not attract their attention.

“Aw. Just call me BBH! Or Bad, everyone does. Glad you’ve gotten over here! Skeppy and I are checking out the pharmacy. If you could check some of the aisles for food, that would be great!” BBH politely said. From what the boy could hear, he seemed like a pretty nice guy. Something about the man made Tubbo respect him.

“Yay! That means we have more alone time!-” The other survivor practically giggled teasingly.

“SKEPPY!” Bad shouted through the receiver. Probably forgetting that he didn’t need to talk through the radio as his friend was probably right next to him.

Tubbo, generally being the more serious type when it came to important things, found himself trying not to laugh at the two survivors. They acted like an old married couple. It’s actually kind of endearing.

“Roger that. I’ll take a look around, I think.” With that, Tubbo put his radio back in his pocket, and tried to follow Bad’s instructions. They seemed simple enough. Just searching for food.

When Tubbo got to the first aisle, it was pretty clearly picked clean. The shelves were absolutely barren and caked in a layer of dust. Perhaps other survivors had taken things from here?

Seems a bit odd to send the boy out here if the place was ransacked. Then again, it’s only the first few shelves. There has to be something useful around here still. Plus it’s not like Dream would’ve known other people had come through the store.

Tubbo was about to check through the next aisles when he heard a crunch and a small yelp.

Immediately the boy turned around to see Michael. Oh dear. Of course the little zombie followed him inside..

That’s when he noticed the poor kid had stepped on some *glass* with his bare feet.

“T-T..ubb..o..!” The small child started to whimper. About to cry.

Oh shit.

What should he do?

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'm sorry again if BBH and Skeppy are badly written! There's another chapter with them tomorrow and I'm honestly very worried that it won't be any good because of my lack of knowledge on these two! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later, but again I apologize! If you guys did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Glass.

Chapter Summary

Tubbo tries to calm Michael down, while Michael tries to be brave.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 65 guys!! Once again, I'm so sorry if BBH and Skeppy are extremely out of character! I honestly have no idea how to write them and I couldn't find a guide anywhere. I really hope that you guys will like this chapter despite the problems it may have! Things are going to get heavy for the main group starting next chapter though! Dang I'm so excited for chapter 68-70! Not going to spoil what's happening though, but you guys are in for a crazy ride. xD

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

Also TW: Injury!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Every problem has some sort of solution.

Well. Most do, anyway.

So what's the solution to stopping a tiny zombie from crying and accidentally causing a swarm of the undead to start breaking into the building?

Simple.

You try to calm it down.

If it's Michael, at least. Tubbo isn't willing to try this with any other zombie kids. Michael is the only zombie who doesn't want to eat him after all.

Blackened bloody tears were streaming down the little boy's face. Lip quivering, and he sniffled. The poor kid. It looks like it really hurts. Should Tubbo have found him some shoes before? If he had then Michael wouldn't have cut himself stepping on glass.

Tubbo found out through Michael that the undead can in fact feel. (*It was a pretty shocking revelation*) The child usually started behaving like this when he would trip and fall.

Unfortunately for the zombified kid, the undead are extremely uncoordinated on their feet. It's insane that they can even run when they're so clumsy.

"Shhhh. Hey calm down, Michael. It's going to be alright, honestly." The older boy pressed a finger to his lips, hoping the little zombie would understand that he needs to be quiet.

If Michael starts crying, not only would it draw the attention of other zombies, but it will let BBH and Skeppy know that there's an undead child in the grocery store.

Tubbo doesn't want to risk Michael getting hurt. Or worse, *killed*.

So, he did the only thing he could really think of. Tubbo picked the little boy up. Bounced him a little to comfort the zombie. Patting his back. The poor thing.. Tubbo could feel the tiniest of sobs building up within him.

"Michael, I'm going to get the glass out. I'm terribly sorry if this hurts, but you'll feel better when it's gone, surely." After bouncing the small child a bit, he carefully placed Michael on the floor. Away from any glass.

"*U-Up..*" The little zombie whined. Looking confused. The tears were still running (*although, zombies kind of always seem to have blood dripping from their eyes*) but he seemed less focused on the pain, and more focused on being picked up again.

"You can have more '*up*' time in a minute, man. I promise." Tubbo said softly. He gently lifted up Michael's feet. The glass shards were rather large so they'd be easier to remove thankfully. However, the older boy is worried that the cuts will be deep.

There's some bandages in his backpack he can use to cover the wounds after, hopefully they'll help long enough until Tubbo can find a better way to treat Micheal's cuts.

"I'll be very gentle, okay?" The older boy wanted to make sure the zombie kid knew that he wasn't intentionally trying to hurt him.

Ever so slightly, Tubbo tried to pick out the glass shards from the little boy's feet. Michael winced, and looked scared, but he didn't try to bite him at least. Maybe somehow the zombie knew that the survivor was trying to help?

That's probably the case. Michael is pretty intelligent after all.

Once all the pieces were removed, the undead child whimpered a little. Poor thing. Tubbo then reached into his bag for the bandages, and started to carefully wrap Michael's feet.

"I think you're going to be okay now, Michael. You did so well!" Trying to be encouraging, Tubbo gave the little boy a gentle smile. He really is a good kid, even if he's a zombie.

A tiny snuffle was heard, then followed by a feeble: "*U-Up..?*"

"I reckon you could do with some '*up*' time. You were so brave, Michael, really!" As was unspokenly promised, Tubbo picked Michael up, holding him and bouncing him slightly. Almost immediately the little zombie's face softened. No longer sniffing and tearful.

“Hey kid! How’s the food hunt going? Bad and I just finished checking out the pharmacy, think you can grab us a few snacks? Don’t tell Dream! He’ll make us fucking share!” The staticky voice of Skeppy came through the radio, again slightly surprising Tubbo, and almost accidentally dropping Michael.

Somewhere in the background, an annoyed: *“Language!”* was heard.

Putting the now confused child back on the floor, the survivor answered back. “I suppose I could find some, sir. How’d the medicine check go, if I may ask?”

“It was boring. Lots of dead bodies in there for some reason. I’m guessing the people working back there decided to ‘call it quits’ when the store got infested. I also cut my arm, don’t know how, haha, but Bad will probably make it better.”

“It’s probably for the best that you clean that wound yourself instead of waiting for BBH to do it. In all fairness. It’s safer to treat wounds immediately than wait for someone else to do it.” Tubbo tried to reason.

“Awww.. but I wanted Bad to do it! He can kiss it better!” The man whined jokingly through the radio. So far he seems like a not very serious kind of person.

“Well, I’m going to keep looking for food. You and BBH stay safe, okay?”

Hmmm..

Now what should he do about *Michael*?

It was scary.

The shiny things hurt.

He didn’t mean to step on them.

They were just so hard to see at first.

Michael wanted to cry.

Frightened and in pain.

Just wanted to follow Tubbo.

Tubbo nice.

Wanted more up time.

Up is fun.

But now the shiny things hurt him.

Michael doesn't know what to do.

He just wants to cry.

Inside stuff streaming down the boy's face.

Tubbo is here though.

His interesting Not-Food.

The fast-thing is talking to him, but Michael is too upset to try and understand.

He puts a finger against his lips and makes a strange sound.

Michael was about to start wailing when he felt the Tubbo hug him.

Hugs are good..

Tubbo lifts him up.

It's uppy time.

Still hurts.

But this is nice.

Tubbo gives him little bounces and rubs circles into his back.

The feeling of crying goes away a little.

Michael loves the bounces.

He starts to calm down a little.

Enough that he can at least try to understand what the Tubbo is saying when he speaks.

"Michael, I'm going to get the glass out. I'm terribly sorry if this hurts, but you'll feel better when it's gone, surely."

Hurt?

Better?

Out?

Wait..

What?

Sounds scary.

“U-Up..”

Michael would rather have up time.

“I’ll be very gentle, okay?”

This is hard to understand.

Is Tubbo trying to say he needs to feel pain to feel better? Because that’s how you take out the shiny things?

Should he trust the good fast-thing?

...

Yes.

Micheal will.

He is a brave Other.

Even if he’s still a little scared.

*Trust **Tubbo**.*

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again if it wasn’t any good! I kind of rushed the editing, sorry! I’ll try my best to fix any problems I might find later! If you did enjoy this story though, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Nostalgia.

Chapter Summary

Phil reminisces about better days, while Tommy hears a scream.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 66 guys!! We're back with Phil, Techno, and Tommy! Oh I've been so excited for these coming chapters! Seriously, I can't wait! Not going to spoil the reason why though lol. I really hope you guys like this chapter! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A little food, water, and rest goes a long way.

The sun is going down, it's starting to snow. Hopefully there's some shelter down the path with the footsteps, but for now a nice campfire will have to do.

Phil warmed his hands by the crackling flames. The heat was soothing against the sudden winter-like chill. Techno sat across from him. Drinking from his water bottle.

Two cans of soup were opened, placed close to the fire so it's contents will be warm. Best to eat it hot.

They're lucky that the ground wasn't too wet. Otherwise starting a fire would've been very difficult. Hopefully it doesn't go out for a while.

If the worst comes to worst, the father did pack a tent in his backpack. Only big enough for two people, but that's perfect considering it's just the two of them. However if they find Tommy.. someone might need to sleep outside.

Well. Due to all the horrible things he'd done as a father.. Phil decided that if the tent can't fit the three of them, he'll be the one sleeping under the stars. Techno and Tommy deserve shelter way more than their father does.

It's almost.. nostalgic though, when he thinks about it.

Back when his sons were younger, Phil would take them on camping trips. Tommy being afraid of getting attacked by bears, but trying to look tough for his siblings. Techno helping chop up firewood, and low-key showing off his strength.

Then there was Wilbur who was so excited to go fishing as a family..

It's funny, really. You could say the boy had a super power when it came to catching fish. Especially salmon. Tommy would tease his older brother mercilessly about the fish being in love with him.

Wilbur would make some weirdly inappropriate jokes about being in love with the salmon too, while Techno tried to ignore the ridiculousness of his brothers.

There was also the fact that only Techno was allowed to start the fire since Wilbur had nearly set the woods ablaze four other times. (*Honestly the father probably should've had Wil see a doctor, just to make sure he wasn't secretly a pyromaniac.*)

In the end, despite how hectic the camping trips would go, they always had such a great time.

Just another simpler time that Philza missed terribly..

"Y'know, snow is kinda cringe, to be honest." Techno said rather abruptly. Seemingly trying to make conversation. The young man could most-likely tell that his father was thinking about the past again.

Not really in the mood to talk much, Philza instead gave him a curious yet amused look that said: '*Come on now, mate. No way.*'

"Bruh I'm serious. Truly, Philza. Yeah it was sorta fun when Wil, Tommy, and I were kids, but I don't see any way that'll be *happening* soon." The warrior said, his voice suggested that this was intended to light hearted banter, but then Techno paused. There was a brief look of pain in his eyes.

"Hey.. uh. Never mind forget it." The young man was no longer making eye contact. Instead focusing on his can of soup that seemed hot enough to eat now. Which made the father feel guilty.

Once again Phil has been a selfish, *terrible* father.

He should've known that Wilbur's death and Tommy's disappearance could be hurting him too. Hell.. all this time spent thinking about the good days when the family was together and safe, and Techno probably thought of those times just as much.

After a few minutes of silence, the two survivors quietly ate their soup. Occasionally staring up to look at the snow falling from above.

"Looks like it's starting to get heavier.. we should keep following the tracks in case we can't find them later." Techno pointed out. He was right. If the shoe prints get covered by snow, then the father and son won't be able to follow them.

Time to move on.

The house isn't too much farther now. Probably will take about ten minutes to return back to the farm. Although, that's just an estimation.

Not wanting to have to carry the rat home with his bare hands, Tommy decided to grab a discarded plastic bag he had found nearby.

'Fucking littering.. can't believe this is the one time it came in handy.' The boy bitterly thought. You'd have to be an absolute piece of shit to just throw trash around for other people to clean up. It's not good for the environment either, and it's simply very selfish.

Sucks, because who is going to be the one dealing with all this stuff when it's the zombie apocalypse? People don't have time to be picking up trash, recycling, or anything of the sort. So it's more-likely that all the garbage left behind is just going to sit there.

This time though, Tommy could at least make some use out of this plastic bag. He can just carry the rat back to the house in the bag, so he won't have to keep holding the (*hopefully not diseased*) rodent in his hands.

At least the snow was somewhat nice. Even if it does spell concern. Winter must be coming a lot faster this year.. which is why the young survivor certainly hoped that the seeds he planted his ghostly brother would grow quickly.

There does seem to be a few upsides to winter in the apocalypse however. Those being that the undead become a lot more slow and sluggish during that season. The negatives definitely outweigh the positives though.. last winter Wilbur and Tommy nearly froze and *starved* to death.

It was definitely one of the times when things felt the most bleak.

Tommy considered it a miracle that they even managed to survive the winter at all before the brothers met up with their friends.

He doesn't really want to think about that right now.

Ghostbur will probably be excited that it's snowing though. That's sweet at least. Tommy can picture the ghost now, happily bouncing up and down with joy. Attempting to make everyone hot chocolate, and trying to make snow angels. He can even picture the spectre dragging *'Icarus'* out of the house to have fun.

Maybe if it continues to snow, and everything is all said and done, the group can go and have a snowball fight? Perhaps that's a foolish desire though..

It wouldn't be like the old days.

Wil wouldn't know how to even make a snowball, much less throw it. Ghostbur would probably go incorporeal so the snowballs would go right through him (*it's actually a pretty*

cool trick, but Tommy has only seen him do it a few times. Although Ghostbur might consider it cheating.) As for Ranboo.. would he even want to?

Damn. Maybe Tommy should try to get to know him better? He did save the amnesiac's life.

While the boy travelled through the gently falling snow, the farm house became more visible in the distance. He was getting closer to home.

That's good at least. If Wil is still in the shed, then it should be easy enough to get him to eat. Better to have him away from Ranboo just in case he decides the rat wasn't enough and goes for him instead.

Then again, it's better and safer to have him locked in the shed in general. *(Not that he wants to do that anymore. Tommy feels guilty for keeping his brother, who seems to still be in there somewhere, locked up all day.)*

The sky is growing darker. Looking at his watch, the time read: 5:50 PM. After giving Wilbur his food, the rest of them should maybe think about making dinner. Ghostbur will think of something good, Tommy is sure of it, even if he is worried that the innocent spirit could burn down the house.

Almost there now. Just a little bit farther.

Until a distant *shriek* pierces the air.

A terrifyingly familiar one at that.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked very hard on it! I'm sorry if it wasn't good though! A little distracted right now because I'm watching my pups! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter please leave a comment, as I'd love some feedback!

Gratefulness/The Trunk.

Chapter Summary

Techno expresses his thanks to his father, while Ranboo opens the trunk as his situation becomes more dire.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 67 guys!! We're so close guys!! I'm so excited! I've been working so hard on these chapters! I'm sorry if this one isn't very good, but I tried my best! Tomorrow's chapter is going to DESTROY you guys though lol. I hope you're excited!! xD :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In Techno's opinion. They shouldn't be outside for too much longer. The young man could feel the temperature dropping quickly. Not dangerously so, but enough to cause slight concern.

Without really knowing where the two are going. It could be a while before the father and son could find shelter. As much as Techno considered himself to be a human GPS, it's not quite so easy when you're traveling through a forest you've never been through.

It's a good thing they took a break when they did though. Techno had been rather peckish and thirsty. Phil probably even more so, since he was still a bit neglectful towards himself. Of course, the young man knew why.

It'll probably take a long time for the grieving process to pass.

In the end, Techno does believe his father did the right thing in killing his twin. Better to put him to rest, than to have Wil be *suffering* as a zombie.

One of his regrets is the fact that he couldn't be there to at least help bury him though.. he doesn't want to ask, but Techno hopes Phil gave Wilbur a proper burial. Or as good as one could get in the zombie apocalypse, which really just means burying him deep enough so the dead won't eat the corpse, and putting a small wooden marker.

Techno tries not to let the fact that he couldn't find closure bother him too much. It's his fault for not being there again when Wil needed him. Wilbur probably wouldn't want him to visit his makeshift grave anyway.

Still, his twin resting in the ground is better than him becoming one of those flesh-hungry monsters. It's painful to think too much about, but there's a silver-lining in the fact that Wilbur was able to die *human*.

Usually the warrior doesn't pay the undead much thought. He knew they had been living, breathing people once, but it's not like they're still in there. Techno had fought enough of them to see that they're nothing more than mindless creatures. Pathetic, yet dangerous.

Zombies are not to be pitied.

Especially when they're the reason his brother died in the first place.

Even if it pains him that he couldn't save Wilbur, at least Phil was able to right the twin's wrong. By giving Wil the peace he so desired.

For that, he's *grateful*.

Hopefully, Techno can prevent his little brother from the same fate.

The young man ponders over all these thoughts as he walks down the path with his father.

"Hey.. uh, Phil?" Techno spoke suddenly.

"Yeah, mate?"

"Thanks.. for well, doing what you did." The warrior knew he had to be careful in how he worded this, lest Phil shut down with grief and self-loathing.

Luckily, it seemed his father got the message without too much of a breakdown. However Techno could see tears welling up in the older man's eyes, but at least he's not shutting down.

"Y-You're welcome, son.."

The rest of the trek went by silently as Techno thought of his little brother again.

It's strange.. but the closer the pair get to finding Tommy, the more confident Techno is getting that the gremlin child is still alive. Originally he was uncertain about the boy's chances of survival. After all, it has been two months since Wilbur's death and Tommy's disappearance.

The thing about Tommy though. If he sets his mind up to something, he'll rarely back down. It's a bizarre mix of bravery and recklessness that somehow tends to always work out in his favour.

In the distance, the two survivors could make out a field of wheat. behind was a hill, beyond that the top of a roof could be spotted. A farmhouse? Good, some place they can stay the

night away from the cold.

They were about to enter the wheat field when the pair heard a horrible *shriek*.

Damn. There's a zombie nearby.

It's ironic after all the '*spider*' talk, there happened to be one in the closet that scared him. It's almost laughable.

Too bad the scare was loud enough to draw attention. Ranboo was certain Icarus had heard it.

Fear quickly began to rise as he heard heavy footfalls from above. Sounding like they were coming from a person who lumbers and shambles.

Tommy doesn't walk like that. Neither does Ghostbur. Hell, the ghost prefers to float more than walk. He knows Icarus is upstairs. Why is he trying to convince himself that he isn't?

"Icarus? Where are you going? You should be lying down!" The amnesiac could hear the concerned voice of Ghostbur echoing from above. Seemingly trying to get the zombie to stay put.

Ranboo could hear an almost feral growl. Which made the boy start to fear for the ghost. Sure he can't be physically harmed by the walking dead, but Ghostbur thinks Icarus is his friend. If he sees what the zombie does when he's hungry it'll terrify him.

Is it dumb to be worrying about others when it's his life that is currently in danger though?

Maybe, but he doesn't care.

"Why are you looking at the basement door? It's dark and scary down there! Please lie down, friend. You're making me worried.." The poor ghost could be heard trying to reason with the undead man again. Ranboo could tell that it wasn't working too well.

It also set off alarm bells in his heart since Ghostbur basically confirmed that the zombie thinks there's someone in the basement.

A loud banging noise started coming from the basement door, and the amnesiac flinched uncontrollably due to the suddenness.

Angry growls and snarls came from above, Icarus must be trying to break the door down, and Ranboo found himself struggling to breathe. Panic began to overwhelm him, and even more concern came through when he heard a crash followed by a frightened shout.

*"Icarus, w-what are you doing? Please stop! D-Don't break the door! You're **scaring** me!"* The spirit was afraid now, and that just made the boy feel so much worse. It almost felt like this was somehow his fault. Naturally the zombie is going to get hungry, but is the amnesiac being here putting this family (*a bit of an odd one however*) in danger?

Now knowing for sure that Icarus is coming for him, Ranboo prayed that this day wouldn't be his last. He felt so small inside the closet. Once the zombie breaks down the door it'll only be a short matter of time in which he's found.

The sound of sobs and ghostly wails, along with the snarling and bangs against the door weren't making the boy feel any better. Neither of them should be in this situation, but especially not Ghostbur. The kind and friendly ghost didn't deserve this.

Pushing himself further into the back of the closet for safety, Ranboo suddenly felt his hand hit something.

Surprised and momentarily distracted, he grabbed it and studied it, wanting to know what it was.

It's..

A *key*.

The key to the steamer trunk he found?

If it was locked, maybe it was for a good reason. Maybe there's something in it that he can use to protect himself! God, he certainly hopes so, because there aren't many other options.

The bangs against the wooden door grew louder, but Ghostbur's cries grew softer. He probably went to hide. The guilt started to feel even worse at that realization.

Carefully creeping out of the closet, the boy scanned the room for the trunk, thankfully he spotted it again. He tried not to make any other noises that would indicate his presence, but telling by how determined Icarus is to eat him, he'd already been loud enough. Still, he takes the key and puts it in the lock.

Twisting and turning until the boy hears a click, he opens the trunk, and inside is something both incredible and terrifying.

A *gun*.

Unfortunately, it's at that exact moment, when Ranboo hears the door break.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried really hard on it! I'm sorry if it's not good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter please leave a comment! I'd highly appreciate some feedback!!

When Paths Collide.

Chapter Summary

Everything falls apart.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 68 guys!! Yes! The wait is over! Finally the chapter we've been waiting for is here! Oh my gosh I really hope you guys like it! I worked so hard on it, and I really hope you guys will like tomorrow's chapter too! I'm so excited to show it to you guys! Thanks for being so patient everyone!! Just a warning though, things are going to get pretty intense!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Maybe it's foolish to be scared of losing a life you don't remember having. Or regretting the one you've had yet to live.

In a way, it's almost like Ranboo's life only just started.

A mind without memories is essentially a blank canvas. A tragic existence.

But what if it's a chance to start something new? A sheet of paper in which to paint with whatever he liked?

There's no way to know for sure who the amnesiac was before. He could've been anything. A friend, a brother, a person who tried to help others when the world fell to its knees, or a monster taking part in the chaos. Perhaps he'll never know. (*Although Ranboo certainly hopes he wasn't a bad person.*)

He could start fresh, create new memories. Build a life with his strange new friends, Tommy and Ghostbur (*if they'll allow it.*)

So many things to do and see even in a zombie infested world.

Now.. he might not even live to see it. To see humanity try to reclaim what was once theirs.

Standing at the top of the stairs, was a being who had once been human, just like him and everyone else. Tragically replaced by a creature of death. Representing the future of what was to come of those bitten.

What would become of Ranboo if Icarus gets the meal he desired so terribly.

Icarus was wobbling slightly as if in a daze when the door broke to pieces. He doesn't seem to have seen the boy yet, but it's clear that he knows living flesh is down here. Growling aggressively as poison dribbled from his lips.

Stuff that he absolutely did not want anywhere near him.

Fear builds inside his heart, but he tries his very best not to make a sound. The pistol inside the trunk is heavier than expected, but Ranboo knows that this destructive weapon could very well save his life.

'If I'm going to have to use it.. it'll be as a last resort.' Promising to himself not to use it unless he absolutely has to. The zombie may not be human anymore, but Icarus was someone's son. Tommy's brother. This had been a person once.

He just hopes that if it really does come down to it, Tommy and Ghostbur will forgive him.

Trying to make his way silently back to the closet, his foot comes into contact with a box. Stubbing his toe. It takes every fibre of his being not to swear.

An alerted *snarl* came from the top of the stairs and in horror, the amnesiac remembered how strong the undead's hearing was. Icarus must've heard him hit the box.

A feral scream tore into the air. Ranboo could hear heavy movements on the hardwood floor, in a panic he held the gun out to shoot the walking corpse, forgetting to check if there were any bullets in its chamber, when he heard a sudden yelp.

Uh.

Did he just.. *slip*?

An angry shape began to barrel down the stairs at top speed. The zombie was falling. In retrospect, the boy should've figured this would happen due to the undead's difficulty with balance.

Icarus came rolling, bouncing down the stairs painfully. Ranboo honestly felt sorry for him. He didn't want to since the man is trying to eat him, but he kept wincing at each pained cry coming from the zombie.

Against his better judgement, Ranboo nearly wanted to go over and help the poor guy up. Damn.. you'd think after having a bunch of these things chase him, he'd have an easier time remembering that Icarus is a vicious danger towards anyone who isn't Tommy or Ghostbur.

By the time the zombified man hit the bottom of the stairs Ranboo was already heading back for the closet, certainly the zombie would be too distracted with getting back up not to notice

the boy trying to hide right?

Wrong.

After crashing to the floor in a heap, the zombie groaned in what the amnesiac assumed was pain or confusion. Upon hearing him close the closet doors again in an unfortunate panic, Icarus immediately snapped out of his dizziness and started to get up. Growling all the while.

This is bad..

'I can't just hide in here, he already knows where I am now!' Perhaps there really is only one thing left to do..

He doesn't want to die.

Backed into a closet like a metaphorical corner, he picked up the pistol, hands shaking as he slowly opened the door again, just enough to see and stick the gun through.

"WILBUR!"

And that's when Tommy arrived.

Both turned to look at him.

Tommy could only thank prime that he managed to make it back in time. Seeing the door to Wil's shed, combined with the zombie's shriek, had him convinced the worst had happened.

Relief flooded him when he found Ranboo to still be alive, but their problems were far from over. Ghostbur was nowhere in sight, which is extremely concerning. Wilbur has the new survivor backed and stuck in a closet.

And is that a fucking *gun*?!

The amnesiac must've found one down here, but damn does that raise his panic levels up. If the situation were less dire, Tommy probably would've thought finding a gun would be wicked cool.

God, why is this happening? Ranboo better not shoot his brother, but Tommy doesn't want the other boy to get bitten and killed. It's his fault for keeping Wilbur around anyway.

What if this is another chance to put his older brother's miserable existence to rest?

Even if Wil is still in there (*and Tommy is sure that he is somewhere deep inside*), he has to be suffering. Imagine being trapped in your own body, unable to control yourself as something else keeps you animated and moving. The excruciating hunger that the zombie himself tried to tell him about.. the boy can't even imagine the kind of pain Wilbur must be in every second of every day.

Ranboo could shoot him in the head and *end* his torment..

But.. Tommy doesn't want to give up on him. He knows that Wilbur wouldn't either if the roles were switched.

No.

Tommy needs to talk him out of this.

"W-Wil? Hey, big man. *look* at me." Carefully he approached the zombie, who was now staring at him. His black eyes widened as if shocked to see his little brother.

"*T-To..mmy..?*" The zombie was twitching badly. Like he was struggling to control himself. He kept glancing back and forth between Tommy and the closet that Ranboo was hiding in.

"Yeah! It's me, bro, Tommy. You don't want what's in there, kay? Please.. don't do it." At this point Tommy just wanted to get through to him. Too tired to make some stupid joke about how Ranboo probably won't taste good or some shit. He wants to be real at this moment.

"*P-Pa..in.. h-h..urt..*." The zombie reminded him. Holding his stomach as an indication. His voice nearly inaudible. His brother is being so quiet now. Before Tommy entered, the zombie was a growling mess.

Maybe Wil wants Tommy to understand too.

"I know, I know Wilby. That's why I got you this. It's shit, but it's all I've got, big man." The boy had been dreading having to give this to Wilbur, but Tommy really didn't have any other option. He makes a face of disgust as he pulls the dead rat out of the plastic bag. God he wishes he didn't have to touch it.

Wilbur seemed to smell flesh before Tommy had gotten it completely out of the bag. The boy had to jump backwards due to the zombie lunging at him. Not to attack him, but from how badly he wanted that rat.

"Fucking hell.." Tommy turned his head away so he wouldn't have to watch his brother eat it. The boy could definitely hear it though, which was disgusting. It makes sense that the undead man would have no table manners, but damn this is making him sick.

Once Wilbur was done, Tommy turned back. He really hopes that this will last him long enough until something better to eat is found. "S-So.. you good? Feeling pogchamp?"

"*T-T..oms..*."

Wil was smiling. Just a little bit.

"*T-To..mmy.. s-sha..re..*." Out of nowhere the zombie pulled the boy forward, which sent Tommy into a swearing panic. Oh shit. This is where he dies, doesn't he?

Ranboo could be heard fumbling with the gun, clearly scared for Tommy as well and readying it in case he needed to shoot.

Instead of getting his neck ripped open the survivor felt his brother's head rest on his shoulder. Like some weird attempt at a hug.

Wait.

Wilbur.. is *hugging* him.

Zombies don't hug people..

Is.. is it *him*?

“W-Wilby..?”

For a moment, everything seemed okay again. It doesn't entirely seem like his brother, but the boy still takes this as a sign that he still exists within that ice-cold corpse.

Then it all falls apart.

Just like always.

“TOMMY!”

“THESEUS!”

No.

No.

Please no.

Not them. Not now.

He hears a feral growl.

Feels Wilbur let go of him.

There's an animalistic shriek. Then shouts, horrified shouts.

Then he hears a **BANG**.

...

Everyone goes quiet.

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried very hard on this and I was so excited to show this chapter! I'm sorry if it wasn't good! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! Don't worry, there's another chapter tomorrow guys! If you guys liked this chapter though, please leave a comment! I'd really appreciate some feedback!

Also sorry if my notes are a bit unfocused! Bit distracted right now!! I really hope you enjoyed today's chapter!! :D

Unhappy Reunion.

Chapter Summary

Tommy unleashes his rage.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 69 guys!! Finally the SBI is together at last! I've been looking forward to you guys reading this! Okay, first I'm very sorry if none of the characters seem like themselves in this chapter! I wasn't sure how to write all the emotion in this but I tried my best! So I'm very sorry if everyone is out of character! I'm willing to delete this chapter if you guys don't like it! I don't want to cause problems!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There are no words.

None at all, to describe the anger Tommy felt right now.

Wil was on the floor. Writhing in pain, screaming. Black blood pooling around him.

His *father* and *brother* are staring in horror.

Ranboo is trembling. The gun falls to the ground. He holds his head in his hands and mutters apologies over and over again.

Why.

Why of all times, did his family find him now?

He couldn't control himself, but honestly, maybe he just didn't want to.

Tommy punched the man who abandoned him right in the fucking face. Knocking him to the ground.

“Tommy!-“

“SHUT UP! SHUT THE HELL UP TECHNO!”

Rage filled his entire being. Tears streamed down his face.

“ALL OF THIS IS YOUR FAULT!”

“T-Tommy I’m so sorry..!” Phil tried to say as Techno helped him back up.

“Too FUCKING late for that, pal! I don’t know what the hell you’re thinking coming all this way to find me, but I sure as fuck don’t want to be anywhere near you lying, abandoning, bastards!”

“*T-T..om..my..*.” The zombie weakly cries from the floor. Causing the two men to turn pale. Eyes growing wide. Phil looked like something had just shattered inside him, while Techno looked like he was about to be sick.

“Shhh. It’s okay, big man, everything’s finechamp..” Tommy walked over to the one piece of family (*besides Ghostbur, who he is now glad that he isn’t here to see any of this*) he has left. Helping the poor man up. The bullet had gone through his shoulder, thankfully missing his head. His wound is bleeding profusely.

“*W-Wil?*” A weak voice asked. Rather surprising to hear from his older brother since he always spoke in such a confident, yet monotone way. Like everything was simply amusing to him.

“Guessing Philza told you the same lie, huh ugly bitch? Well, nope! Wilbur turned! Man’s a fucking zombie all thanks to Dadza! Isn’t that just bloody fantastic?!” Tommy is pretty sure he’s officially lost his mind here, because he could barely stop himself from cackling like a madman. Something he found to be extremely unlike him.

If anything.. it seemed more like something *Wil* would’ve done before he died.

But Tommy doesn’t care.

“And *YOU!*” The enraged boy turned towards Ranboo, who still had his head in his hands. Softly crying into them. Honestly, it’s not really the amnesiac’s fault, but Tommy is just so angry right now. “I didn’t think you’d actually pull the trigger! Look what you’ve done to him! You’re lucky I haven’t started stabbing you, you bitch!”

Again Ranboo apologized between sobs. Backing away, seemingly trying to hide himself in the closet again out of shame.

“For the rest of you lot, if you even THINK that you’re welcome in the Innit Fortress, you’re dead wrong! I hate you both so fucking much! You’re *dead* to me! Wilbur is more alive to me than you bastards! GET OUT! GET THE HELL OUT!” With seething rage the boy shouted, screamed at them to leave his home. To vacate the only place that felt safe in months.

Surprisingly.. they started to back away. Phil kept his sorrowful, regretful eyes locked on Tommy, while Techno stared at the remains of his twin. A mix of shock, heartbreak, and disbelief.

But, before they fully left, Tommy hit them with this.

“Wil was right when he said we couldn’t be a family again. *DON’T* come back.”

In the end, all he really had was Wilbur, and with how the injured zombie was whimpering into his shoulder, Tommy knew that he’s all his brother had left as well.

The boy won’t forget the looks on his father and other brother’s face.

Or how Phil seemed to ignore Wil once again, even as he lay there bleeding on the floor. No. The man didn’t come here to apologize.

Phil came here to *ease* his own guilt.

Ranboo had no idea who those two people that entered the basement were. He didn’t really think about it much.

The boy was too horrified by what he had done.

He didn’t mean to, Tommy was there! He had it handled!

Then those men showed up. Icarus lunged at them and he panicked. He wasn’t thinking, he didn’t mean to pull the trigger.

Ranboo was only trying to help.

He didn’t want anyone to get hurt..

All he could do was cry. Uncontrollably weeping as he dropped the gun. He didn’t want it anywhere near him after what he’d just done.

Icarus was on the ground. Covered in blood. The man didn’t look like a flesh-starved beast anymore. The zombie was crying out in pain. Calling for his little brother.

Someone apologizes and the survivor angrily punches them. Sending them to the floor.

Tommy was furiously screaming at the two strangers. He probably knows them from somewhere, but the amnesiac is too distraught to try to connect any dots.

All of this had to be his fault. Ranboo just had to run into Tommy, Ghostbur, and Icarus and ruin everything. He was just so scared, and felt so alone. No one to explain anything, nobody to talk to, and in danger from the undead.

If he hadn’t found the farm, then none of this would be happening.

Why..

Why couldn’t he have just left this family alone?

Tommy is helping the zombie up now. Speaking to him softly, and telling him it’ll be okay.

Something that seems so bizarre after everything he saw back in that city.

There's more yelling.

Tommy turns to Ranboo with a look of fury.

“And *YOU!* I didn't think you'd actually pull the trigger! Look what you've done to him! You're lucky I haven't started stabbing you, you bitch!”

“I-I'm sorry..! I'm so sorry!” The amnesiac repeated over and over. Tears flowing down his face, he all but dropped to the floor.

He didn't think he'd pull the trigger either.

God.

Ranboo doesn't deserve to be here.

Tommy had been so kind to him by letting him stay.

His kindness was repaid by shooting his brother.

Eventually everyone leaves. The strangers leave first. Then Tommy and Icarus.

A large puddle of dark blood remains.

Ranboo doesn't leave the basement. He stays in the closet and weeps.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'm really sorry again if everyone is out of character! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later, but I also understand if you guys want me to take this one down. If you guys did like it though, please leave a comment. I'd really appreciate some feedback as I worked very hard!

Liar.

Chapter Summary

Techno tries to process what he'd seen, while Phil feels like he's lost everyone.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 70 guys!! It's been another ten chapters guys! Wow, I never thought I'd hit 70 chapters! It's insane! Thank you all so much for being here and reading my story! You guys are the best and I'm so grateful to all of you who decided to give my story a chance!! Today's chapter we have Techno and Phil's view of what went down in the basement after seeing Tommy! I really hope you guys like it! Sorry if it's not great though, I'll try my best to fix it if I find any problems! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

At first Techno wasn't sure what he saw.

There was just another zombie, heading straight for him and his father. A stupid creature that he could easily put down.

Then the next thing he saw..

It.

He..

Wilbur?

No. That can't be right.

Phil wouldn't lie to him. He'd never lie, the father and son are thicker than thieves. They have such a close bond. This has to be some kind of mistake.

He'd even tried to scold his brother for punching the man, but even then he couldn't look away.

For some reason the warrior can't think of anything to say. Staring down at the bloody mess that screamed and shrieked on the floor like a wild animal.

Then he heard the horrible thing speak.

"T-To..mm..y.." A gurgling, watery, impossible voice cried. A river of blood dribbled from the zombie's mouth as it pleaded for his little brother's attention.

A voice that sounded too much like his twin even in its distorted state..

It said Theseus's name..

It looked just like the man he grew up with, but so utterly wrong.

No.

Wilbur is dead.

Phil killed him.

Laid him to rest.

"W-Wil..?" The name left his lips before he could stop himself.

The creature on the floor did not react.

That is not his twin.

"Guessing Philza told you the same lie, huh ugly bitch? Well, nope! Wilbur turned! Man's a fucking zombie all thanks to Dadza! Isn't that just bloody fantastic?!" The gremlin child's voice was mocking in tone. Unhinged, like the boy had finally cracked. It was too familiar. Too unsettling.

Too much like *Wilbur*.

Then he saw Tommy help the twisted creature up. Trying to comfort the monster that should only want to bite and tear him apart.

But it doesn't.

Nothing is making sense.

If that bleeding, virus-ridden corpse is really his twin, then why can't he find any recognition in those empty black eyes?

Tommy stops shouting at the pair, turning around to yell at some strange boy he'd never seen before. The kid was crying, apologizing. He must've been the one who shot the zombie.

"For the rest of you lot, if you even THINK that you're welcome in the Innit Fortress, you're dead wrong! I hate you both so fucking much! You're dead to me! Wilbur is more alive to me than you bastards! GET OUT! GET THE HELL OUT!"

For some reason, they do.

The father and son leave.

Phil is shaking and for once Techno doesn't have it in him to comfort the man.

That.. face.

A face so similar to the one that's burned into his mind, but absolutely wrong in every single way.

It can't be Wilbur.

It just *can't* be.

He looks at Tommy one more time before they leave.

Techno can see the *hatred* in his eyes.

It's the same rage he'd seen in his own twin only two months earlier..

Phil didn't mean for any of this to happen.

He swears.

This is all just a huge mistake.

A mistake that's all his fault.

He'd been so relieved when he heard his son's voice at the bottom of the stairs.

Until he saw..

Saw *it*.

How..?

How was *Wilbur* here?

The man swore he locked that shed tight after the man had turned. There's no way he really forgot, had he? The whole point of trapping his dead son inside there was to keep him from hurting anyone.

If he couldn't bring himself to kill Wil, then at least he'd be able to prevent his corpse from killing others.

No.

He'd failed.

Wilbur escaped..

Tommy knew everything.

Somehow they're still inseparable.

And now, he was forced to confront the very lie he desperately tried to hide from the rest of his children.

The creature who had once been his child was screaming, twitching violently, and clinging to the boy as he helped him up from the floor.

Philza doesn't blame Tommy for punching him. After all, it's what he deserves.

All of this is his fault.

When the pair had finally left they found shelter in a toolshed. Neither of them really knew why. They've come this far, haven't they? They can't leave without Tommy..

There was a large amount of black stains all over the floor and walls.

"Phil.."

Techno wasn't looking at him.

"You never really killed *him*, did you?"

That line felt like a knife being driven into the father's heart.

"T-Techno.. mate, y-you don't understand-"

"You've been hiding this from me for two months?" On the outside, Techno looked calm but Phil knew that wasn't the case.

The pain in his son's eyes was immeasurable.

"I-I had to.. I-I.. I couldn't.." Philza could feel himself breaking down.

"I've been blaming myself for what happened, I was grateful that you put him down, Phil."

Another sharp blade to the heart.

"But all of it was a lie?"

It was getting impossibly hard to hold back tears.

"Did you even stop and think about what Wilbur would've wanted?"

No please.

It was a *mistake*.

First Wil, then Tommy.

They both hated their father so much.

“I.. I need some time alone, Phil.”

Not Techno too..

God.

He was such a coward.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked really hard on trying to write how the rest of the SBI is feeling! I'll be taking my week break from posting now! Thanks again for being here! I'm sorry if this chapter isn't very good, I'll try to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

First-Aid.

Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to bandage his brother up, while Icarus experiences the pain of getting shot.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 71 guys!! I'm so sorry for taking so long!! I was having a lot of trouble writing this week's chapters and stuff was going on at home! I really hope this chapter though will be worth the wait due to the recent cliffhanger! I really hope you guys enjoy it! Sorry if it's not good though! I tried my best!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wil has no one. No one except Tommy.

At this point, the boy doesn't have any lingering resentment towards the man for leaving him before he died. Honestly, with his crippling sanity his older brother was probably just trying to protect him. Even if that's not really the case, at least Wilbur came back (*as a zombie of course, but that doesn't matter*) unlike Techno and Phil who are only here out of guilt.

Tommy heard the front door close, and he was relieved that his *so-called* family left. He never wanted to see those bastards again. Honestly, the boy hoped they'd get eaten in a zombie horde or something.

Speaking of the undead, Wil was currently clinging to him. Whimpering and whining. Thank goodness the bullet only went through his shoulder, but his brother probably didn't understand how lucky he is, more concerned with the pain.

The zombie wasn't good with stairs, going up was easier though, but Tommy just helped walk him up anyway.

"*T-To..mmy..*." Wilbur groaned. Holding onto his little brother. It seemed to give him some comfort, but Tommy could tell that the zombie was upset. Perhaps even scared, which Tommy didn't think was even possible.

Then again, Wil is something pretty impossible already. A zombie that remembers him.

“Shhh. It’s okay, big man. I promise.” Despite Wilbur probably being fine, Tommy was still concerned about the bullet wound. It should probably get taken care of.

It’s a good thing that he, along with his friends, read a bit about how to perform first-aid. He remembers reading books about it with *Tubbo*. Although he doesn’t want to think about his best-friend right now.

Wil was the one who suggested they all learn it, and that’s just another thing his brother had been right about.

Is he skilled enough to remove a bullet from a person’s shoulder though? Probably not.. but Tommy can at least bandage it up until something can be done about it.

Now having reached the top of the stairs, and entering the living room. The boy led his brother into the first floor bathroom, where he’d found a first-aid kit not too long ago.

His brother whimpered and moaned. The injury seems to be bothering him quite a bit. Again, that makes the young survivor question the zombie’s ability to feel pain.. he knows Wilbur can feel it, but so many other zombies would just shrug off a bullet if it didn’t get them in the head.

Perhaps it’s just another strange thing that makes his older brother special.

Putting the toilet seat down so it will function more as a chair, Tommy helped sit the undead man down. Wil merely responded by looking around at everything in the room curiously. After all, he hadn’t seen many parts of the house due to being stuck in the shed.

‘*Sorry about that Big Dubs..*’ The boy felt guilty again.

“Okay, I’m going to have to take a look at it, big man. Might feel a little weirdcham, but that bitch will need bandages.” It’s a little weird. Despite being comfortable enough around Wilbur to know that he won’t try to bite him, he’s still a little nervous about what he needs to do here.

First things first, Tommy has to take that trench coat off. (*He wonders why Wilbur decided to start wearing that. The boy is no fashion expert, but it seems like a bold choice. Then again, he seemed to make it work. Before he died, that is.*)

Honestly, Tommy would be much happier if Wilbur wasn’t walking around in those dirty, bloodstained clothes, but he’s not about to change his entire wardrobe. They may be brothers but Wil isn’t a baby. Even if zombies kind of remind the boy of giant weird flesh-eating toddlers sometimes.

No, for now he just needs to get that coat off, and his shirt. He needs to get a look at that shoulder so it can be bandaged. Tommy went to try and take it off his zombified brother, but the zombie started to squirm in protest.

“N-N..o..” The walking corpse whined. Apparently not wanting his little brother to take his filthy coat away.

Sighing, Tommy brushed a hand through his blonde hair. Getting a bit frustrated. “Come on, big man. I don’t want to do this either. I’m not motherinnit.”

“W-W..arm..” His brother hugged himself, or his coat to be precise. Ah. Right, the bloodied thing probably does pretty well with combating some of the cold. Wilbur’s not going to like it being removed in that case.

“It’ll only be a minute, I promise, then you can have your coat back.” Trying to keep Wil calm, Tommy reassured him that nothing would happen to it. Unfortunately his shirt might need to come off too, so hopefully the zombie won’t get upset by that.

Wil looked nervous, but seemed to trust the boy. Tommy carefully took off his brother’s coat. He heard the man wince and whimper slightly as the thick fabric slipped off his injured shoulder. Now with that done, the boy placed the trench coat on the floor.

“C-Co..ld..” The undead man started to shiver a little.

“I know, Wilby. It’s going to be okay, bro.” Probably best to be as comforting to the zombie as possible. The boy made sure his voice wasn’t too loud. Speaking softly.

Now Tommy just had to take his shirt off, and yikes that thing was a mess. What once had been white and clean, was now covered in faded bloodstains. Some looked older while others looked more recent. Of course he’d been able to see some of the shirt since his brother preferred not to button up his coat, but he hadn’t expected it to look this bad underneath the heavy layer.

‘*Calm down, Big T, it’s just a shirt.*’ Was he just afraid of what he might find under there? Scared that lifting up his brother’s shirt would reveal damning evidence that he can’t be saved?

Well, it can’t be that bad surely. From what Tommy knows the undead don’t rot for whatever reason. Pushing back his strange anxiety, the boy helps remove the zombie’s shirt.

“What the..?”

The bullet wound could easily be spotted, it looked rough, but if he were still alive he’d probably live through it. Still, Tommy’s unsure of how to get the bullet out. However that’s not what is currently bothering him.

Wil’s chest is covered in sickly black veins. Similar to the ones on his face, but these were much higher in numbers. All of which seemed to trail from the still bleeding bite-mark on his arm. Dark bruises, along with deep scratches and scars could be seen in several different spots, like he’d been in a few *fight*s. They appear to be healed.. but not properly.

What the hell had Wilbur been doing before he found him?

Tommy was kind.

His familiar thing really does care.

Gave him food.

Shared meal.

Like Others do when hunting.

Does that mean his Tommy is a bit like an Other?

This confuses Icarus.

He'd already decided the boy was something new.

Icarus put his head on his Tommy's shoulder.

Wanting to show how happy he feels.

Tommy good. Tommy great.

Then he smelled more tasty meat.

More Fast-Things.

The evil Ranboo was hiding.

Had a thing he didn't like. A loud painful thing.

His family had warned him about those.

Loud-Sticks are very bad, but he wanted the Ranboo so much.

Seeing new fast-things that were easier to catch made him so happy.

So hungry.

He wanted to listen to Tommy.

But the food looked too good to pass up.

It would make the pain stop completely.

Tommy's food helped but he needed more.

More to end the pain.

Just need to bite them.

Bite. Break. Tear.

Wait.

Sudden noise. Sharp painful.

SCREAMING.

HURTS.

A HURT IN HIS FLESH.

BAD BAD PAIN.

CAN'T SEE. CAN'T HEAR.

PAIN.

SO COLD. SCARED.

TOMMY WHERE ARE YOU?

He cries and cries.

The painful noise all stops.

Something helps him up, but he can't open his eyes yet.

But he can smell his Tommy.

Did his precious familiar thing scare the hurt away?

Are the fast-things gone?

Tommy is saying things in a soft voice but he can't understand right now.

They're going up now, he thinks.

Icarus hopes the fast-things will let him eat them.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked really hard on this but I'm sorry if it's not very good! I promise I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Watching and Listening.

Chapter Summary

Techno talks to some 'old friends' while Tommy tries to treat his injured brother.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 72 guys!! I'm so so sorry I didn't post for a few days after posting chapter 71! A lot of stuff is going on right now and I've been over stressed and I just needed a break. I'm sorry. I really hope you guys can forgive me. I'll try harder not to do this again. I hope you enjoy this chapter. I'm sorry if this chapter is very bad too. I've been so tired. I'll try better, I promise.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

TW: Injury

TW: Death

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The snow is piling on the grass. Remarkably cold for a time when there should only be rain. Perhaps the sky decided to reflect what the warrior's heart felt like after his.. well, discovery.

Techno is torn about what he should be more angry at.

The fact that his twin's icy corpse continues to move and twitch, painfully feigning a life it does not have?

Or is it that his father *lied*?

Out of anyone in the whole world, there had been only one person he trusted for anything. His father. Techno used to confide in Wil too, but that was before his brother grew to loathe him in his absence. With Phil however, there were no secrets between them.

At least that's what he had thought.. until he saw what remained of Wilbur.

A heartbreaking truth, hidden away for two months, only to be found by his little brother some time later.

If he can't trust Philza, then who is left? Tommy already hates him.. Wil is a zombified shell of his former-self. Who does Techno have?

No one. Right now he has no one.

But the pain of failing to protect Wilbur continues to grow. Now that he knows the man he grew up with wasn't resting within the earth like he hoped.

'Techno sad.'

'E.'

'Wil's a zombie?'

'Shit, what did I miss?'

'You okay Techno?'

Techno sighed, as the voices came back. Interrupting his grief with their annoying words.

"Hey *Chat*.. long time no see."

It had been a few years since he had last heard from the voices he dubbed as '*Chat*.' The family had grown concerned and were getting him help to deal with them, eventually they went away. Although they weren't entirely malevolent (*encouraging his bloodlust*) they could be rather bothersome. Kind of like a group of annoying kids who wouldn't leave him alone.

He used to hear them all the time, but after therapy it seemed that Techno would only hear the voices during very terrible times in his life. Chat returned to bother him when the apocalypse started. Came back when Phil told him that Wilbur had died, now they're back again.

"Not in the mood right now. Leave me alone, Chat." Techno doesn't feel like having a weird imaginary audience right now.

In fact, the young man would much rather visit someone. To see if the person he regretted leaving so desperately really was the shambling flesh-eater he saw Tommy defending.

Of course, he doubted the child was lying.. but, he just needed to see. Even if it hurts.

Techno needs some form of closure. If it can't be all, at least give him a bit.

'Technocheck.'

'Oof I spilled my drink.'

'Maybe look in the windows?'

Hmm. This farmhouse does seem to have a lot of windows. Most boarded up due to the apocalypse, but there's a few cracks. Perhaps if he looks through one of them he can spot

what he was looking for?

'I need to see him.' Techno thought. He needed to know if that was really Wilbur..

Bandages weren't too hard to locate. After all, Ranboo said he found some when he was searching the house. *(Tommy reminds himself to apologize to the amnesiac later. It really wasn't his fault that he pulled the trigger.)*

Wilbur looked uncomfortable. Frowning slightly, and mumbling. Seemingly making noise to comfort himself, instead of just doing it mindlessly like usual.

"Hey, it's gonna be okay. I've seen way worse shit than this, bro." Tommy patted him gently, in an attempt to reassure the anxious zombie.

He wasn't lying about seeing worse though. Of course the gunshot was terrifying, and the boy was terrified that he would lose his brother again, but compared to other injuries.. Well, deadly as it could be, it's not the scariest.

There was once a time when he, Wil, and Tubbo got stuck in a hardware store. Zombies had been crowding around the outside, banging on previously placed barricades on the windows. Furiously trying to rip the boards off one by one.

This, being before Wil had lost his mind, the man did his best to protect both of the boys. Trying to keep them calm, and generally being the logical leader his brother was meant to be. He'd been coming up with a plan to escape when Tommy and Tubbo saw another survivor sneaking out of a shop, across from the hardware store.

A woman who looked to be in her early to mid thirties tried to sneak past the crowd of undead. Behind her were two kids.

At that point Tommy had stopped focusing on the zombies attempting to break in, because he was growing scared for the small group outside.

He remembers how badly he wanted to scream when one of the zombies turned around and shrieked. Spotting the woman and causing the undead to go after her instead of the boys.

Tommy couldn't sleep for a few days after that. Having watched an innocent person be ripped apart and feasted on, only to come back missing an arm and leg, growling and ravenous, to crawl after her crying children was understandably traumatic.

Tubbo cried for a while after that. Wil simply looked haunted.

So yes. The boy had seen far worse than a bullet wound in a zombie's shoulder. In fact he'd much rather Wilbur be injured in this way than be missing a few limbs like that poor woman who died in the street.

Still. It hurt to see his older brother like this. Scared, confused, and whimpering. So the boy grabbed the bandages out of the bathroom cabinet. As he did so, Tommy wondered if he

should maybe rub some alcohol over the wound. Just so that it won't get infected.

'Bitch is already infected, alcohol won't do a thing.' Tommy lightly smacked himself upside the head for his idiocy. The man surely won't get infected by anything else as long as he's a zombie.

"Kay, Wil. Gonna have to put this on. Trust me, this will help." The boy wanted to make sure his zombified brother understood that he was just trying to help. Not wanting to cause him to freak out or anything.

"I-Ica..rus.."

Oh.

"Sorry.. uh. Right, *Icarus*. My mistake." A twinge of guilt hit Tommy's heart as he carefully began to wrap his brother's shoulder with bandages.

How could he have forgotten that Wil can't even recognize his own name anymore? Letting Ghostbur name him was probably a bad idea, but it was convenient at the time. They needed something to call the man, but now Wilbur thinks his name is Icarus.

Tommy realized that there had been a few times where the boy addressed him by his real name, and the zombie tried to correct him. Then other times where he seemed to let it slide.

Had '*Icarus*' been letting the boy call him that just to make Tommy happy?

Again, Tommy is perplexed. The undead man can be so mindless, yet so close to human sometimes.. he's not sure where his brother stands.

A soft whine broke the survivor out of his thoughts. Wilbur looked uncomfortable. His hand came up to lightly pull on the bandages that Tommy was still trying to apply.

Tommy simply moved his hands away. Not his fault that it feels weird. Poor guy probably feels uncomfortable enough already without his shirt and coat. Best he gives them back to his brother soon.

As he finishes, he doesn't notice the way Wilbur keeps glancing at the window. Nor does he spot the colour *pink*.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'm sorry if it wasn't very good, it's my first time writing Chat so I wasn't really sure how to do it! I tried my best! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

The Plushie.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur finds a friend, while Ranboo leaves the basement.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 73 guys!! Sorry I didn't post again! I'm wondering if I might need to start posting every other day.. it might be better for my mental health but I don't know. I feel bad about not posting every day like I should. I'm sorry. What do you guys think? Anyway here's a Ghostbur and Ranboo chapter!! Finally we see what's been going on with our favourite ghost! I hope you guys like this chapter!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur doesn't remember what happened, or how he wound up in the attic.. the ghost found himself staring blankly at a wall, until he began to blink in confusion. That's okay though! He's just happy to still be at the farm.

"Did I fall asleep?" Ghostbur asked no one in particular. Sort of just voicing out his thoughts. It's strange finding yourself somewhere and not knowing how you got there. He doesn't remember taking a nap. (*Not that ghosts need to, but he does enjoy the occasional rest every once in a while.*)

Oh well, it probably doesn't matter. This is a room he hasn't really seen before, so he's excited to explore a bit.

There's a lot of cardboard boxes. Some framed paintings propped up against the walls. An antique grandfather clock could be seen, as well as an old radio and other assorted nick-knacks. Looks like a nice collection!

Something soft and blue in colour sat in one box, which immediately caught the cheerful spirit's attention.

"Blue!" The ghost said happily, floating over to the cardboard. Yikes. These things are covered in dust and cobwebs! Looks like he might have to clean up the attic later then.

When his ghostly hand felt through the box, he grabbed something fluffy and pulled it out. How fun! This feels like treasure-hunting. Out of the box came a-

A *blue sheep* plushie.

The ghost's eyes widened. He looked at the dusty old thing. Silent as a mouse. Then Ghostbur hugged it so tightly. Bouncing happily in the air. "*Friend!* I found you! Oh I've missed you so much!"

It was Friend! The blue sheep he met during the camping trip he went with Tommy! Although this one was much smaller, it's still the same sheep. He had wondered where it had gone.

"Hmm? What's that, Friend?" The ghost stared into the plush's little button eyes as if it just spoke. "You wanted to visit me but you got stuck in the attic? Awww! I wanted to visit you too!"

"You have to meet Tommy! He might've gone outside for a walk, but he might be back now! Let's go!" The ghost smiled warmly. Holding his precious stuffed sheep before sinking through the floor. Becoming incorporeal was so fun!

Ghostbur floated through the walls, searching for his little brother. Occasionally calling his name, but receiving no answer. That's odd. Oh maybe he's still not home from getting Icarus some dinner?

Huh. It's strange, but the spectre swears that something happened with his friend earlier. He just can't recall what.. hopefully it wasn't a fight or anything! He'll show Icarus Friend once he shows Tommy.

When he got downstairs, he heard the faint sound of someone *crying*. Oh no. What's wrong? Who's crying? It sounded like it was coming from the basement.

Worried, Ghostbur flew beneath the floor, entering the basement through the ceiling. When he landed on the ground he noticed there was a lot of black paint on the floor. "Hmm. I didn't know there was paint here. I wonder if there's any blue?"

"*G-Ghostbur?*" A weak voice came from somewhere in the room. Startling the ghost a bit and causing him to jump into the air. He turned towards the sound and sure enough he could see a pair of eyes in the closet.

It was his friend, Ranboo!

"Oh hello, Ranboo! Sorry I left you alone for a bit! I think I took a nap! Are you okay? I thought I heard crying.." Ghostbur wondered why his friend was hiding in there. Was he playing a game of hide and seek?

"Y-Yeah.. I'm uh, I'm fine.. you good, Ghostbur?" Ranboo slowly got out of his hiding spot. Wiping his eyes with his sleeves. He looked sad.. had Ranboo been the one crying?

“I’m fantastic! I found Friend! Do you want to meet him?” Before he could answer, the spirit pulled out his blue sheep plushie, and held it so the boy could see. Surely, the sheep could make him feel better.

“This is Friend! The best sheep in the world! Say hello, Friend!” With a sweet smile, Ghostbur handed the dusty stuffed animal to the sad boy. Hoping that it will cheer him up.

“Um.. h-hi Friend?” Ranboo said shyly. At least Ghostbur thinks he is. That’s okay. Making new friends can be a little overwhelming sometimes!

The boy handed the small soft sheep back to the spectre. “He says it’s nice to meet you!”

“It’s uh, nice to meet you too, I guess.” A weak smile appeared on Ranboo’s face. Looks like Friend was making him feel better already!

“Why don’t you come back upstairs with us? I’m going to make dinner soon, you can come help if you’d like Ranboo.” Ghostbur offered, wanting to give the boy some company while he’s sad. The spirit needs to start making dinner for everyone though, so maybe the boy could help.

“Yeah.. sure. O-Okay.”

Ranboo had been fully expecting to be staying in the closet until morning. He was too ashamed to leave. Felt too horrible over his actions.

Shooting someone just seemed so wrong. Even if it was a walking corpse. Yes, he tried to convince himself to use it as a last resort, and it probably once used that way.. but in that moment where those two strangers came in, and Icarus started lunging for them. The boy panicked.

The amnesiac didn’t want anyone to get hurt..

Thankfully no one was, other than the zombie. Who seems to absolutely hate his guts for some reason. Unless zombies are like that for everyone.

The ones back in the city seem to suggest that. However, Tommy’s older brother appeared to have a particular dislike towards Ranboo. More aggressive.

Is it possible he insulted him somehow? Somewhere?

Wait, is Icarus capable of being insulted?

Damn. This whole thing is making his already distressed head spin. He just feels bad.

If he hadn't missed.. if he had shot his head.

Tommy’s brother would be *fully* dead.

Now for Tommy, Ranboo completely understood if the survivor hated him. He deserved it. With sobs building up again, the amnesiac rubbed his eyes. He'd even understand if Ghostbur didn't want to see him again too. That was his body that he shot after all. (*Oh right, he doesn't know that. He was hiding during the fight too, so perhaps not.*)

Speaking of the spirit, it was at this moment that Ghostbur dropped in through the ceiling, floating down. His face is full of confusion and concern. Until he was distracted by the blood on the ground.

"Hmm. I didn't know there was paint here. I wonder if there's any blue?" Ah. The ghost thinks it's paint. That explains why he's not freaked out.

"G-Ghostbur?" The boy sniffled, slightly opening the closet to look at the friendly spirit.

"Oh hello, Ranboo! Sorry I left you alone for a bit! I think I took a nap! Are you okay? I thought I heard crying.." Ghostbur floated over, he smiled at him, but then he frowned a little. Clearly worried. In his hands was a dusty looking plush sheep. It was blue, which Ranboo knew was Ghostbur's favourite colour.

"Y-Yeah.. I'm uh, I'm fine.. you good, Ghostbur?" The last time Ranboo heard him, the ghost was terrified out of his mind. Pleading for Icarus to stop breaking down the basement door. The ghost even started weeping. It was a really sad thing to hear the ghost go through.

However, now he seemed just as joyful as usual.

Ranboo tried to remember.. didn't Tommy say something about Ghostbur only remembering happy memories? Every time he gets sad or upset he essentially just 'resets'?

"I'm fantastic! I found Friend! Do you want to meet him?" Before the boy could answer, the ghost held out the dust-covered plushie. Presenting it like some kind of glowing achievement. It was sweet honestly, and Ranboo could tell that it was to make him feel better.

"Um.. h-hi Friend?" Unfortunately the amnesiac has no idea what he was supposed to say to an inanimate stuffed sheep. Ultimately Ranboo just gives it back to the ghost, who hugs it after having it be returned.

"He says it's nice to meet you!" It's sweet. The ghost really seems to care for that old thing. It reminds the boy of an excited little kid.

"It's uh, nice to meet you too, I guess." Wanting to make Ghostbur happy, Ranboo decided to play along. Giving a small wave and a weak smile to the plushie.

Maybe things will be okay after all?

Ghostbur asked him for help with dinner soon after this exchange. Of course, he's still worried about Tommy being furious, but it's hard to say no to the cheerful ghost. Besides, Ranboo is glad that the spectre wasn't upset after everything he saw.

He had to wonder though.. who were those two *strangers*?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't very good! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Trouble On the Receiver.

Chapter Summary

Tubbo and Michael continue their search for food when trouble breaks out.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 74 guys!! I'm so sorry I took so long.. I've been struggling terribly with writer's block, and that's something I've been terrified of for awhile. I'll try my hardest to keep writing, but I'm very sorry again for the delay! Today's chapter is a Tubbo and Michael chapter! I hope you guys like it!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Time to get back to the task at hand. With Michael's foot carefully bandaged, and having the glass safely removed, Tubbo was certain he could grab enough food without too much of a hitch.

Michael held the older boy's hand as they crept through the aisles. (*Well, more like Tubbo crept. The zombie kid was so small that he didn't need to crouch.*) It really seems like this place is empty of any threats so far, but one can't be too careful, now can they?

If the little boy was nervous at all, he certainly wasn't showing it. After all he's not the one who has to worry about being eaten by the undead, although it would be nice if Michael could give him some kind of sign when danger is close.

"Would you like me to grab you some chocolate, Michael?" Tubbo asked. They're currently in the snack aisle. Something he'd learned from the undead child was that the infected can apparently still eat sweets? Particularly chocolate. How and why? Tubbo has absolutely no idea.

Doesn't seem to be enough to completely erase their hunger however. Zombies would still rather eat a person than candy.

"Y-Y..es..!" Michael nodded. His dark eyes grew wide with excitement. He may be a zombified child, but definitely still a kid. Pulling Tubbo over to where the chocolate bars are, and puppy-dog eyeing them.

“Remember to say please, yep?” The survivor laughed a little at Michael’s desire for sweets. It was very cute. Tubbo has been trying to teach the toddler some manners, how to be more polite.

“*P-Pl..ea..se..?*” The small boy begged. Teetering on his feet. It looked like he was trying very hard not to grab the candy before being given permission.

Even if Tubbo wasn’t about to give him the candy after the toddler asked politely, he’d probably give it to Michael anyway. He’s so precious!

“Awww. Here you go, Michael. Good job, really.” The survivor took the chocolate candy bar off the high shelf, unwrapping it before handing it to the little zombie. Just because the small child is undead, doesn’t mean Tubbo wants Michael to be eating candy wrap.

Michael eagerly snatched the chocolate bar. Happily chomping on it with very sharp teeth. (*Teeth that a toddler should not have at all.*) At least he looked happy. Smiling as he bit into the delicious candy.

Chocolate was all over his face when he was finished. The little boy was an absolute mess. Definitely needs a bath. Michael looks like he’d been playing in dirt. His clothes could use a wash too.

Unfortunately that could result in a few scratches, and most-likely some bites. The toddler definitely likes him, but Tubbo doesn’t want to die attempting to give a zombified child a bath.

For now though, a face-wipe will do.

“You’ve got chocolate everywhere, man! Hold on. I reckon some of these wipes can clean it up.” Tubbo pulls some baby wipes out of his backpack. Michael hates getting his face cleaned, but he tries not to object. The small boy does whine however. Tubbo has done this before. The first time was met with angry growls.

It’s crazy to see how much the little zombie changed in the short time they’ve known each other.

“*T-Tu..b.. n-no..*” Michael pouted as Tubbo cleaned his dirty face. Making small high-pitched noises of displeasure. Causing the survivor to chuckle. Michael can be so grumpy sometimes.

“There, all done! I know you don’t like it, buddy, but you did a good job in all fairness.” Tubbo patted the little zombie’s head once his face was all clean. Luckily Michael wasn’t annoyed for very long, trying to hold the older boy’s hand again.

Hmm.

Is he forgetting something?

Oh right! The food for the compound. Tubbo is supposed to be grabbing some.

“Okay, Michael. Let’s get back to work, seeing as I do have a job to do.” The older boy left his bag on the floor. Keeping it unzipped. Michael might try to steal something from it, but Tubbo trusts that he won’t. There isn’t anything the toddler would find interesting anyway.

An assortment of canned goods sits on a shelf further down the aisle. A lot of them appeared to be different variations of soups and stews. Cream of mushroom, cream of tomato, that kind of thing. Next to that shelf were canned beans, meat, fruit and veggies. A lot of good stuff.

The next shelf had packages of rice, flour, noodles, and pasta. It was getting hard to choose what to grab. His backpack can only carry so much..

Considering that people tend to survive better when eating from the different food groups, Tubbo decided it was best to grab the canned meat, along with the vegetables and fruit, the rice and noodles, and finally a few cans of soup. No dairy unfortunately, but it’ll do. All the dairy products have probably gone bad by this point.

One last thing though. Just as a treat, the survivor grabbed a bottle of honey. Keeping it for himself. Tubbo did love honey and bees after all.

“Looks like I’ve got everything I need from my shopping list, really. Thanks for the help, Michael.” Tubbo smiled. In truth, the little zombie didn’t really do anything, but the company was nice and he appreciated it.

Suddenly his radio came to life.

“Tubbo! We have a problem!” Bad’s voice sounded through the speaker. It sounded urgent and afraid. A loud banging sound could be heard as if something was trying to break down a door. *“Skeppy wanted to check out the employee break room, and well, now we know why it was so quiet!”*

“FUCK! There’s six of them!” Skeppy’s panicked voice also came through the speaker.

“Oh god! I’ll be right there, sir! Best of luck in the meantime!” Slipping his backpack over his shoulders, Tubbo took off, looking for his companions.

Michael followed.

Michael likes holding the Tubbo’s hand.

Makes him feel safe.

Even if he is a weird fast-thing.

Tubbo takes him down tall things.

Stuff on the tall things.

Some smell good. Some don’t.

The good smells are small tasties.

Not like fast-thing food.

Still yummy though.

He wants them.

“Would you like me to grab you some chocolate, Michael?” Tubbo says.

It’s hard to understand.

Michael thinks he gets it though.

Tubbo is asking him if he wants a small tasty.

“Y-Y..es..!”

He wants it, he wants it, he wants it.

“Remember to say please, yep?”

Oh.

The strange word again.

Michael likes this word.

Tubbo gives him things if he says please.

“P-Pl..ea..se..?”

“Awww. Here you go, Michael. Good job, really.”

Tubbo is giving him the small tasty!

He bites it.

It tastes so good!

Different from fast-things.

Still good.

Michael loves it.

Makes him less cold.

He’s not sure why.

“You’ve got chocolate everywhere, man! Hold on. I reckon some of these wipes can clean it up.”

No, not the wet things.

Michael hates the wet things.

Tubbo stupid.

“T-Tu..b.. n-no..”

Face cold.

No like.

He makes noise.

Tubbo good.

But Tubbo also dumb.

Michael makes mad face.

“There, all done! I know you don’t like it, buddy, but you did a good job in all fairness.”

The annoying wet thing is gone now.

Tubbo pats his head.

He feels happier now.

The fast-thing looks at shapes sitting on the tall-things.

Michael doesn’t know what they are.

Tubbo puts them in his holding-thing.

Then he grabs a nice smelling thing and puts it in there too.

“Looks like I’ve got everything I need from my shopping list, really. Thanks for the help, Michael.”

Happy.

Michael likes helping the Tubbo.

Suddenly he hears a strange voice again.

It makes him jump.

It sounds like the other fast-things.

The boy wants to growl.

Tubbo may be a fast-thing but he's nice.

He's interesting.

The other fast-things are still food.

Tubbo might get upset though.

His friend runs off.

Michael follows.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'm sorry again for taking so long with posting!! And I'm sorry if this chapter wasn't well written! I'm still learning how to write Tubbo, and there's no guide for Skeppy and BBH so I have to improvise with them. If I find any problems later I'll try my best to fix them! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Growth in Communication.

Chapter Summary

Tommy has a small conversation with his brother.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 75 guys!! Sorry I didn't post yesterday! I decided to go with the posting a new chapter every second day when I have everything written. I hope that's alright! It's a Tommy and Icarus/Wilbur chapter today! It looks like there's going to be some communication! I really hope you guys like it!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/YThJupku>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy wasn't sure how he got Wil to allow this, but somehow the zombie let him put a clean shirt and sweater on him. Tommy managed to find them in a dresser upstairs. Unfortunately his old coat and shirt will need a thorough washing. As for the rest? He's not dealing with that. Too awkward.

At least some of his brother's clothes are fresh now. His shoulder is all patched up with the bandages, and now Wilbur is simply tugging lightly on his new sweater. (*Probably feels weird wearing something new.*)

'I guess wearing the same clothes for two fucking months, makes wearing anything else feel like shit.' Tommy thought bitterly again. Something that wouldn't have happened had his father just put his poor brother out of his misery.

Thinking about Phil and Techno barging in still fills him with rage.

He tries not to think about it. There's enough problems going on right now.

"*T-To..mmy..?*" Wil says, pausing his tugs on his clean white shirt. The look on his face was puzzled, as if he wanted to ask a question.

"Yeah, big man? You doing okay?" The zombie doesn't usually ask things. He mostly repeats his name and seems disinterested in most things. Unless he's hungry, in which his brother gets frighteningly focused.

“*W-Wha..t.. t-th..at..?*” Wil pointed to something pink. It was behind a hedge that was located behind the window. Immediately after the undead man slowly pointed, the pinkish shape disappeared as if ducking to hide.

“Fuck you, *Technoblade..*”

Of course, his other older brother was spying on them. Honestly Tommy should’ve seen that coming. The bastard probably feels guilty. Good. He deserves it.

Wil made a confused sort of groan. To which Tommy tried to answer. “Don’t worry about it, Wilby.. just an ugly bitch hiding from us.”

“*I-Ica..rus..*”

“Shit. Right, *Icarus*. My bad. Don’t think I’ll ever get used to that one..” Feeling bad again, Tommy mentally smacked himself. He literally told himself he should probably start using the nickname Ghostbur created for Wil.

Learning his real name should be treated as a form of baby steps. Best not to throw it at him all at once. So far it seems that his zombified brother works best in a calm and patient environment.

“*T-To..mmy..?*”

“Yeah, bro? Something still on your mind and shit?” Seems like the undead man has a lot to say right now. His language skills seem to be improving a bit as well. Curious, Tommy wants to listen.

“*F-F..ast.. T-Th..ings.. w-whe..re..?*”

Fast-Things?

What the hell are Fast-Things?

“Um. Wil- *Icarus*. What’s a Fast-Thing?” Suddenly very intrigued, Tommy answered Wil’s question with another question.

“*F-Foo..d.. e-eat..*” His brother groans. The look on his face was almost like: ‘*How do you not know this?*’

“Wait.. so, ‘*fast-things*’ that’s what you call people? Hold on. I-Icarus.. shit. My head’s spinning. Do you- do you have other words for things?”

Call Tommy crazy, but it’s not like the undead have their own language or something, right? What if Wil had been trying to talk to him this whole time but to the survivor, it just sounds like mindless groans?

No. No. Surely the whole, survivors being ‘*fast-things*’ is something unique to his brother. The ‘*fast-things*’ he’s referring to must be Techno and Phil. Makes sense he’d be curious

about who they were, but Tommy isn't ready to talk about them right now. He's still too enraged with them.

Refocusing back on the zombie, Tommy tried to pay attention to Wil's attempts at answering.

Wilbur paused as if thinking for a moment, before lightly tapping the boy's shoulder. "N-New.. T-Thi..ng.."

"New-Thing, huh? Wonder what that's supposed to mean, big man."

"T-To..mmy.. n-not.. f-foo..d.." Wil said slowly. A strange look on his pale bleeding face. A genuine, honest look. Like one you'd see on a small child who always tells the truth.

Tommy's eyes went wide. Of course he knew by now that Wilbur's reanimated corpse had no intention of harming him anymore. Not since their encounter at the camp, but.. to hear him actually say it.

For some reason it *hurts*.

"I know. I know, big man." The boy doesn't know what to make of this whole thing. He's confused about why his brother had a name for him and survivors..

But, at least they're communicating a bit better now.

Tommy took him out of the bad place.

Place where the evil Ranboo hurt him.

Used a long-stick to make lots of pain.

Left him on the ground.

Screaming.

Calling for Others to help who would be too far away to hear his voice.

But Tommy was there.

Good Tommy.

Kind Tommy.

His precious familiar thing helps him up the things he fell from.

"T-To..mmy.."

Icarus whines.

His body hurts from the long-stick.

Tommy pats his back and says soft words.

“Shhh. It’s okay, big man. I promise.”

They get into the big room.

Where Ghostbur gave him a gift once.

Ghostbur said it was for ‘sweeping’ but Icarus didn’t understand.

It’s hard to remember now..

But did Icarus make Ghostbur sad?

Did he do something while he was hungry?

His head hurts too much trying to think about it.

Ghostbur is a good shiny-thing.

Icarus feels bad.

They get to a new room. One he hasn’t seen before.

Tommy sits him on a weird chair.

“Okay, I’m going to have to take a look at it, big man. Might feel a little weirdchamp, but that bitch will need bandages.”

What is his Tommy doing?

Too many words..

Tommy tries to take his warm-soft off.

No. He doesn’t like that.

Too cold without it.

“N-N..o..”

“Come on, big man. I don’t want to do this either. I’m not motherinnit.”

“W-W..arm..” Icarus tries to explain. Hugging his warm-soft. Tommy knows what warm is right?

“It’ll only be a minute, I promise, then you can have your coat back.”

Okay..

He lets Tommy remove his warm-soft.

It feels weird.

It's cold.

So cold.

“C-Co..ld..”

“I know, Wilby. It's going to be okay, bro.”

Tommy takes off his other warm-soft. Then he backs away.

“What the fuck..?”

Why does his familiar-thing look afraid?

Had he done something wrong again?

Icarus gets nervous.

But then Tommy doesn't look scared anymore.

His familiar thing says comforting words.

He pulls something out though.

“Kay, Wil. Gonna have to put this on. Trust me, this will help.”

Oh.

That name again.

Why does his Tommy keep getting his name wrong?

“I-Ica..rus..” The man tries to remind him again.

*“Sorry.. uh. Right, **Icarus**. My mistake.”*

That makes him feel better.

Icarus is Icarus.

*He doesn't know who this '**Wil**' or '**Wilbur**' is.*

Again, Icarus wonders why Tommy keeps confusing him for someone else.

Something touches his hurt spot.

What is that?

There's something on his shoulder now.

Tommy puts it on and it feels weird.

He tries to focus on something else.

There's a pink thing outside.

He watches the pink thing.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't any good! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Spying.

Chapter Summary

Techno spies on Wilbur, while Icarus tries to talk to Tommy.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 76 guys!! It's another Techno chapter! There's also some more Icarus/Wilbur POV! This chapter also has a small surprise character cameo! I'm sorry if the cameo is stupid though! I can get rid of it if you guys want me to! I worked really hard on this chapter, so I really hope you guys like it!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Looking through the window wasn't as great a plan as Techno thought. Hiding behind bushes wasn't something he normally did either.

Through the glass, the heartbroken warrior could only make out the upper-half of the zombie that Tommy claimed was *Wilbur*. The corpse's face was so remarkably similar to his twin. It was disturbing to see it dripping with blood.

Physically everything seemed to match almost perfectly. It could very well be Wil, but Techno doesn't want to believe it. He likes to think of himself as a logical person, but he'd been under the impression that his brother was put to rest. For *two* months.

Is it crazy to hope that this was all some sick joke?

Deadbur Soot.

E.

Sad Brotherblade.

Why isn't Wil eating Tommy?

Brainssss lol.

Chat seems to think so, but that's unsurprising. They're as chaotic as they are persistent. Sometimes they take things seriously, other times they don't. They can even be supportive. Right now the majority seems to find this funny.

Techno sighs. He wants to tell the voices off, but there wouldn't be any point. They never listen anyway.

Tommy was also visible in the window. Luckily his angry little brother doesn't see the young man. He appeared to be grabbing some bandages, and wrapping them around the zombie's injured shoulder.

The boy is taking care of that.. *thing*.

Like it's still a person.

That's the thing about the undead. On the outside, they look so pitiful. Somehow not rotting like he'd expected. Their faces still human, but with bleeding eyes, mouths, and dark veins. Moaning with sickness. Human enough to sympathize with. On the inside however, they're as rotten as any zombie from any movie.

Heartless, murdering, shells of their former selves.

He focused all his rage into those monsters for what they did to his twin. Hacking them into bits and pieces with his bloodied axe. Wanting them to pay for taking Wilbur away.

Giving him no time to apologize.

No chance to reconcile..

If that zombie is truly Wilbur. Turned into the very creatures responsible for his death, then what is he supposed to do?

Honestly. It's hard to comprehend all of this in so little time. His head feels like it's all over the place. Doesn't help that the voices keep talking over each other in his ears. Overlapping and increasing in volume.

All Techno really knows is guilt.

Emotions he doesn't know how to express. How to handle or cope with.

Techno looks back at the sickly replica of Wilbur. Only to find it looking back.

His black eyes filled with nothing. Warm brown irises, and white sclera replaced with an empty void. Liquid virus dripping like tears. His deathly pale face peered through the glass. Staring blankly ahead.

Despite the corpse staring in his direction, Techno knows the zombie doesn't really see him. Their sight is too poor. It probably can only make out his shape and the colours.

Besides, if it truly saw Techno, it would be breaking the window. Shrieking inhumanly, desperate to tear his flesh off in order to consume it.

But then.. Why is that mindless *thing* not trying to kill Tommy?

Why is the child trying to bandage his wound?

It can't really be Wilbur.. right?

Actually. There might be a way to know for sure.

Unfortunately Techno needs to get closer to the zombie first.

Pink-Thing.

It's hard to see.

Too far.

What is it?

It's outside the looking glass.

Blurry.

Shaped funny.

Like an other or a fast-thing.

Can't smell it from here though.

So he can't tell.

Tommy presses the sticky thing down on his shoulder.

It feels weird.

But his familiar thing gave it to him.

Maybe it's a gift?

If so, then why is it on his hurt?

The hurt that the terrible Ranboo gave him.

It feels so uncomfortable.

He keeps staring out at the Pink-Thing to distract himself.

Tommy talks a bit. Looking at the Pink-Thing too.

He sounds unhappy, but why?

Icarus doesn't really listen though.

It's hard to focus.

Wait.

Is the Pink-Thing the fast-thing he saw before the pain?

So hard to see from here, but they both have pink.

Does Tommy know?

Know where the fast-things went?

"T-To..mmy..?"

"Yeah, bro? Something still on your mind and shit?"

Something on mind?

Yes. Icarus has something in his mind.

Although he doesn't quite know what that means.

"F-F..ast.. T-Th..ings.. w-whe..re..?"

Tommy looks confused.

"Um. Wil- Icarus. What's a Fast-Thing?"

What?

His precious familiar thing is messing with him.

How does he not know what a Fast-Thing is?

Fast-Things.

The creatures, so delicious he can almost feel his mouth watering just at the thought of them.

Oh wait, that's just his inside stuff.

Tommy must be confused.

"F-Foo..d.. e-eat.." Icarus tries to explain.

*“Wait.. so, ‘**fast-things**’ that’s what you call people? Hold on. I-Icarus.. shit. My head’s spinning. Do you- do you have other words for things?”*

His head hurts.

Too many words.

Tommy says too much.

Too fast.

Can’t process.

*He catches his Tommy say ‘**other words**’ though.*

Does the boy want him to tell him another word he knows?

Okay. He’ll try his best.

Icarus taps the familiar thing.

“N-New.. T-Thi..ng..”

Tommy is a new thing.

Not an Other.

Not a Fast-Thing.

New-Thing.

“New-Thing, huh? Wonder what that’s supposed to mean, big man.”

It means that he’s special.

Icarus cares for his Tommy.

Wants to make him happy.

“T-To..mmy.. n-not.. f-foo..d..”

The boy’s face looks different.

Looks sad.

Why sad?

“I know. I know, big man.”

Talking is hard.

So hard.

He'd been wanting to tell his Tommy that he wasn't food for..

How long?

Icarus can't remember.

The man just knows that he wanted to.

You're doing great, dear.

Huh?

New voice?

Not Inside Voice.

Inside Voice has been quiet for awhile.

Not All Voice.

Who voice?

It sounds comforting..

Icarus hears a soft laughter.

He feels colder.

A cold-thing is wrapping around him.

It's holding him.

So cold.

For some reason it's not that bad though.

Stay strong. You can do this, I know it.

Do what?

Comforting new voice fades.

The cold gets less bad.

Mum?

Inside voice is back.

He's gone as quickly as he came.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked pretty hard on it and was excited to post it! I'm sorry if it's not very good though! I promise I'll try my best to fix any problems I might find later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Escaping the Store.

Chapter Summary

Tubbo, BBH, and Skeppy try to make their escape, while Phil feels guilty again.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 77 guys!! We're getting really close to 80 chapters!! That's insane! I really hope I can keep writing more after 80 because I still have lots planned! This is nowhere near close to being done! Today's chapter is another Tubbo one! (Phil is also there lol) Looks like there's a problem going on with the grocery squad lol. I hope it doesn't get worse lol xD (Again, sorry if Tubbo, BBH, and Skeppy aren't written well!! I'm still learning!)

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

BBH and Skeppy are in trouble. Clearly a lot of it.

Tubbo had been wondering where all the undead were, as this store showed signs of zombies having occupied this building recently.

Turns out they were all in the employee break room? Huh. What were they all doing in there?

Judging by Michael's behaviour (*still acting like a child, playing with toys and stuff*), perhaps the zombies who happened to be here either worked at this store, or worked somewhere else? Going into the employee room thinking they were on break?

No. Probably not. Michael is just a special little zombie. It's most-likely just a coincidence that they're all in there together. The infected do prefer to be in groups after all. (*Except Michael. Either the child prefers being on his own, or knows being in a group of zombies could endanger Tubbo, he has absolutely no idea.*)

Whatever the reason, it doesn't really matter.

Fearful shouts could be heard at the back of the grocery store. Both sounding like BBH and Skeppy.

Filled with concern, Tubbo bolted towards the back of the store.

When the boy made it to the end, he could see his fellow survivors. Bad was carrying a broken piece of wood, holding it against the door while Skeppy frantically hit it with a hammer. They're attempting to make a barricade.

The dreaded sound of feral growls and lifeless groans could be heard on the other side of the door. Along with hard pounding. Hopefully it will hold long enough to protect them.

"Tubbo! Thank goodness you're here!" BBH shouted. Fear written on his face lessened slightly upon seeing the other survivor. "I'm going to need you to find wood, or anything we can use to block the door!"

"Right away, sir! I'll find as much as I can!" Being someone who preferred not to question authority, Tubbo decided not to suggest simply leaving the premises. BBH is the leader of this small group, and the boy trusts that he'll make the right decisions.

In that case, the young survivor ran off. Searching for anything useful towards making a quick barricade.

The ground is rather cluttered. Mostly scattered papers, food wrappers, and other trash. There has to be something around here somewhere.

'If I were a piece of wood, where would I be?' Tubbo had absolutely no idea. He's not even really sure how the two other survivors found some in the first place.

Maybe they should just run after all?

Something felt wrong about it. Best to escape quickly then have them break the door down while barricading, zombies look weak, but they're stronger than they look. Tackling six of them at once is not a good idea.

Suddenly a little bit nervous. Tubbo turned around. Running back to BBH and Skeppy.

"Sirs, I'm terribly sorry, but I think we should leave now. I don't reckon that barricade will hold even if we add more to it."

"Hell, if you think we should leave now, kid, I'm totally up for it!" Skeppy said through gritted teeth. Agreeing with the boy, although he kept hammering the wood to the door. Most-likely wanting his close friend's thoughts first.

"There might be more supplies in there.. but, oh muffin! It's not worth the risk. You're right, let's get out of here! Thanks for the help Tubbo! I think we've got everything we need!" Thankfully Bad seemed to agree as well.

Carefully the two stepped away from the door. Then all three survivors broke into a run. Not waiting for the zombies to break out.

As Tubbo ran, he could see Skeppy holding his arm. It was wrapped in bandages. If he listened closely he'd hear mumbled swears coming from the man.

Tubbo decided now was not a good time to question it. Hopefully that *injury* has nothing to do with the undead that attacked the two men in the employee room..

Michael looked slightly confused, he was following after them but trying to keep hidden. The older boy spotted him as he ran.

'Don't worry, Michael. I'll be back later. I promise!' Meeting up with him later was probably for the best. Michael seems to understand that Tubbo can't always be around so hopefully he won't be too upset about this.

He'll just have to try to sneak out or something later.

Right now though, escape would be ideal.

Phil was alone.

Alone in a shed that smelled of blood and death.

It's not hard to guess who had been previously occupying this space.

There was no doubt in the father's mind that Wilbur had been stuck in here. Trapped against his will for everyone's safety.

There's scratch marks on the walls and wood of the door. Feeble attempts at escaping. Bloody fingerprints and faded handprints on the walls.

Perhaps it is fitting that he now resides in what should've been his son's tomb.

If Phil and Techno had just arrived sooner, before that sickening *imitation* went inside the house, maybe he could've been able to kill it.

Like he should've done the moment that bloodied corpse twitched with false-life.

The man can hear the crows cawing morosely outside. Almost as if they're just as sorrowful as him.

If he'd just been a better father to his sons, none of this would be happening.

Wilbur wouldn't have suffered a fate worse than death.

Tommy wouldn't hate him and want nothing to do with him.

Techno wouldn't have looked at him with that.. *betrayed* expression he'd never seen before.

A look he'd seen on two of his sons, as much as he regrets.

But a look he'd never seen in the warrior.

Maybe it's this fact that made him such a horrible father.

The blatant favouritism that he tried to deny.

Phil really did choose Techno over the rest of his children. Why? The man doesn't even know himself.

There's really no excuse for it.

In the end, all it really got the family was one son dead, another son enraged, and the one he favoured leaving.

Things couldn't have gone any worse.

How could he ever believe he can redeem himself?

"I-I'm so sorry.. K-Kristin.. I wish you were here.."

But she's not here.

His wife, his number one supporter, died years ago. Leaving his children without a mother. It wasn't her fault. It was no one's fault.

But it was something they never really got over. Particularly hard on Wilbur.

She's probably somewhere much better than here. Where Wil should be too.

It's almost funny.. but if Kristin were here, she'd probably be yelling at him for all the trouble he'd caused. With the favouritism, the long trips away, leaving Tommy and Wilbur behind. Causing a wedge between the family that he refused to acknowledge.

He'd give anything for a do-over..

Too bad that won't ever happen. Good things don't happen in a world where the dead far outnumber the living.

It's getting cold.

So cold.

There's a nagging feeling in the back of his head, but he can't bring himself to care.

He decides to sit in the disgusting shed, alone and in silence. Letting the reminders of his guilt keep stabbing him.

It's what he deserves, he thinks.

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked really hard on it! I'm sorry if it's not good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I might find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Telekinesis.

Chapter Summary

Ranboo sees a cool trick, while Ghostbur recalls a happy memory.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 78 guys!! Sorry I took awhile to post this! Stuff was going on at home! We've got a Ranboo and Ghostbur chapter today! I hope you guys like it! There's also a cute little baby Tommy Flashback too! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hGK5mXAK>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo wasn't sure if being upstairs was a good idea, after everything that went down in the basement.

It's hard to say no to the sweet spirit, and he did promise to help the ghost with making dinner tonight.

Ghostbur happily rambled on. The boy found it hard to really focus on his friend's words. Not that he found the spectre to be boring, but simply because he's trying to mentally prepare himself for Tommy's potential wrath. Just in case the blonde survivor is still furious at him for shooting his brother.

If he had been in Tommy's shoes, perhaps he would've felt the same way.

A trail of *blood* led to the bathroom.

That's probably where the brothers went..

"Friend, what should we make for dinner tonight?" The cheerful voice of Ghostbur brought him out of his remorseful thoughts. Bringing the boy back to reality. Ghostbur was not talking to Ranboo however, he seemed to be having a conversation with his stuffed sheep.

There was a pause of silence, as the spirit gazed into the old plushie's button eyes. As if waiting for an answer.

“Oh! Soup again? Alright! I made some for Icarus earlier when he wasn’t feeling well! You think I should make more? I’m sure everyone will love it!” Ghostbur smiled brightly as he hovered into the kitchen. Ranboo following behind.

The ghost carefully placed Friend onto the table, then grabbed a clean pot from one of the cupboards and filled it with water. Taking a can of chicken noodle soup from a shelf, and opening it up. The spirit hummed happily.

Deciding to make some conversation to ease the overwhelming dread that the spirit clearly could not feel, Ranboo asked him a question. Eyes darting to find a topic.

His eyes land on the dusty plushie.

“S-So, um.. how long have you, like, known Friend?” Something told the boy that the spirit knew of this stuffed animal far before actually finding it.

“We’ve known each other for.. about over two months I’d say! I remember waking up, and Friend was resting his head on me! He was so soft, and I knew right then that he was the best sheep ever!” The ghost gleefully explained his first meeting with Friend to the other amnesiac. Turning on the heat as he did so.

“W-Wow. That sounds, uh, really nice Ghostbur! Friend does seem like a pretty nice animal..” Still nervous about Tommy coming back and yelling at him, Ranboo stuttered a bit as he spoke. Hopefully Ghostbur wouldn’t notice, but with how focused he seems with the soup, it’ll probably be fine.

“Oh, if you don’t mind, could you please pass the can opener? It’s right there on the table, Ranboo!”

“Um, s-sure!” Ranboo grabbed the can opener, until he paused. Wondering something. “Wait, uh, if you’re a ghost, are you um, able to make it move? Like telekinesis?”

“Hmm. I could try! I’ve done it before actually, but it doesn’t go very well. That’s alright though! Would you like me to try?” The spectre smiled, lowering the temperature on the stove first. Not wanting the water to boil too fast.

“Yeah! Like, go for it!” Feeling less anxious and more intrigued, Ranboo moved over. Wanting to watch Ghostbur try to move the can opener.

“Okay! One can opener, here we come!” Ghostbur cheerfully said.

With one arm raised, the spirit’s smile faded slightly. A look of concentration on his face. A strange feeling filled the air. An almost chilling, electrical feeling. Like static. Slowly the can opener began to rise off the table.

The can opening rose a little higher. It shook left and right, like the spectre was trying to show off what he could make the floating object do in the air. It was so incredible, Ranboo felt compelled to clap for his ghostly friend.

“L-Look I’m doing it!” Ghostbur laughed, but his voice sounded strained. Ranboo turned to look at him and saw that his arm was shaking. Blue liquid began to drip from his nose, as if having a nose-bleed.

“H-Hey. Ghostbur, are you alright?” Something wasn’t right here, concern began to fill the boy as he noticed how tired the spirit was starting to look. “You can, uh, stop now, it’s okay!”

“N-No I’m fine! J-Just like weightlifting, really!” Ghostbur tried to laugh it off, his voice grew more echoey as he spoke. More blue blood-like fluid dripped down his poor face. It looks like he’s trying really hard to impress, but this can’t be good for him if he does it for too long.

Realizing that the spirit looked ready to faint, Ranboo then snatched the floating can opener. Causing Ghostbur to let his arm down. The ghost was panting like he’d run a marathon.

“O-Oh thanks Ranboo! I-I had it covered though! Just a bit tiring, y’know?”

Yikes..

Perhaps they shouldn’t try that again.

Making things float really tires a ghost out. Definitely not as easy as it looks!

In truth the spirit already uses up a lot of his energy staying visible all the time. He wants his friends and brother to see him though, so he doesn’t mind.

In fact, the spectre is starting to feel better already! Especially since Ranboo is still here.

Ghostbur was happy to have company with him while making dinner.

When he was alive and younger, Phil and Techno wouldn’t always be home. Leaving him to do the cooking. Tommy would usually be too engrossed in video games to spend time with him, but that’s okay.

He always made Tommy’s favourites. Maybe it spoiled the boy a bit, but Ghostbur doesn’t mind. He loves his little brother.

One of his favourite memories of his little brother was when he was learning to say his name! *(Well Alivebur’s name, but does it really matter?)*

“Come on, Toms! It’s Wilbur! WIL-BUR. You can do it!” An excited, much younger version of himself said as he held the one year-old in his arms. Techno standing next to him, his face was stoic as usual, but Wil knew he wanted Tommy to say his name just as much as Wilbur did with his.

“Think that name’s too hard, bro.” His twin said in a monotone voice.

“No it’s not! It’s a perfectly simple name.” Wil dramatically raised his voice, but he wasn’t actually angry. Techno did say sometimes that he was a bit of a drama queen.

Tommy looked up at him with his baby blue eyes. He looked a bit bored, but was keeping himself entertained by tugging lightly on his older brother’s curls. It was cute, but even at one year-old Wilbur could tell that Tommy was going to be a much bigger handful when he’s older.

“Biisssh. Bissssh!” The baby babbled. His attempt at words sounded nothing like Wilbur’s name. In fact, Wil isn’t sure what word that could be. Perhaps it’s just simple baby talk?

“Uh. Wilbur? I think he’s calling you a ‘bitch.’” Techno pointed out.

“That’s impossible, Tommy wouldn’t know that word-“

“Bishh!” Little Tommy started giggling. Tugging harder on his hair. It hurts!

“O-Okay Tommy! I’m going to put you down now!” The boy placed his baby brother back onto the play mat. Upon doing so, Tommy grabbed a block toy and nibbled on it. The little guy’s teething.

“Don’t think too hard about it, Wil. He’ll say your name eventually.” His twin said, in an effort to cheer him up. Techno isn’t really good at that, but Wilbur appreciated it.

The boy was about to give up teaching the baby his name when he suddenly heard a tiny babble.

“Wwibby.”

Wilbur’s eyes went wide. Was Tommy trying to say Wilby? He scooped his little brother up and practically squealed. Hugging little Tommy.

“Wilby?! He just called me Wilby, Techno!”

It was one of the best memories Ghostbur has. Even though the ghost would rather not be referred to as Wilbur (*he’s not sure why though*) he still loves the nickname that his little brother gave him.

The soup is almost done now. Won’t be much longer until dinner.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn’t good! I tried my best on it! If I find any problems later I’ll try my best to fix them! If you guys did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

The Bad Thing.

Chapter Summary

Tommy goes to see Ghostbur with Icarus, while Icarus's opinion on Ranboo gets worse.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 79 guys!! Sorry I haven't posted in a few days. I've been dealing with a lot of stress. It's kind of hard to explain.. anyway my birthday is tomorrow as well so I thought I'd post a chapter before it! It's a Tommy and Icarus/Wilbur chapter! I hope you guys like it! Sorry if it's not good though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/CUeN9rSF>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy helped his brother out of the bathroom. Now that his bullet wound was covered up, he was wearing a fresh shirt. A nice red woolen sweater sat on his shoulders too.

Wil whined a little again. Still pulling on his clean shirt and sweater. Perhaps he found it itchy or something?

"Icarus, stop tugging your clothes, probably feels like a bitch, but trust me, big man. These are better." Although it pains him, Tommy uses Wil's temporary name on the zombie's insistence.

Looking a tad disheveled, Tommy tried to fix his brother's appearance a bit again. The undead man having messed it up with his tugging. As he does so, he notices a strange red leaf poking out of his hair.

The boy tries to take it out of his brother's messy, tangled hair, but it disappears into Wilbur's curls. Oh well. At least he tried. Can't fix everything right?

It was then that Wil mumbled something. Words that sounded almost like.. 'Bendy Twig'? Tommy isn't sure what that means. Either it's nonsensical or the boy heard him wrong.

Choosing to ignore that, Tommy led the zombie out of the bathroom. His older brother held his hand without prompt. Gripping it just a little too tightly, but the zombie probably isn't doing that intentionally.

Upon exiting the bathroom, the boy noticed that something smelled very good. Chicken soup, maybe? Ghostbur must be making dinner.

Wait.

Ghostbur.

'SHIT! I forgot about Ghostbro!' With the chaos of Wil breaking out of the shed, having to find food only to come back to his brother trying to eat Ranboo, and then the zombie getting shot. He'd completely forgotten about his ghostly brother.

'Damn it..' Tommy felt bad. He better make it up to Ghostbur, even if the ghost doesn't know that his little brother forgot about him.

"Hello?!"

When the two entered the kitchen, it was then Tommy realized he'd forgotten another thing.

"Oh hi, Tommy! Hello Icarus! Dinner's almost ready! Ranboo helped!" Ghostbur turned around after hearing them walk in. He seemed perfectly fine. Unaware that his father and twin had been here not too long ago, or the fact that the zombified version of himself had been shot.

Ranboo however, didn't look nearly as alright. Considering he was now staring wide-eyed and terrified at the corpse he'd almost killed about an hour ago.

Clearly Tommy wasn't thinking. Honestly he should've known that Ranboo would have left the basement at some point, and that Wilbur would need to go back in the shed.

Tommy panicked, turned back to look at the zombie, prepared to stop him if he tried to lunge for Ranboo.

"N..No.. y-y..ou.." Wil is shaking. His words are harder to make out, but Tommy knows something is wrong. The zombie is just.. backing away. That expression. The boy had seen it before.

A look of genuine *fear*.

The same one Wilbur had when Tommy tried to stop the man from killing Ranboo when the amnesiac first arrived.

Wilbur was breathing, it was a wheezing watery type of breathing that didn't sound natural. Actually, Tommy's not sure if he ever heard the undead man breathe before.. but it sounds almost like he's mimicking hyperventilation.

"Uh- H-Hang on!" Fuck he needs to get Wil out of here and quick. He needs to think of something. Some kind of excuse. "Ghostbur I saw uh.. a woman! Yes! A woman was in here earlier! I need to take Icarus upstairs, or she might come back and try to date him!"

“A woman?! Oh no! I hope she didn’t steal anything! Icarus, don’t worry about supper! I’ll have soup for you when the coast is clear! Ranboo, let’s make sure none of the thieving women come back!” Having completely believed this lie, Ghostbur gave a supportive salute (*like some kind of general*) and then proceeded to start ladling soup into some bowls.

‘Thanks Ghostbro.’ Tommy mentally thanks Ghostbur, as he immediately moves a terrified Wil out of the room. The poor guy is still hyperventilating (*or doing the zombie version of that.*)

Getting Wilbur to calm down, and then thinking of where he should stay would be best.

Icarus doesn’t understand.

He is a brave Other.

The evil Ranboo is stupid.

Stupid food.

Food can’t fight.

Yet the food fought back.

Icarus knows they do that sometimes.

Heard from Others about the Fast-Things hurting them.

He thinks he saw them hurt Others before..

But it’s hard to remember.

Doesn’t make sense.

Fast-Things are dumb.

They move and make sound.

But they have no thoughts.

No feelings.

They are food.

Why did the Ranboo hurt him?

Why did he use the bad long-stick?

Give him pain.

So much pain..

Icarus doesn't understand.

He can't understand.

Wanted to eat the evil fast-thing if seen again.

Now he sees the Ranboo.

But he can't move.

The man is scared.

So scared.

Shaking.

Staring.

Unable to look away.

What if the fast-thing gives more pain?

Bad.

Very bad.

Is what he knows wrong?

Do Fast-Things think?

He doesn't know.

If they don't think.. then why fight back?

Can't be right.

It's not what he knows.

~~*What you know is wrong.*~~

Inside voice.

No.

Inside Voice wrong.

Icarus wrong?

Ranboo..

Ranboo not Fast-Thing?

A new thing?

Like his Tommy..

But bad.

*A **Bad-Thing**.*

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried really hard on it! I'm sorry if it wasn't good though! I promise I'll try my best to fix things if I find any problems later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Hopes of Fixing.

Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to understand what Wilbur is telling him, while wondering if it's possible to fix him.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 80 guys!! I can't believe we've hit 80 chapters!! This is the largest thing I've ever written and it's still not even halfway done! I really hope I can keep writing this story for everyone! I feel so proud of it!! Sorry if that sounds silly, it's just. This story and you guys mean so much to me! Thank you for sticking around for so long guys!! I hope I can post even more chapters in the future!! Today's chapter is another Tommy one! I hope you guys like it! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/CUeN9rSF>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy helped Wilbur up the stairs. Leading the zombie into his bedroom so he could calm down.

Wilbur was still shaking. The man tended to twitch a lot, but this was literal trembling. The zombie clung to his side. He didn't want to let go of his hand when the boy sat him down on the bed.

"T-To..mmy.." The zombie was clearly upset. The question is, why?

"It's okay, big man. Tell me what's wrong." The boy awkwardly patted his brother's shoulder to comfort him. Would a hug be better though? Tommy doesn't really know what to do here.

Is it possible for zombies to have panic attacks?

"H-Hu..rt.. h-he.." Wil whimpered. He seemed to want to explain, but didn't know how to. The zombie weakly raised his hand and touched the spot where his bullet-wound was covered.

"Oh, alright. You're scared because Ranboo shot you? I mean, it makes sense.. yeah?" Tommy supposed maybe even zombies would freak out after getting shot, but at the same

time they've been known to sometimes shrug off bullets and keep going.

Or maybe that's just Wilbur?

The boy really has no idea. Tommy thought he knew how the undead worked, but now he's not so sure anymore. His brother makes him question if all his information is correct.

Before finding his zombified brother. Tommy had thought that all the undead were monstrous, mindless killing machines. Creatures that would never recognize their loved-ones, and wouldn't care if they lost a limb.

Part of the boy still believes that.. but Wilbur is just so *different*. Well, of course he still tried to tear Ranboo, Phil, and Techno apart without a second thought, but when it comes to Tommy.. Wil is just the complete opposite.

"R-Ran..boo.. b-bad.. t-th..ing.."

The boy doesn't know what to make of this. This couldn't have been the first time a survivor had attacked Wil in self defence. There's no way they'd just let his older brother eat them alive.

So then why does he care so much that Ranboo attacked him?

"No.. Wil- *Icarus*, Ranboo isn't a wrong'un. I know it's difficult or some shit to understand, but he thought you were about to fucking eat him, seriously." To be fair, the zombie was. If Tommy hadn't arrived when he did, Ranboo would probably be dead.

"E-Eat.. o-ok..ay.." Wilbur stubbornly tries to argue. *"R-Ran..boo.. is.. fo..od.."*

"For fuck's sake, man! You can't eat him! He's like me, *Icarus*! I haven't seen another living person in two months!" Starting to get a tad frustrated, the boy tries to see if he can get the zombie to view Ranboo equal to himself.

It's not that Tommy doesn't want to be around Wil, or Ghostbur. He just wishes he could be around other living people is all. He feels bad for snapping a bit at the zombie though. Wilbur genuinely seems to not understand that he's wrong.

"Y-You.. d-diff..er..ent.. y-you.. T-To..mmy.." Wilbur muttered. His voice is quiet and soft. It almost sounded.. hurt.

"But why? *Why* am I different?" Tommy ran a hand through his hair. A mixed feeling of stress and confusion rushed through him. He wants to understand.

Tommy knows his brother is in there somewhere.. it would explain most of his behaviour towards the boy. At the same time though, he hasn't shown any indication of truly remembering him. Protecting him from other zombies, knowing his name, is definitely a good sign.. but, other than these Wilbur is almost an empty shell.

A shell with feelings of course, but a shell nonetheless.

“*F-Fa..mil..*.” The zombie struggles to say. The word appears to be too complex.

Tommy freezes immediately.

‘*Is he trying to say Family? Does he really know? Holy shit..*.’ Giving his undead brother his full attention, he patiently waits to hear Wil finish the word.

Was he finally getting through to him?

“*F-Fa..mil..iar..*.”

Oh.

‘*Should’ve figured as much..*.’ A heavy pang of guilt and sadness hit the boy. Damn. Tommy thought that Wilbur would have a breakthrough. Clearly he was mistaken.

“*T-To..mmy..?*” The zombie seemed to notice that the boy wasn’t paying attention.

“Sorry, big man.. just thinking I guess. Look, Icarus, you’re going to stay up here tonight, kay? No more shed today.” Wilbur had been stuck in that shed for too long. Maybe he can go back tomorrow, but seeing how upset Ranboo made him a few minutes ago, perhaps it’s better to keep his brother upstairs. It could be a calmer environment.

“*N-No.. s-sh..ed..?*” Wilbur asked. His black eyes somehow appeared curious. Less miserable.

“Yeah, no shed bro. Real shitty in there, I know. You can stay.” Tommy sighed. It’s been a rough day for everyone. Wilbur needs a break, Tommy needs a break.

Hell. They all deserve a fucking vacation.

Dinner sounds good too though.

“Try to get some rest, *Icky..*” The boy headed for the door.

As he left, he swore he almost heard his brother’s voice quietly pleading for him to stay.

Tommy begrudgingly trudged down the stairs. He feels bad for snapping at the zombie. The boy also feels sad that Wilbur said ‘*familiar*’ and not ‘*family*.’

He’s not sure what he was expecting.. but for a moment there. Tommy really thought that, maybe..

Perhaps his brother really remembered the extent of their relationship? That Tommy isn’t just something familiar to him, but really his brother?

Is it stupid to feel so disappointed and let down, when he knows Wilbur can’t remember him?

'I'm trying to understand, big man. Really, I'm trying..' Maybe the boy is just expecting too much. With all that's happened in only a few days it feels like it had been months since he'd found out the truth of his older brother's existence.

Just because it feels like a long time, doesn't mean it is. If there's a chance that Wilbur can truly remember him, it'll most-likely take time. He just needs to keep reminding himself that.

Rome wasn't built in a day after all.

Surely teaching a zombie how to be human again won't either.

Huh.. actually. Tommy hadn't even really thought about that until now. He'd been so preoccupied with keeping him away from Ranboo, he didn't even think of the possibility of teaching Wilbur.

Could something like that really happen? Could he teach the zombie anything?

Would that bring his memories back?

Okay, okay. Maybe he's overthinking this. As much as he loves and cares for his brother, the man is still a flesh-hungry zombie. Yes he remembers Tommy enough not to eat him, but is there anything left in there that's capable of improving?

Yes he's getting slightly better with words now.. but. Look at him. Tommy's seen how he acts. If he and Ghostbur weren't there, the man would probably wander around thoughtlessly forever. When he's not doing anything, Wilbur simply stares ahead. His black, dripping eyes unfocused. It's not hard to tell that in those moments, Wil's head is truly empty.

If it weren't for the boy. Wilbur wouldn't be thinking or talking at all. Even if it is just a little bit.

...

No.

This is probably one of the worst ideas Tommy has ever had, but maybe it's worth a shot. He already knows Wilbur won't do anything to harm him anymore. So trying to teach him things probably won't hurt anyone.. right?

Obviously this should be done with baby-steps though. Patience, and understanding. No one's (*at least he's pretty sure no one has*) ever tried to rehabilitate a zombie before, so of course it's not going to be easy. Hell, it probably won't even work.

But it's worth a try.

Wilbur doesn't deserve to be stuck in that shed all day.

Tommy's going to fix that.

“Toms! You’ve come back for dinner!” Ghostbur suddenly spoke up in an excited voice. Oh that’s odd. The boy doesn’t remember entering the kitchen. Guess he was too lost in thought to notice.

“Yeah, I’m back. Don’t worry about Icarus. He’s uh.. taking a nap.” Tommy’s not entirely sure what his brother is going to be doing up there, but he hopes that he’ll calm down.

The blankets are pretty soft on his bed, and having seen how much the zombie enjoys soft textures, he’s confident it will comfort him enough to stay quiet. Maybe he’ll even go to sleep. Which honestly, Wilbur deserves.. the boy did feel terrible about making him sleep in that dirty, old shed. (*Considering he spent one night there with him.*)

“Anyway, I’m starving, big man. What’s on the menu tonight?” Changing the subject, and feeling pretty hungry, Tommy asked what they were going to be eating, as he pulled a chair out and sat beside a nervous Ranboo.

“Well since Icarus wasn’t feeling well, I thought I’d make everyone some chicken noodle soup, since I know that was your favourite when you were sick!” Ghostbur smiled happily. Placing a hot bowl of soup in front of the boy, and another one in front of Ranboo. He also grabbed two spoons, and placed each of them beside the bowl. Another bowl rested on one of the counters. Probably for Icarus. Which is sweet.

“Ghostbro, you are the best, most awesome, poggest brother ever. Really, big man!” Tommy made sure to compliment his ghostly brother. He’s a little bit worried that he’d been neglecting the spirit lately. Obviously Ghostbur hasn’t noticed, but the boy wants to make sure that the spectre knows he cares about him very much.

“Tommy! Don’t say that! I’ll cry!” Clearly not expecting that, Ghostbur gasped. “Awww Tommy!”

With that, the ghost swooped in for a hug. It was a cold hug, but he didn’t mind. Feelings of joy and brotherly love were always felt in Ghostbur’s hugs. It always kind of left Tommy wanting more.

‘Maybe things will be okay.’ The boy softly smiled.

Today had been pretty bad.. but it feels like it’s getting better.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked very hard on it! If I find any problems later I’ll try my best to fix them! I’ll be taking my week break now so I can write some more chapters!! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

“I could’ve been kinder.”

Chapter Summary

Ranboo is worried that Tommy is still angry, but gets an unexpected surprise. Meanwhile Icarus is lonely again.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 81 guys!! I’m so so sorry I took so long! I’m actually not even ready to be posting yet, I just felt really guilty about taking so long! So here’s a new chapter! I really hope you guys like it! Sorry if I wrote Ranboo poorly again though. His dialogue is very hard for me to figure out! I hope you guys like this chapter despite any problems there may be!

Here’s a link to the story’s discord if you’d like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/8NkmdFV5>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo hadn’t expected Tommy to sit next to him at the dinner table. He figured the survivor would be glaring at him, or simply start shouting at him again.

Instead Tommy didn’t. He was being friendly to Ghostbur, which made the cheerful spirit very happy. A pretty heartwarming sight watching the two brothers hug.

But at the same time, it made the amnesiac uncomfortable. Like he’s intruding on something. Ranboo still feels very guilty for shooting Icarus.. it doesn’t really seem fair for him to be having dinner with them.

Speaking of, the soup Ghostbur had served was delicious. It was hot, but not burning. The flavour of the chicken was excellent as well. He doesn’t remember if he’s ever had any better chicken noodle soup than this.

Tommy however, despite looking to be in a much better mood, was absentmindedly moving his spoon around in his bowl. Taking occasional sips of his soup, but he seemed very distracted. Ranboo didn’t want to pry.. but he hopes everything is okay with Icarus.

“Hey, um. Ghostbro?” The blonde boy asked, breaking the silence.

“Yeah, Tommy? How’s your soup? Do you like it?” Ghostbur excitedly questioned. Hoping his little brother enjoyed his cooking.

“Oh! Soup’s great, big man. Do you think you could give Memory Boy, and I a minute alone? It’s.. surprisechamp!”

“Oh okay! I hope it’s a fun surprise! You two enjoy your meal! I’ll go check on the garden! I want to see if the seeds have started growing!” The spirit allowed his brother and new friend to talk. Giving them both a sweet smile. He hummed as he floated out of the room. Leaving the two boys behind.

Now he’s really nervous.. Why did Tommy tell Ghostbur to leave?

Is he about to get angry with him?

“Listen, I’m no good with apologies, man. Real shitty with them, honest. I guess, what I’m trying to say is that.. I’m *sorry*.” Tommy’s voice was soft and quiet. A tone Ranboo had never heard from the normally loud boy.

Again they haven’t known each other very long, but the amnesiac thinks he has a good read on Tommy. Something told the new survivor that Tommy was sincere.

But why was he apologizing?

“N-No, uh, it’s um, okay. Tommy you really don’t need to-”

“Look at me, Ranboo. Here’s the thing. You were just trying to protect yourself. Anyone would. Everyone in the history of anything ever. If it were the other way around, I surely would’ve done the same thing..” Tommy cut him off. Determined to say sorry to the amnesiac, when he doesn’t believe he deserves one.

“So.. I’m not mad at you for shooting Wil. I’m not happy about it, but I don’t hate you for it. Don’t go beating yourself up about it. I’m glad no one got hurt. I’d rather not lose another person to this fucked up apocalypse shit.” The blonde boy sighed. His words felt true. Part of Ranboo is glad that Tommy considers him someone he wouldn’t want to lose.

Though that does beg the question. Who were the two people that Tommy had been screaming at?

“T-Thanks.. uh. I really appreciate um, hearing that. Just one question though. Who were, uh, those two guys that walked in earlier? When I.. y’know..” A little bit scared that this would be the wrong thing to ask, especially when Tommy doesn’t seem to be mad at the amnesiac anymore. Ranboo tried not to pry too hard.

“Oh.. yeah. ‘*Those*’ guys. Shit. Now listen, Ranboob, it’s a long story. Things have been so fucking mental, I can’t even remember if I told you. One could say I haven’t exactly been.. too welcoming to you.”

Ranboo was surprised to hear that. Perhaps Tommy hadn’t thought so, but the new survivor felt that the blonde boy had been very accommodating. After all, he had let him stay at the

farm when he could've yelled at him to leave. Could have made him stay in the shed instead of Icarus, but gave him one of the extra rooms. True he might not have been extremely kind with his words, and the nicknames are rather odd, but Ranboo believes Tommy is a good person.

"No, no. Tommy, you've been uh, really great. I mean that, really. You're a good guy and everything."

"Glad you think so, big man.. but I dunno. Feel like I could've been kinder." The survivor didn't make eye contact. He seemed ashamed of himself, which Ranboo felt was unnecessary. Tommy just did what he felt was right. It's fair to not totally trust someone you've only known for a few days.

"Anyway.. those two bastards earlier. Um. They're.. uh. Fuck, this isn't easy to say. I honestly never thought they'd find us." Tommy looked like he needed a minute to collect his thoughts. He took a deep breath and sighed. "That was my *father* and *brother*.. Phil and Techno."

"Oh, um. Yeah, I think Ghostbur mentioned them before.. why- why were they here?"

"No fucking clue, Memory Boy. After what Phil did to Wil, I'm surprised he'd have the guts to find us. Guess it's just a shitty coincidence.."

It's clear that Tommy harbours a lot of anger towards the rest of his family. Ranboo feels sorry for him.

Ranboo hopes that whoever his family is, if they're even still alive, that they hadn't done whatever Tommy's did.

He wants to ask, but maybe it's best that Tommy tells him in his own time.

Icarus didn't want to be alone.

He wanted Tommy to stay.

This thing is soft..

It's warm.

Nice..

But he doesn't want to be alone.

Was his Familiar-Thing mad again?

The boy seemed to be..

Fast-Thing speech is so hard.

Icarus tried to tell his Tommy that the evil Ranboo is food again.

Why does Tommy disagree so much?

Is it because he's never tasted a Fast-Thing?

He's never seen him eat one after all..

Something tells him he won't enjoy that though.

Maybe New-Things just don't like eating Fast-Things.

But Icarus likes eating them.

Can't Tommy let him have a nibble at least? Even if he's scared of the Ranboo now..

The Ranboo hurt him.

Gave him pain.

What if it ends up hurting his Tommy too?

Icarus will catch it eventually.

He's a brave Other.

But maybe not as brave as he thought..

Tommy wanted to know why Icarus cared about him too.

Why does he want to know?

Isn't it obvious?

Tommy is his precious Familiar-Thing..

Something he will protect and keep safe forever.

Even if it means he fades away.

His kind don't see his Tommy as special.

He looks too much like a Fast-Thing.

It makes Icarus sad.

Icarus tried to explain this to him.

But he didn't know how.

Tommy didn't understand..

Now he's alone.

Not in shed.

That's good.

Still sad.

Why did Tommy leave?

Please don't leave..

Tommy..

Tommy..

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Again I'm so sorry I took so long!! I have four more chapters written, but I like to write a bunch before posting as it helps me de-stress. Unfortunately writer's block has been hitting me very hard so I've been struggling with writing more. I'll try my best to keep writing though!! This story is in no way finished, there's still way more to come! I'm sorry if this chapter isn't very good though! I promise I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I would love some feedback!

Time to Run.

Chapter Summary

Tubbo and the gang decide to run back to Dream's compound.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 82 guys!! Thought I'd post another chapter! I still need time to write the rest though! So I'm sorry if the next ones take awhile! In this chapter we're back with Tubbo, BBH, Skeppy, and Michael! I hope you guys like it! Also sorry again if these characters are poorly written! Tubbo is quite hard (and I haven't found a guide on how to write BBH or Skeppy yet.)

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/8NkmdFV5>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Escaping the grocery store was surprisingly easier than Tubbo had thought. BBH and Skeppy quickly followed suit, and soon enough all three of them exited through the thick glass doors.

However, it seemed their problems were far from over. Six zombies were right on their metaphorical tails. Skeppy shouting curses in terror, still holding his bandaged arm. While BBH was shouting for them both to hurry.

When the two men finally got out, they slammed the doors shut behind them.

"T-That was close!" Bad wheezed. He along with his partner both panting from exertion. "A-At least we got everything we needed, right?"

"N-No shit.. I wouldn't go back in there even if Dream paid us fucking billions.." Skeppy breathed heavily. His voice had an angry twinge to it. Tubbo didn't blame him.

"I reckon we should head back to the compound, Dream's probably waiting for these supplies." Tubbo liked to think he got a good amount of food. Hopefully the masked-man will be impressed. The boy doesn't want to blow his first assignment.

Being responsible is the only way to succeed in this world now. As much as he'd love to goof around, Tubbo has to keep himself alive, as well as occasionally look after Michael.

He wants to prove to Dream that he can be a good asset to his settlement. Someone who can do things to support the rest of the population, even if that does imply getting into serious danger.

“Good idea Tubbo. It’s probably best if we don’t stick around for too long. The noise could’ve been loud enough to draw a few zombies to our location. Skeppy, are you good to go?”

“Y-Yeah.. j-just give me a minute.” The man looked like he was going to be sick. Tubbo wasn’t exactly sure what Skeppy went through in there, but it probably wasn’t good.

“The break room.. it, um. Wasn’t pretty.” BBH quickly explained. “I didn’t really get a good look, but Skeppy said he saw-”

“I-I don’t want to hear about it. God.. those *things*. They’re not fucking human.” The injured man cut his friend off. A haunted look could be seen in his eyes. Skeppy covered his ears.

“Bad, what did he see, sir?” Tubbo whispered. Curious as to what Skeppy saw but figuring it would be best not to ask the man himself what he had seen judging by his reaction to the topic.

“There was a.. family in there. Must’ve been killed shortly before we arrived. Bodies still fresh. Skeppy said that the kid.. was missing their face.” Bad’s eyes shifted nervously as he tried to explain.

That.. definitely didn’t sound good. At least the poor child is unlikely to rise. Although if it did.. perhaps Michael could have a friend?

The little zombie does get rather lonely without Tubbo..

No. The boy shouldn’t be trying to put a positive spin on it. The whole scene is harrowing. That poor family.. Maybe he should do something for Skeppy later. He’ll ask BBH about what his friend likes back at the compound.

After a moment of composure. The group prepared to set off again.

Bang.

All three turned around to see bloody hands pressing on glass doors. Teeth gnashing, snarling faces. Seven. Seven zombies were right behind them. Another shuffled in, and now there’s eight. The couple having risen to join the hunt.

Michael is there too, but standing further away, hidden slightly behind a shelf. The little zombie is just watching. His expression.. sad? Neutral? Tubbo has no idea.

Kind of makes sense, given that he probably doesn’t care about the two other survivors he’s with.

“FUCK! The boards didn’t hold!” Skeppy screamed, quickly backing away from the doors he’d almost been sitting against only a moment earlier.

“I think it would be best if we leave now, sirs!” The young survivor urged his companions to flee. They have no reason to stay any longer. The group got the supplies they needed, they should run.

“Good idea! Skeppy, let’s get this stuff back before we become a buffet!”

Skeppy nodded nervously, a bead of sweat dripping down his face.

Tubbo gave Michael a small wave, before the trio ran. Just as the glass doors were beginning to crack. The boy hopes he’ll have another chance to see him soon.

Michael isn’t sure why Tubbo is leaving.

He’s running away.

The Tubbo does that a lot sometimes.

Oh right.

Others don’t find him interesting.

They just see food.

Tubbo is food.

But Michael likes the food too much to eat it.

He’s a good fast-thing.

Others are gathering at the door.

They’re hungry.

Michael can tell.

Maybe the dead fast-things in the small room weren’t tasty enough.

Hmmm.

No.

Others just always want more.

Michael wants more.

He wants it a lot.

Not right now though.

The Tubbo somehow makes it better.

Michael hopes he'll come back soon.

For now the little boy goes back to where the small tasties are.

He loves the small tasties.

Has to watch ground while walking.

Make sure no bad pains are on the floor.

Michael doesn't like the pain.

Small Tasties so close.

He grabs one.

It tastes so good..

Not as good as fast-things.

But almost.

No Tubbo means no 'say please.'

That means Michael can have all the Small Tasties.

He takes them with him.

Michael wanders for a bit.

Building is big.

Fun to explore.

Small room with dead fast-things.

Huh?

Two fast-things missing.

They disappear after a while.

Oh right?

Michael isn't sure why..

None of the big Others know.

Fast-Things are strange.

One small dead one still here.

Eat it later.

Michael wants the Tubbo back first.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'm sorry if it isn't good though! I promise I'll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did enjoy this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Unnecessary and Unneeded.

Chapter Summary

Tommy and Ranboo leave to clean the basement, while Icarus is confused about whether Inside Voice is actually bad.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 83 guys!! Sorry I didn't post for a few days! I was working on writing more chapters! I just have one more to finish before posting the rest! This one is a Tommy and Wilbur/Icarus chapter! I hope you guys like it! Sorry if it's not very good though! I'm a little worried I made things too confusion or too spooky in Icarus's part. If it's not good I can try to fix it later!!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/duuwQVGg>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Apologizing to Ranboo.. felt better than he thought it would. It wasn't easy to do so. Hell, anyone who knows Tommy would agree that saying sorry isn't his forte.

There was a peculiar feeling of lightness in apologizing though. The boy had been dealing with a lot of emotions lately. Ranboo didn't deserve to be Tommy's verbal punching bag obviously, but letting all of his frustration and anger out on his father, brother, and new friend, strangely made him feel better. Although since it wasn't really the new survivor's fault, Tommy definitely won't be doing that anymore.

"Y'know, we haven't really haven't talked much, ever. Guess it would be pretty pog, to get to know you better Ranboob. I mean, since we're going to be surviving together, yeah?" Attempting to make more conversation, Tommy tries to bring himself out of the shell he ended up forming during his time alone.

"W-Well.. I mean, I uh, can't remember much Tommy. I don't think there's um.. really much I can say and everything." The amnesiac paused. Then he laughed nervously. "I know your brother doesn't um, like me."

"Yeah, honestly I wouldn't think too much about it, man. Wil only seems to like me and Ghostbur for some reason, and well, who wouldn't like Ghostbur?" Maybe he'd been blind to

it, but Tommy hadn't noticed anything extremely alarming about his brother's behaviour towards the other boy.

Well, there is the strange way he keeps referring to Ranboo as being '*bad*' but who knows? Maybe Wilbur is just mad that he couldn't eat him?

That's when Tommy remembers that his older brother had been shot by the boy sitting next to him. He slaps himself mentally. How could he have forgotten, when he'd literally been trying to (*and unfortunately failing*) to comfort the zombie about fifteen minutes ago?

'Memory is going to shit. Maybe it's stress? Or because I'm hanging out with three amnesiacs. Damn memory bitches are rubbing off on me.' The boy thinks in a mix of both concern, and amusement. More joking than serious but still a little worried. It's the stress most-likely. When you pretend everything is fine, perhaps it's easy to forget the problems that are around.

"Speaking of Ghostbro, Ranboo, y'know you're actually the only proof I have that he's even real. Man could've been a hallucination, and part of me was fucking scared that he was." It's true. Maybe it's from the craziness, but it wasn't until now that Tommy realized that because Ranboo could see his ghostly brother, that means he does in fact exist.

Somehow Ghostbur is real.

Strangely, that feels more bizarre than the billions of zombies roaming the world.

"Oh, really? Wow.. um, I don't really know what to say Tommy. I'm uh, glad he is though. Ghostbur's a good guy." Ranboo said looking surprised.

"Yeah.. me too." If he had realized sooner, the boy would've felt so relieved. Ghostbur's real. Not some illusion created by his loneliness. Although.. that does pose a lot of new questions now that Tommy knows his brother's spirit truly exists.

It made his head spin just thinking about it.

Things were quiet for a minute as neither of the boys knew what to say. The moment just felt kind of awkward.

"So, I guess we should probably clean up the basement or some shit." Leaving all that blood down there doesn't sound safe or healthy. It's riddled with infection after all.

Coming into contact with it though should be harmless as long as it doesn't get into any open wounds thankfully. So all the two survivors would really need are some gloves, detergent and water. (*He hopes at least. Blood might be harder to wash away than it looks.*)

"Oh uh. Y-Yeah, we should probably do that." Ranboo said nervously. Tommy figures it's because the amnesiac feels bad about what happened down there.

"Better grab some gloves. Last thing you want is to get that gunk on you. Stupid way to die." Tommy warned his new friend since there's many things he wouldn't know.

Damn. Once again, only a day or two has felt like months.

“R-Right. Gloves. Cool, cool.” The two survivors then went to look for suitable gloves. Leaving their half-eaten soup behind.

Icarus lies on the comfy soft.

It feels nice.

A soft-thing sits on top of him.

His Tommy put it there.

A fluffy-thing behind his head.

Tommy also put that there.

Familiar-Thing is so kind.

If only the boy could understand how he feels towards the Ranboo.

~~He's just a kid.~~

Inside Voice keeps showing up.

Not for long, but enough to annoy.

Ever since Comforting Voice spoke.

~~It was self-defence.~~

What is Self-Defence?

~~It's when you-~~

Inside Voice is interrupted.

~~*Silence.*~~

All Voice.

~~*Fighting futile?*~~

~~*Sleep.*~~

Something feels scared.

~~W-Why are you-~~

Inside Voice grows fainter.

~~*-Doing.. this..*~~

Gone again.

...

Why does he feel bad?

Inside Voice is annoying.

What even is it?

So why does he feel bad for it all of a sudden?

Icarus doesn't like Inside Voice.

But..

'All Voice?'

~~*Yes, progeny?*~~

'Why make Inside Voice go away?'

'Inside Voice annoying.'

'Though.'

'Maybe not bad.'

~~*Foolish. You wrong.*~~

Why?

Doesn't seem evil.

Not like the Ranboo.

~~*It not needed.*~~
~~*MUST stay sleep.*~~
~~*Understand?*~~

Does Icarus understand?

He's not sure..

All Voice knows all.

So maybe right?

Yes.

All Voice right.

Inside Voice stupid.

It stays asleep as it should.

Icarus smart.

For now Icarus rests too.

Soft-Things are warm.

They feel good..

Feel tired..

He closes his eyes.

Sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried very hard on this one as there's more interaction with Icarus and the mysterious All Voice person! I'm sorry if it's not good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Flashing Images.

Chapter Summary

Ranboo hears a short cautionary tale, while Icarus has a bad dream.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 84 guys!! I've got good news guys! I finished writing the next couple chapters so I'll be posting these more often! Today we have another Ranboo, Tommy, and Icarus/Wilbur chapter! I really hope you guys enjoy this! I worked very hard on it! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/duuwQVGg>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo wasn't exactly comfortable going back down to the basement, but considering the mess that was made in the scuffle with Icarus, it would probably be best to clean it up.

There probably weren't any extreme health hazards to be caused by leaving the puddle of zombie blood alone, but it's better to be safe than sorry. Who knows if being around it is enough to get you sick? After all, it's the blood that spreads the virus.

Actually.. there might be some things he'll need to ask Tommy about. There's still so little that he knows about the undead due to his amnesia after all.

"So.. uh, we won't, um.. get infected if we get too close. Right?" The new survivor asked a bit nervously. Judging by Tommy's nonchalant attitude it most-likely would be fine. However, Ranboo wanted to be sure.

"Oh, you mean like airborne? Nah we're good, Memory Boy. Only way we'll get the virus is if we're scratched or bitten by some bitch. Lower chance with scratches though." The blonde boy explained.

"Ah. Okay.. good to know."

"Well, also if you get any of that shit in your system. Drinking infected water, or blood splashing on open wounds. Yeah, it's not pog. Good thing we have these gloves, and a mop." Tommy added. Saying these things as if it were completely normal and not totally horrifying.

“I-I better write this down..” Ranboo took his memory book out of his pocket. Grabbing a pencil from another. Funny enough, he’d almost forgotten about his journal. The amnesiac quickly scrawled the information onto a blank page. It would be important to remember this.

If *accidentally* drinking something tainted could turn someone into a zombie, then Ranboo wants to avoid that at all costs.

“Is there, like, a way to tell? I-If it’s infected?” Knowing how to tell would be very important.

“Not exactly.. just look for dark water. Like someone poured paint or ink in it. Also, never leave a water bottle behind even for a minute. I’ve heard stories of people drinking stuff and *turning*.. it’s real fucked up.” Tommy shook his head, as if trying to dispel the thought.

-Avoid dark water

-Don’t leave bottled water unattended?

“Wait.. how? Are you saying zombies are, uh, smart enough to do that?” The boy certainly hoped not. The undead deliberately singling out water bottles and poisoning them sounds absolutely horrifying.

“I dunno.. I mean, there’s been some talk and shit on the radios. About a month ago. Some mad bastard said something about ‘*Bleeders*’ going around and dripping blood into water sources. Honestly, big man. I think it was just to scare people. Zombies already fucking bleed like hell, it’s probably just another nickname.” Tommy thought for a moment, before telling Ranboo a small story.

“I um, hope you’re right..”

“I think it’s the other survivors you have to worry about. Walking corpses aren’t smart enough to spike water on purpose. Accidentally, yeah, but purposely? No. That’s a human bitch.” The blonde finished his explanation, ending it on a disturbing note. Tommy didn’t seem particularly worried about it though, judging by his expression, but survivors intentionally infecting other human-beings?

Wow.

Could people really be that cruel?

Ranboo supposed it’s possible.. it would be incredibly naive to think that survivors would all get along in the apocalypse, but doing something so extreme to another person.. essentially committing murder by turning them into zombies, has that really happened?

Truly a scary thought.

“Anyway, we should mop this up. Can’t have this place looking like a murder scene.” Tommy reminded the amnesiac, wanting to get the two survivors back on track.

“O-Oh! Yeah, right..” Hearing that cautionary tale had made the boy completely forget about why they came down to the basement.

After grabbing a bucket of water, the two began to mop the floor. Although, neither of the boys knew exactly what they were doing. Both weren't sure what kind of soap helps with removing blood from concrete.

Once most of the zombie blood was gone, Tommy and Ranboo didn't know what to do with the mops and water. Should they burn them? Do they clean the bloodied mops? Toss out the dirty water?

Hmmm.. probably should dump it out somewhere.

Sleeping.

Dark.

Tired.

Sleeping.

Not cold.

Warm.

Warm good.

Soft.

Soft-Thing.

Dark.

Quiet.

Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing.

There is nothing and that is fine.

What's there to exist if he's supposed to be asleep?

Nothing, that's what.

No thoughts.

Empty head.

He is sleeping.

...

Colour.

...

Colour?

No. Supposed to be dark.

...

Someone laughing.

No it's supposed to be quiet.

Someone crying.

Faces.

Images.

Flashing so quickly.

What's going on?

"Listen, I don't have time to deal with you right now, get the..."

Why more voices?

"Hmm, well, by the looks of things, you probably wouldn't. I would say..."

Inside Voice?

"What are you implying?"

Who..?

"Oh, Nothing, Nothing at all..."

He doesn't understand.

"Just that, apparently, it sounds like the lives of several missing survivors don't matter to you..."

Sounds like Inside Voice..

But not the same..

Why?

Icarus is scared.

What's happening?

Well, I think you should be more worried about yourself. Right?

What is he seeing?

Icarus thought he was sleeping.

So dark.

Nice and warm.

Where did it all go?

Icarus is a brave Other.

But he doesn't feel so brave now.

More voices of Fast-Things fill his head.

Suddenly bright.

Very bright. Painful.

Bad bright.

Strange images.

They're lost in the bright white.

Then it's all gone.

His eyes open and it's hard to see.

Dark in this room.

Comforting darkness.

Awake now.

Shaking but not from the cold.

What did Icarus see?

"T-To..mmy.." He whimpers. Tries to call out for his precious familiar-thing.

Something moves in the corner.

Smells familiar.

“T-Tom..my..?”

Too dark to see. Figure moves closer.

Something's not right.

Smell isn't the same. Familiar.. but wrong.

*You are **not** Tommy.*

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried my best to make this one good, and I've been excited to post it!! I'm sorry if it's not great though! I'll try very hard to fix any problems I may find later! If you did like this chapter please leave a comment, as I would love some feedback! :D

‘I have to know.’

Chapter Summary

Techno enters the house again, while Tommy prepares to defend his brother.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 85 guys!! Looks like we're up for some drama guys! Lol! Things are only going to get crazier from here! Techno and Tommy chapter today! I really hope you guys enjoy it! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/duuwQVGg>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Slaying the undead isn't the same as sneaking around. Fighting has always been the warrior's forte, not stealth.

So it was safe to say that Techno didn't feel confident about breaking into Tommy's new abode. He's quite certain another shouting match will be in store if he gets caught.

That hasn't stopped him before though, has it?

Everything he does only seems to make his little brother hate him more. Even when he tried to do things with him, he could never understand why Tommy cared for Wilbur more.

Perhaps Tommy and Wil felt the same way about him and Phil.

Guilt filled his normally stoic heart again at the thought of his brothers' neglect. Maybe if his twin and youngest brother came with them on their trip, none of this would've happened..

But what good does it do, to think about this?

Nothing can be done to change the past.. and Techno isn't really the type to dwell on things. Of course, he can hold a grudge at times, but he prefers to focus on the present.

Right now, what was left of his twin brother might be in this house.

This could be his last chance to apologize.

A final chance to make things right.

'I have to know.' Technoblade took a deep breath. Steeling himself for what he's about to do. Putting a hand on the farmhouse's door knob. Grasping it tightly.

Technosneak.

Woah, he's breaking in?

E

Where's Dadza?

Brotherblade.

Is Wil in there?

Right on time. Chat loves to make an appearance at his most vulnerable. The young man doesn't feel like telling them to quiet down, so he just tries to ignore them as best as he can.

Techno carefully turned the knob, trying to open the door without making a creak, or a click. Thankfully, it opened quietly.

Now back inside the farmhouse, it seemed just as unwelcoming as it did previously. Its cozy comfortable interior is merely a facade. Had this been a place Techno and Phil had found unoccupied, this could've been a great place to stay.

But with the current occupants being a walking corpse, and a boy who would surely rather see him dead, it just didn't feel like such a nice home anymore.

Although, the warrior isn't afraid. Techno doesn't get scared. He's strong. There's a reason people say *'Technoblade never dies.'*

That's from his pure strength and courage.

Technoblade never dies!

Go find Wil!

Forgot my popcorn, be right back.

Caw.

Techno just shakes his head at their antics again. Taking a quiet breath. The warrior tries to stay calm. Letting emotions run wild isn't going to do the young man any good. Fear of getting caught is not an option.

Being calm and collected is the only way forward. (*Of course he wasn't upset about Phil lying to him anymore. He's not upset about Wilbur at all..*)

'I'm calm. I'm collected. I'll get through this. I always have.' His steps are quiet as he proceeds through the doorway. Spotting the staircase, and listening so very closely for any indication that Tommy and his friend were around.

Doesn't explain why reaching the stairs felt agonizingly long..

Starting his ascent up the wooden stairs, Techno swore he heard something from below. A flicker of fear in his heart before vanishing. (*No, that wasn't fear. It was nothing.*)

More terribly long minutes passed, but thankfully he'd reached the upstairs. A few doors are presented to him. Behind one of them.. well, could be anyone. Hell, Wilbur might not even be upstairs. His twin could be somewhere else all he knew. The warrior isn't sure why going upstairs was his first instinct..

In the end, it probably doesn't matter. As long as he finds the man he'd known since day one. Since the beginning of their lives.

He's got to be in one of these rooms. He's got to be.

Techno opened the first one, carefully. It slowly opened to a neat and tidy bedroom. A few doodles were taped to the wall, in blue colouring. A small similar shade of blue plush sheep was resting on the bed. Hmmmmmm..

The next room was less neat. It looked like the occupant had tried to keep it tidy, but had forgotten things mid-cleaning. Strangely enough, he swears he can see a small green frog perched on the windowsill.

There was nothing particularly note-worthy in the rest of the rooms, although one looked like it had been occupied by zombies. The door was scratched up and missing pieces. Like someone had broken it apart. Dark bloody stains could be seen all over the room as well, but no one was inside.

After checking the bathroom, and finding nothing. Technoblade moved to the last one.

'Please be in there Wil.' The young man nervously (*fine. He's kind of afraid after all. He's tired of denying it*) turned the knob. A bead of sweat ran down his forehead as he did so.

The room was incredibly dark. Most had the lights on, but this one had all of them off. The window shades were completely closed too. Almost as if someone was trying to sleep and needed darkness to do so.

It took a minute for his eyes to adjust. When his vision was just clear enough to see a bit, he noticed a human-shaped form on the bed, lying under the blankets. Their body didn't rise or fall. No sound of breathing or snoring.

Almost like the person resting there was dead..

Or a *zombie*.

With such low visibility it would be impossible to tell if the lifeless figure was his twin.

An incredibly stupid idea came into his head.

Techno quietly grabbed his flashlight from his bag. It's a very dumb move, but the undead were often predictable with their sleeping habits. They either sleep for days, weeks, or just wake up the second you make a noise or get close. Some even seem to fake it.

Although.. if this one wasn't really asleep, it would have definitely heard him coming up the stairs. Which means, this one (*if it really is a zombie*) is one of those deep-sleepers.

'*Only one way to find out..*' He takes the flashlight, turning it to a lower setting, and shines it at the figure-

The flashlight slips from his hand as he hears a low hiss.

The impact was loud, he scrambled to pick it back up and turn it off. Hiding in a corner when the undead creature suddenly jolted awake.

It was *Wilbur*.

"Phew. This shit was a bitch to clean, but looks like we got it all, Memory Boy." Tommy placed the mops and bucket in a corner. Satisfied with the work he and his new friend accomplished.

The floor wasn't exactly shiny or anything, but it was clean enough. Only a faint dark stain could be seen if you looked closely enough. Even then, the boy thinks that the pair did a good job.

"Probably shouldn't waste food, gotta ration it, but want to get a snack? Think we've earned it, man." He smiled. Today has been rather hectic for everyone, but it seems like a peaceful night was headed their way. A little indulgence in the way of snacks felt deserved.

"Hm. Um, yeah! I could uh, like, go for something!" The amnesiac smiled back. Ranboo appeared much more relaxed now, which Tommy was happy to see. Ever since he arrived (*only a very short time ago. Tommy needs to remind himself*) the new survivor seemed timid and scared of everything. Although Tommy supposed that makes sense considering he woke up in the fucking zombie apocalypse.

"Pog! Pretty sure I saw some peanut butter and jam in the kitchen. Heard that peanut butter never goes bad, seriously. We could eat that shit forever." The boy grinned, imagining himself stealing it all and hoarding them in the farm like a little raccoon.

"Uh, I-I don't think that's-"

"Of course it is! Don't forget that I'm always right, Ranboob! I'm Tommy Danger Kraken Innit!" Laughing to himself and feeling mischievous, Tommy began to race up the stairs. "Let's see who gets there first, bitch!"

It took a minute before Ranboo accepted. Sort of like he needed a minute to fully process Tommy's challenge, but eventually seemed to accept it. With Tommy ahead of him though, it's unlikely that the amnesiac will make it to the kitchen before he does.

After making it to the top of the stairs, the young survivor was about to head to his targeted destination, when he nearly smashed face-first into a wall.

A loud thud came from upstairs. Followed by an angry shriek.

"Uh.. y-you don't think he's having a nightmare, do you?" Ranboo said nervously. Wringing his hands a bit from the sound of that shriek.

"Fuck no. D-Don't move! I'll go check on Big Dubs.. something's wrong I can feel it." The boy's heart pounded. As far as he knew the undead couldn't dream.

That night when Wilbur dogpiled him, the man was out like a light. Made no sounds. No tossing and turning, or any movement for that matter. Nothing to indicate the state of dreaming. Not to mention the idea of zombies having dreams seems a little odd.

Again though, Tommy isn't a neurologist.

It was his own intuition that told him something was amiss. Immediately he stormed up the stairs. Running from the living room to upstairs. He knows which bedroom to check. Wil had been left in his after all.

"W-Wilby! Big man, what's wrong?!" Swinging the door open in a panic. Tommy shouts out his brother's name. Momentarily forgetting the use of the zombie's preferred name. Simply slipping from his mind out of worry.

What the boy found filled him with rage.

His no-good excuse for an older brother, Techno, was standing there. Holding an axe, and pointing it at Wilbur, who was strangely cowering in a corner. Shivering.

Techno had come into *his* house.

The house where his only real family lived now.

"Uh. Theseus, this isn't what it looks like.." Techno wore an expression that Tommy hadn't often seen him wear. It was a look of surprise, wariness, and guilt.

"Get out." The boy simply said. His words were quiet, poorly concealing the deepening rage spreading through his being.

"T-Tommy I-" His only living brother tried to say. Hmph. As if he actually has the grounds to defend his actions. What a piece of shit.

Honestly, Tommy had no idea what to say. He was so overwhelmed with anger, that the only things he could think of were shouting, threats of violence, and downright punching him like he'd done to his father.

Tommy looks over at Wilbur again. Or should he say *Icarus*. The poor man was tugging at his hair again. Shaking so violently that the boy almost began to panic with concern. The blood from his eyes was dripping heavier, and he was whimpering. His brother looks unharmed.. but he seems terrified. Even more than he was of Ranboo about thirty-minutes ago.

“Technoblade. Get out before I **stab** you, bitch.” The survivor took his hunting knife out of his pocket.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked very hard on this one! I’m sorry if it’s not very good though! I’ll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

That Face.

Chapter Summary

Techno gets lectured by Tommy, while Icarus is frightened by a new face.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 86 guys!! Looks like Techno is in big trouble! I wonder if he can get out of this lol. Tommy's about to give him the lecture of a lifetime! I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter guys. It was fun to write this one! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/BbM8bkSA>

Update Note: Rereading this chapter, I honestly added the birthmark thing in as like a last-minute decision. So sorry if it's a dumb/pointless addition. I think if I were to rewrite this chapter I'd probably write that out. :D /lighthearted

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If looks could kill, Tommy's would. As the expression his little brother wore was nothing but infuriated.

AngryInnit.

Oh shit Tommy's here.

Technosneak more like Technocaught.

Why is Wil shaking?

With the casual interruption from Chat, the warrior found it even more difficult to think of anything to say. Attempting to calm Phil was one thing, but an angry child like Tommy?

Yeah. There's probably no getting out of the verbal lashing he's about to receive.

"How DARE you come into my home! Break into *my* room, and raise a fucking axe at *Wilbur!*" Tommy approached dangerously. The boy's hand shakingly wielding his knife.

Techno could sense an internal struggle within his little brother. The desire to protect the only 'person' he felt was there for him, and not wanting to kill his only living sibling. The young

man can sense that somewhere deep down Tommy still cares for him, but his allegiance to Wilbur is testing that.

“WHY THE HELL DID YOU COME BACK BITCH?!” The boy’s shouts masking the quiet sobs from the corner. The zombie in question, now covering his ears at the sudden spike in volume.

“I.. I wanted to know if it’s really *him*.” Techno took a step back. His widened guilt ridden eyes locked onto his little brother and former twin.

“W-What do you mean?! Course it’s Wilbur! Have your eyes gone deaf and shit? Look at his fucking face!” Tommy scowled. Turning around to point at the reanimated corpse. His twin’s *doppelgänger*.

“T-T..om..my..” A trembling voice moaned from the undead man. The zombie inched himself closer to his little brother bit by bit. As if afraid to move, but clearly wanting the boy to comfort him.

Techno doesn’t understand.. he’s never seen these flesh-eating monsters act like this.

“Look at him, and tell me it’s not Wil!” He pointed again. More furiously this time. The corpse removed his hands from his ears and held his head again. An expression of pain, fear, and.. is that *confusion*?

“T-To..mm-”

“Shush. I’ve got this big man! Everything’s going to be fine! I just have to get rid of this stupid fuck first!” Tommy’s worried face looked towards the corpse, before flashing the warrior another hateful scowl.

Techno looks at the zombie again. Getting a clear look. Of course.. He looks almost identical to his dead twin. Same hair. Same facial features, although tarnished by infection. A face that once had such a warm smile. Would laugh and tease.

At least until.. until the family fell apart.

Still, even with physical evidence. Techno doesn’t want to believe Wilbur turned into this pathetic creature. Even if his heart knows the *truth*.

“Why.. why isn’t he attacking us? Why isn’t he trying to kill you?”

“*Why* do you care, bitch?! It’s not like you ever fucking cared about him! Not like you and Phil ever gave a shit about us!” Tommy shouted again in response. Painfully reminding the young man of his mistakes. Choices he’ll probably always regret.

“That’s not true. I do care.. I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t. I wouldn’t have come in, looking for that *birthmark* if I didn’t care..” Techno was hurt. His voice became quieter, more soft. Honestly it makes sense why Tommy feels that he doesn’t care for him or Wilbur.. but he does. He’s just never known how to show it.

For a moment, the angry boy looked confused. Tommy blinked. Then realization dawned, and his face went back to the previous scornful expression.

“T-That’s why you broke in? To see if he has that stupid birthmark?” His anger seemed to deepen at that, stuttering in surprise, as if taken aback that the warrior would even ask such a ridiculous question.

Tommy swore under his breath, and approached the distraught zombie. Techno managed to catch the boy muttering a small apology to ‘*Wilbur*’ and carefully pulled his shirt and sweater, just far enough that Techno could see his vein-ridden skin. The undead man didn’t seem to appreciate it much. Whimpering and weakly batting the boy’s hand away.

“There! You see it? Are you fucking happy now?!” Tommy pointed to the seemingly meaningless birthmark on Wil’s pale shoulder. To Techno however, it meant everything.

Techno has that same birthmark. Exact same spot. It doesn’t look particularly odd, but it’s the only physical trait that the twin’s seemed to share..

Growing up, people were always shocked upon finding out that they were brothers. Even more so when hearing that they were twins. No one could really believe it. Not with how different Techno and Wilbur were in both personality and looks.

This was irrefutable proof..

Wilbur is dead.

A zombie.

Phil had truly lied..

Yet.. what was even worse.

He can’t kill Wilbur.

Trespasser.

Icarus was trying to sleep.

Woke up.

Had bad dreams..

Can’t remember much though and that’s good.

But a rude-fast thing is here.

Made him wake up.

No.. actually it was the weird dreams.

Wait. What are dreams?

Has he had one before?

Or is this new?

Icarus doesn't remember.

Never mind. It doesn't matter.

A Fast-Thing is here.

Hungry.

Food.

Did Tommy send this?

Not the Evil Ranboo.

It isn't his precious familiar-thing either.

Not his Tommy.

Icarus can tell the difference between his Tommy and the fast-things.

This one bigger.

More meat to eat.

So dark though.

Hard to see.

Icarus growls. He wants this food badly.

Shine. Shine in eyes.

It hurts.

Evil bright shine.

Who is that?

He tries to get up.

Tries to grab.

Shine shows Fast-Thing's face.

...

Face.

That face.

Bad face.

Who?

Not good.

Go away.

Stay away.

Face.

Face.

Face.

Face.

Face.

Face.

It comes closer.

It has sharp thing.

No.

No. No please no.

Tommy, where is Tommy?

His head hurts!

He looks away. Away from this monster!

It's worse than the Ranboo.

It's familiar.

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried really hard on this one! I'm sorry if it's not good though! I'll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

“We’ll never need you.”

Chapter Summary

Tommy tells Techno to leave, while Icarus starts to feel worse about himself.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 87 guys!! We’ve got another Tommy and Icarus chapter! Seems like they’re both pretty upset lol! I hope you guys like this chapter! The next chapter is going to be pretty exciting, new characters will be introduced! :D

Here’s a link to the story’s discord if you’d like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/BbM8bkSA>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy didn’t have time for this garbage.

Techno should know better than to break into his house. The house that had become his home, his hearth. Sanctuary, all of those good things.

“You got what you’re looking for, Bitchblade. NOW GET THE FUCK OUT!” Tommy’s grip tightened over his hunting knife. He’s not afraid of his older brother. He never had been. That scar on his face is nothing. It doesn’t matter if he’s bigger than him, stronger than him. *(Usually Tommy would say he’s the stronger one, a big man and everything.. but he doesn’t feel like lying to himself right now.)* Tommy will defend this house, and his real family to the end.

“T-Tommy wait! Hold on!” The pink-haired survivor’s usually stoic expression showed hints of desperation. Even his monotonic voice showed slight emotion.

“Why the hell should I?! I know what you’re planning, bitch! You want to kill Wilbur! Put him out of his misery and shit! That’s why you wanted to be sure it was him!” Hatred and rage was all he could feel in this moment. Nothing Techno, nor Phil could do would ever make Tommy forgive them.

If Techno hadn’t come in intending on killing Wil, then he wouldn’t have brought that fucking axe with him, and on that note. What did Techno do to make his brother so terrified? This isn’t Ranboo, who he’d very recently formed a fear of because of getting shot. This is someone completely different.

It's not like Wilbur could recognize his twin or anything. He wanted nothing to do with him before his death. Certainly every memory of Techno is gone. Tommy has to be the only person he remembers.

"Fine.. I'm gonna be honest.. you're right. I came in to kill him. I wanted to give Wilbur the peace he deserves, Tommy." Techno sighed. Taking a deep breath, before admitting to exactly what Tommy suspected.

Tommy was about to start screaming at him again, when Techno interrupted.

"I don't think I can do it.." The warrior mumbled softly, Tommy almost couldn't hear him. It took a minute, and once the boy processed his older brother's words he nearly froze.

What did he just say?

"W-What do you mean, you '*can't*' do it?" Suddenly the boy was more confused than enraged. Techno didn't want to kill Wilbur? Why? The man literally just confessed to wanting to mercy-kill the zombie, and now he just changes his mind?

"I.. I can't kill him Tommy.." No longer looking at his little brother, Techno stared at the ground. Avoiding eye-contact. He looked conflicted. Like he wanted to explain but just didn't know how. That makes sense, considering that Techno has never been a particularly social person.

Somehow.. the young survivor could sense what he wanted to say.

Techno didn't want to end his twin's existence. Having seen the result of his and Phil's actions, the young man is feeling guilty. Heartbroken perhaps. No doubt blaming himself for Wilbur's fate now. He just doesn't have the heart to put down what remained of him.

"If you think that makes things right, you're wrong. Even if you're telling the truth, Technoblade, you have no fucking right to come back into our lives.." The boy almost felt sorry for his terrible older brother. *Almost*. Tommy looked back at his only real family, Wilbur.

The zombie was still weeping softly. Covering his face, and hiding slightly behind Tommy. He doesn't wonder how he's capable of crying anymore. The boy doesn't try to figure out how much emotional capacity his undead brother can have. All that matters now is that he's scared. Somehow.

Scared of Ranboo.

Afraid of losing Tommy.

Now the young man can't even look at Techno.

This just makes him *angry*.

"I.. I'm not asking for you to forgive me, alright." Techno slowly stepped backwards, as if awkwardly trying to exit the room. Huh. Perhaps he finally got the message that he wasn't

wanted. Took him long enough.

“If you want me to go.. I’ll go.”

“Good. *Leave*. Wil and I don’t need you. We’ll *never* fucking need you..” The boy made sure to lace his words with as much venom as possible. Really trying to show exactly how much he didn’t want Techno to come back.

A truly strange expression appeared on his estranged brother’s face. It was frozen. Techno’s eyes were widened with what seemed to be both shock and pain. A genuine look of hurt and sadness.

He finally turned to leave, and as he did so, the young man mumbled the tiniest apology.

“I’m sorry Wilbur..”

Then he was gone. Hopefully for good. Tommy sighed and checked on Icarus again.

He’s still crying.

Sadness.

Pain.

Nothing makes sense.

Icarus is wrong.

He is not a brave Other.

Maybe he never was.

It’s hard to remember what he had been doing before he met his Tommy.

Blurred images of wandering. Long tiring walks with groups of fellow Others.

Safety in groups.

Less to fear when with your kin.

Since finding his precious familiar thing, Icarus had been alone. Each member of his family slain to protect what he cares about most.

It hurts.. but that’s life.

If you don’t protect what you hold dear, are you really truly existing?

Icarus thinks so.

Yet now things are scary.

Unfamiliar.

He'll do anything to protect his Tommy, but now he's become too afraid of the Ranboo.

Now there's another strange New-Thing that he can't eat.

And he's getting hungry. So hungry..

There's something wrong with it.

Familiar about it.

That's the most terrifying thing of all.

Icarus didn't know you could have more than one Familiar-Thing..

Except. Unlike his Tommy. Instead of giving him feelings of comfort, happiness, safety. It gave him something different.

Feelings that were so powerful that he couldn't understand them.

It's too much.

He can't understand.

The bad New-Thing is making his Tommy upset, but the young man can't comprehend the words.

Tommy yells. Tommy screams.

Icarus holds his ears in pain. Sharp pain..

Please stop.

Make it stop.

He hears the name again. The name that doesn't exist.

*“-Course it's **Wilbur!**”*

Not that name again..

Who is Wilbur?

Why must everyone say that name?

Icarus thought Tommy finally knew his name now.

The man isn't sure what hurts more.

Being too afraid to eat.

Or the fact that Tommy can't seem to remember Icarus's name.

Maybe that's okay though.. his Tommy should come first. Always.

There's two familiar-things now.

One is bad and one is everything.

All the good

Even if it makes something inside him hurt sometimes.

Icarus's feelings never mattered anyway.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried my best with this one! I'm very excited to show you guys the next chapter! Two new characters are joining the story! I'm sorry if this chapter wasn't great though! I'll try very hard to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did enjoy this, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

Puns and Strangers.

Chapter Summary

Two survivors hide in a building, while Ghostbur meets someone new.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 88 guys!! Looks like we've got some new characters today! I really hope I wrote them well! I'm sorry if I didn't though! I'm still learning! I hope you guys enjoy this despite that!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/BbM8bkSA>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A young man wakes up to the harsh sound of car alarms. A siren's call screaming out into the streets. The scent of ash in his nose as he groaned tiredly.

Getting up is too much work. He just tugged on the worn fabric of his blanket. Could the survivor afford to just sleep a little longer? Surely he could..

Until another car alarm started to blare. Much closer than the last.

'*Shit..*' Frustratedly, the man threw off his covers and got up. Rubbing his eyes for a moment before checking through the blinds of his window.

A horde was gathering outside. Hundreds of bleeding corpses were stumbling mindlessly on the roads and sidewalks. Occasionally bumping into each other, or just banging on windows and doors. A few of them just shrieked at each other. Kind of like some morbid screaming contest on who could be the loudest.

To the survivor, it was just incredibly annoying.

"No *fucking* way. This is just what I need right now." The young man mumbled sarcastically.

It was the fourth time this week that a mob of zombies had come through. Not just a few small groups, but a swarm. Each time they show up the whole area gets trashed. Carcasses of dead prey scattered all over the grounds. Trails of blood, and puddles of black liquid everywhere.

There was so much it was nauseating.

The timing is always random. The last horde happened in the morning. Before that it was in the afternoon. Four times this week. Hell, the first one was at 2:00 AM.

If the young man had to think about it, it almost seems like they're coming to this location for a reason. Good hunting grounds? Do the undead migrate? He's not sure. The survivor only arrived in this city a week ago.

Within that time he hasn't found any answers.

Not about the zombies.. but about what he's looking for.

Before all this started. There was a friend. Well, the survivor *had* many friends, but this one was particularly close. In fact all the way from his home country just to see him. Hang out, talk, laugh. All that good stuff.

Yet since he arrived, all the young man seemed to find was death.

All of his friends are most-likely dead. Sometimes he wonders why he even tries to survive at this point. This isn't his home. His family isn't here. The only other friend he made here *perished* a few months later by the very things walking on the streets.

Although.. it could be worse.

At least he has-

"*Charlie Slimecicle!*" An excited voice laughed from the back of the room. Oh. Looks like the horde woke him up too. Or maybe he just never went to bed?

"Charlie, I'm more than happy to help you think of YouTube channel names, but I *really* need to sleep, man." The survivor sighed. Usually he was pretty tolerant of his new friend's antics. Heck, he thought he was a pretty good guy too, but there's only so much a person can handle when exhausted.

"Hey, when the apocalypse is over we'll need stuff to do, Quackity! Unless.. I can just record videos now! I'm sure the zombies won't mind. I bet they're '*dying*' to be on camera!" The odd survivor laughed at his own puns. In his hand was an old video camera, and in the other were some batteries.

"Is that so? Okay, well, I think you'll change your mind when they're taking a bite out of your shoulder." Quackity smirked. Teasing him a little bit. He knows that Charlie is probably just messing around, especially since he added a pun, but still.

"I dunno! I'm a pretty goopy guy! Pretty sure I'll just '*slide*' right past them!" The young man chuckled. Putting his camera down after replacing the old batteries. Then he grabbed a bag of chips, opened it, and munched on a few snacks.

"If you could do that, then you'd be on indefinite food-runs, y'know?" Quackity said, grabbing a few chips himself. It was a pretty funny thing to picture. Charlie avoiding the

undead by sliding by them like goop.

“Well they don’t call me Slimecicle for nothing!”

With that the two survivors laughed for a while. His friend literally just thought of that name, and he’s already saying people are calling him by it. The young man has to admit. Charlie could be an absolute riot.

Their situation isn’t ideal.. but at least Quackity isn’t alone anymore. He remembers how they first met. Three weeks ago to be exact. It was on a supply-run. Quackity had gotten a nasty cold during that time, and went looking for something that could treat it.

While there, he met Charlie. Although the other young man was there for another reason. To grab candy bars.

They’ve been together since.

It really was nice having someone around again. After what happened to his last companion, he’d been pretty lonely. Not to mention heart-broken.

Charlie had also been supportive towards his goal of finding his friend. The one who he came here to see.

Wilbur.

Ghostbur wasn’t sure what surprise Tommy and Ranboo were planning, but he hoped it would be a fun one!

Even though the seeds were planted earlier that day, and it was rather dark out now, the spirit wanted to see how the garden was doing. Luckily as a ghost, he has a nice spectral glow which will help light up the way.

“I hope they grow to be big and strong!” Ghostbur happily said aloud. He was very proud that Tommy wanted to grow lots of vegetables during their vacation. Eating healthy might not always taste so good, but he’s glad that his little brother is looking out for himself in the long-run.

‘I remember when he refused to eat broccoli. He was such a ridiculous child!’ The spirit thought back to those days fondly. Tommy was a brat when he was a toddler. The only veggie he seemed to enjoy was carrots. It was pretty frustrating at the time, but those days are silly to him now.

When Ghostbur stepped outside, he was greeted by freshly falling snow. Not piling yet, but still a beautiful sight. How wonderful! The farm will surely look gorgeous covered in snow, and luckily for the garden, the brothers made sure to plant seeds that were known to grow well during the colder temperatures.

Always good to be prepared after all!

Ghostbur hummed as he floated over to the veggie garden. A book he read had told him that apparently talking or singing to your plants actually helps them grow, so he was happy to give them company.

First he checked on the carrots, Tommy's favourite after all! They were still just a little pile of dirt in the planter, but that's okay! The rest seemed to be doing similarly fine. All vegetables known to thrive during the winter. Although it was technically still autumn.

He sang a little to them. Wanting to make them happy! If it really will help them grow better, then it's worth a try.

"My L'snowburg. My L'snowburg." The ghost giggled a bit as he remembered the song he made for the imaginary snow nation he created as a child. It was a good memory!

Part of him wished to go back to those days, but that would mean he'd be alive again. Ghostbur quite enjoys being dead. It's hard to remember a lot of things.. but he's certain that he died for a good reason!

Maybe he died protecting Tommy? He hopes so. Although from what, Ghostbur isn't sure. The spirit loves his little brother dearly, and he's certain that Alivebur did too!

Thinking about death can be very sad for most people, he thinks, but it didn't bother the spectre. So far his undeath has been a very happy one. In a way, it really just means that he'll always be able to look out for Tommy!

That would be a nice existence. Spending time with his brother. Having fun on the farm, with Icarus, Ranboo, and Friend! He hopes this vacation never ends. Although he does understand that Tommy will probably want to go home and see all his friends at some point, and that's okay! Anywhere Tommy goes, Ghostbur will be right behind!

After a good while of humming to the plants, making sure they all got to hear his voice, Ghostbur decided to go back inside the house. Perhaps the boys were done planning their surprise!

However, just as he was about to leave the garden, the spectre heard a sniffle from somewhere close.

"Hello?" The ghost turned around. Listening closely. Is someone crying? That's odd.. Ranboo and Tommy were inside, and Icarus was upstairs taking a nap. Is someone else here?

Oh no! Are they alright?

The sniffles progressed to crying. It was soft, but the sobs could still be heard. Ghostbur found himself getting worried. Had a new visitor come by and gotten hurt? He hoped not. The spirit follows the noise and is led to the shed where Icarus had been staying previously. *(Something he didn't agree with, but at least he's in the house now!)*

First the ghost peered through the window. There was someone curled up on the floor. He couldn't see the person's face, but he knew they were the one that was crying. Poor thing!

Deciding to knock first, just to be polite. Ghostbur then asked what was wrong.

“Hi, are you alright? Please don’t cry! Everything will be alright! Would you like some blue?” He wore a kind smile. Trying to ensure that the visitor knew he was simply there to help.

The visitor stopped for a moment, as if freezing. They slowly turned to look at the spirit. Medium blonde hair. A face red with tears, but no longer hidden.

“W-Wil..?”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I’ve been meaning to add Quackity for awhile now! I didn’t originally plan on adding Slimecicle, as there’s no writing guide for him, but I wanted Quackity to have a friend! I really hope you guys like them! I’m sorry if this isn’t good though! I’ll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

“I don’t understand..”

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur meets someone from his past.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 89 guys!! Today we have a big Ghostbur chapter! I’ve been pretty excited for it, and I hope you guys are too! I really hope though enjoy this as I’ve worked really hard on it! Sorry if it’s not good though!

Here’s a link to the story’s discord if you’d like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/u7bTb9TQ>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This isn’t happening.

Surely this can’t be real.

Yes. *Yes.*

He’d finally cracked.

Phil has officially gone insane.

Why, you may ask?

Because standing in the bloodstained window was his son. His *dead* son.

“W-Wil..?”

The figure in the doorway looked different than the zombified corpse he’d seen only a few hours prior.

This.. this is different.

Wilbur’s face was free of blood and veins. His skin was still deathly pale, but he looked so much more alive. Actual expression clear on his face. Worried. Concerned. Actual human emotion.

Not like how the undead man seemed to cry after being shot. No. Wilbur's gone. Zombies don't cry (*Well not the adult ones that is.*) It had to be a hallucination, just like this had to be.

The young man had a strange glow around him. Phil found himself mesmerized by Wilbur's image. It took him a minute to see that his son was transparent. See-through. Like a ghost..

"Hello, are you alright?" Wil's voice was soft, with a slight echo. Something is off here.. if this is truly his son. Why isn't he screaming at him? Cursing his name?

Just like he'd done as he lay dying?

"Please don't cry! I'm sure there's something I can do to help! Just tell me what's wrong!" Wilbur's expression morphed into an encouraging smile. His pale eyes still wracked with concern however. The figure floated. Yes. *Floated* through the door coming to greet him.

No..

That isn't possible. It can't..

This.

Is a ***hallucination***.

It has to be. Wilbur is not really here. The bizarre, ghostly apparition floating before him is nothing more than a creation of his own broken mind.

It's not real.

Perhaps nothing was ever truly real.

Phil can feel his sanity shattering bit by bit as the illusion approaches.

"Don't worry! Everything's going to be alright- huh?" The image stopped for a moment. Its eyes widened in surprise.

"You look familiar! Have we met before? Wait.. no. Are.. are you my dad? *Dadza*? Is that you?" Surprise shifted to a look of deep thinking, before ultimately rising into an excited smile.

He was too emotionally and mentally destroyed to realize the hallucinogenic figure of his dead son didn't immediately recognize him.

That face.

His *smile*.

The image speaks, but Phil can't look at it any longer.

"G-Get lost, mate.." The father couldn't yell at him. Somehow he still felt guilt at the thought of screaming at an illusion, but he wasn't going to just let it haunt him. "L-Leave me alone."

“What? Why?” The fake’s smile faded. Evident confusion on his pale face, until his hopeful grin returned. Albeit weaker. He even laughed, but only slightly. “I’ve been wanting to meet you for so long! I thought we could talk, or go fishing together! Aren’t you happy to see me?”

“No.. Y-You’re not real, Wil. The *real* Wilbur died when I let him turn..”

“Turn? I-I didn’t turn into anything.. Well, anything other than a ghost, but I’m still here Phil! I’m still your son! A-And I’m sure you’re the best father ever!-” The figment of his imagination was cut off, Phil didn’t want to hear any of this.

“J-Just go away, mate!”

“W-What..?”

“You’re not my son.”

“You’ll *NEVER* be my son!”

He’s tired.

Tired of life.

Hasn’t he learned his lesson by now?

What he did to Wilbur was wrong. He understands that now.

So then why is the universe continuing to *torture* him?

Helping people in need is an action that Ghostbur has always admired. Being read stories of heroes as a child, using wit and kindness rather than strength, were qualities the spirit remembers looking up to. Although he’s not entirely sure if Alivebur thought the same about these traits.

Reading those same books to Tommy when he was small always brings him a smile when he remembers them.

Ghostbur wanted to be like that as well. Ever since he awoke in this world as a spirit, all he wanted was to make people happy. Tommy especially, but he’d be just as glad to make everyone else forget their woes and smile again.

Sure Ghostbur doesn’t have much knowledge on how to be more helpful besides being a good listener, that doesn’t mean he won’t try! After all, he helped Ranboo a bit right? Icarus, and Tommy?

Helping this new visitor couldn’t be that much harder!

Approaching with his most encouraging smile, Ghostbur floated through the door. Wanting to do whatever he can to make him feel better.

“Don’t worry! Everything’s going to be alright- huh?” Just as soon as he started talking, the spectre sensed something vaguely familiar about the sad older man.

He was hiding his face for some reason. Was he feeling self-conscious about crying? Poor guy! That saying about men being weak if they cry, just isn’t true!

Something did catch his attention though. The man’s hair was medium length, golden blonde. Kind of like Tommy’s, which made the ghost smile a bit. On the visitor’s head was a green and white-striped bucket hat.

“You look familiar! Have we met before? Wait.. no.” The spirit paused. Scouring his mind for some kind of memory.

Hold on.

Blond hair.. green and white bucket hat?

Phil?

Is that what the familiar feeling is? Is this man his father?

“Are.. are you my dad? *Dadza?* Is that you?” The spectre floated closer, unaware of the man’s increasing mental distress. Unconcerned by his increasing attempts to not look at him.

No, surely this was him! How could it not be? Ghostbur could never forget features like that, he doesn’t have to look at his father’s face to know it’s him. The ghost can feel it in his spectral heart.

“I-I’m so happy to meet you! Where’s Techno? I want to meet him too! We can be a family again-!” The genuine amount of joy couldn’t be contained. Ghostbur had been wishing to see the rest of his family since awakening as a ghost. His dream, you could say. The way Tommy talked about them so lowly was strange. As much as the spirit loved his little brother, he could be a bit easily angered. No, they have to be as wonderful as Ghostbur remembers!

He wasn’t expecting Phil’s shaking words to cut him off.

“G-Get lost, mate..” The man trembled. The spirit finally caught a glimpse of his father’s eyes, and they were filled with an emotion that Ghostbur couldn’t understand. “L-Leave me alone.”

Huh?

“What? Why?” Ghostbur’s smile began to crack slightly. Why is Phil telling him to go away? This isn’t a very funny joke, but Ghostbur laughed a little anyway. Just in case it was. “I’ve been wanting to meet you for so long! I thought we could talk, or go fishing together! Aren’t you happy to see me?”

“No.. Y-You’re not real, Wil. The *real* Wilbur died when I let him turn..” His father’s words were quiet. No feelings of happiness or joy at their reunion. Instead, it was more like a sad yet disinterested mumble.

Kind of like he’s.. waving him away.

“Turn? I-I didn’t turn into anything.. Well, anything other than a ghost, but I’m still here Phil! I’m still your son! A-And I’m sure you’re the best father ever!-”

“J-Just go away, mate!” The older man shouted. Finally showing his eyes, and the emotions beyond them. A look of stabbing pain. Despair, anger.

In this moment, all of it was directed at him.

“W-What..?”

“*You’re not my son.*” The words came out like the razor edge of a knife. Laced with so much distaste and poison, that Ghostbur, although not immediately processing what he’d just heard, feels like he’s going to be sick.

Tears start flowing down his face.

“P-Phil I.. I don’t understand-”

“You’ll NEVER be my son!”

It.

Why?

But they were supposed to be a family..?

What had he done wrong?

Tears. They’re running down, there’s so much. He can’t stop. He can’t-

A *ghostly wail* rips from his being.

Sending the tools in the shed all over the place.

A hammer shoots out of its rack. The velocity sending it straight into the shed walls. Embedding itself, right where his father’s head had been, just before shielding himself.

Splinters fly everywhere from the impact. One slices Phil’s cheek.

That’s when Ghostbur finally vanishes. Leaving him alone. Bleeding, wide-eyed, and shocked.

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried very hard on this one! I'm sorry if it's not good! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you guys liked this chapter, please leave a comment as I would love some feedback!

Under the Bandage.

Chapter Summary

Tubbo and the group meet up with Dream again, while Ghostbur needs some blue.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 90 guys!! Wow almost 100 chapters have been written and we're still not even halfway through the story! Unfortunately I will be taking a break for awhile so I can write more chapters! I really hope you guys like this one as I've decided to leave it on quite the cliffhanger lol! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/u7bTb9TQ>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After about two hours of hiding, running, and fending off vicious flesh-eaters, Tubbo and the rest of the group finally arrived at Dream's compound.

Having managed to find a good amount of supplies, Tubbo was sure that Dream would be pleased. The three of them had put their lives in danger to get all this food and medicine. Surely he'd appreciate that, right?

As they approached the gates, two guards let them in. BBH exchanged some friendly words with them, but ultimately the group headed further in. Their job was done after all. Best to report to the leader of this settlement.

"Are you feeling any better, Geppy? I almost lost my muffins back there, but we're safe and sound now." BBH smiled at his friend. Patting his shoulder.

Skeppy still looked troubled. His skin was a little pale, and a bead of sweat ran down his face. However, he managed to pull a small mischievous grin before uttering. "You mean you almost lost your *shit*, Bad?"

"Language, Skeppy! You're such a muffinhead!" BBH's face reddened slightly. Tubbo couldn't tell if it was out of embarrassment for his friend's behaviour or if it was because the man was being teased.

“Sirs, I think I can see Dream over there. Let’s go deliver everything we’ve found.” The boy was eager to finish their task, as much as he’d like to do some idle chit-chat completing this job was more important.

Hopefully he’ll have some free time later to slip away. Tubbo wants to check on Michael after all.

“Ah, right Tubbo. I’m sure Dream will be pretty happy with the amount of loot we brought back. Then we can settle down for some food and rest!”

“I’d do *anything* for some chicken nuggets right now.. or steak. Anything. I don’t fucking care.” Skeppy’s grin faded, turning into a pained grimace instead. Holding his stomach a bit.

Bad looked like he was about to utter his usual phrase of distaste at his friend’s swearing again, but instead he shifted to a look of concern. Putting a hand on Skeppy’s shoulder.

As they entered the main courtyard, Dream could be seen talking to one of his friends. George, Tubbo thinks. The masked man noticed the trio and waved them over.

“Hey! You’re back, long time no see! How’d the scavenging go?” The leader spoke in a friendly manner. With not being able to see his face, tone was really all that the boy needed to tell how the man was feeling.

“It went well, Dream! Skeppy and I got into a bit of a scuffle, but we snagged a good bit of medicine! Tubbo found some food as well!” BBH smiled as he relayed the mission’s success. Placing his backpack on the ground, Skeppy did the same, showing Dream the supplies.

The masked man, ‘*stared*’ at Skeppy for a moment. Meanwhile Skeppy nervously tried to pretend he hadn’t noticed.

“It’s perfect! Looks to be just enough for the compound. Great job, okay?” The man then turned to Tubbo. “Mind if I get a look at your bag?”

“On it, sir.” Tubbo opened his bag before placing it on the ground. Letting Dream take a look. Inside were a good amount of food. Canned goods and such. Part of him was a little bit worried he hadn’t found enough.

Dream took a moment to inspect the contents.

“Alright. Good job, Tubbo! Not bad for your first assignment. I’ll make sure these get passed around to everyone. Go take a break, you’ve earned it.” Dream gave the trio a thumbs up. Tubbo was relieved. Looks like the trip went by smoothly.

“Nice! Come on, Skeppy. Let’s go get something to eat-” BBH and his friend were about to leave when suddenly they were interrupted.

“Actually, Skeppy. Why don’t we chat right now? There’s something I’d like to talk to you about.”

“Uh.. y-yeah? What do you need, Dream?” The survivor looked uncomfortable. He put on a fake smile, but Tubbo could see it in his eyes that he was worried about something.

“Tell me where you got that.” Dream pointed at the red-stained bandage on Skeppy’s arm.

Clearly panicked now, Skeppy’s eyes widened and he tried to hide it with his hand. Unfortunately that would never work. “W-What bandage?” Immediately after saying that, he looked like he wanted to face-palm.

“That one. On your arm. Can I take a look?”

“Dream. It’s just a scratch he got from some broken glass, he’s fine!” Bad tried to help. His voice was certain. A pleasant grin still on his face. “Come on, let’s get some dinner.”

“Y-Yeah! Let’s go eat something-”

Suddenly Dream *roughly* grabbed Skeppy by the arm. A few shouts broke out. A few even came from Tubbo, but at this moment he couldn’t process exactly what he said. BBH yelled in concerned confusion, and Skeppy started to scream for the compound’s leader to stop.

“Is there a reason you thought you should hide this from us, Skeppy?”

The bandage was ripped off to reveal a dark sickly looking *bite-mark*.

Only a deep pain could be felt in the spirit’s spectral heart.

Tears streamed down Ghostbur’s face as he floated out of the shed where his father now resides.

What had he done to make Phil so angry at him?

How could he have upset him so much to the point where his father doesn’t love him?

Ghostbur doesn’t understand.. all of his memories of Phil were good. His father was a kind man. Told him stories, and would know how to calm him down when he was sad.

From what he remembered.. Philza was proud of him.

‘I-I don’t understand.. w-what did I do?’ The spirit sadly wept. Voicing his thoughts to the gently falling snow.

Unfortunately the snow didn’t have answers for him.

Nothing made sense. Ghostbur thought he had been a good son. He remembered his manners. Showed kindness to everyone he came across. Did his best to look after Tommy since his death.

Was that not enough?

Is this why Tommy always seemed so sad when the ghost would speak so highly of their father?

'I.. I want to see Toms, but he's planning a surprise. I don't want to be rude and interrupt him..' His ghostly heart sinks further at the thought of making his little brother sad when he seemed so excited.

"Friend.. I-I left Friend in the house." Realizing he can't go back inside to get his beloved blue sheep, made him feel even worse.

Blue.. there's still blue.

Yes. He just needs his blue.

The spirit reaches into his pocket, pulling out a clear substance.

A tear ran down his cheek as he squeezed it close to his chest.

'I'm okay. I'm fine, everything is fine.' A mantra repeated in the ghost's mind as he held the blue. Closing his eyes, as he clutched it in his hands. The strange puddy-like crystal turned a deep shade of indigo. Staining his hands.

All the sadness melted into oblivion. A sense of relief overcame him. Almost like the feeling of someone wiping your tears away and holding you in a tight hug.

A peaceful smile formed on his face. The ghost opened his eyes and sighed.

Everything feels better now.. but.

What was he doing?

Thoughts of moments ago were vague and blurry. The spirit thinks he recalls seeing his father, but that can't be right. Tommy said that Phil and Techno are somewhere far away.

Besides.. for some odd reason, Ghostbur's not sure he wants to see Phil right now. A twinge of sadness pierces his chest for a split-second.

Though, that too was drained away by the mysterious substance.

"Oh! Tommy and Ranboo's surprise must be ready now! I'll head inside!" Ghostbur happily remembered. Floating back towards the door. Accidentally dropping the used blue onto the grass.

He's not sure why he had the blue in the first place, but it's a good thing he had it! Otherwise something could have made the spectre very sad!

When Ghostbur opens the door, a very *familiar* face stares back.

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried really hard on this chapter! I'm sorry if it's not very good though! And I'm sorry again if BBH and Skeppy aren't written well. Still learning how to write them! If you guys did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd really love some feedback! :D

Heartbroken.

Chapter Summary

Tommy says the wrong thing once again.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 91 guys!! I'm so sorry I took so long! The rest of the chapters aren't finished unfortunately. I only decided to post this one because I felt bad for taking so long! I'm also going to be posting the next chapter tomorrow! I really hope you guys will enjoy this, because I worked really hard on it. This one is a very important Icarus chapter as he seems to have snapped!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/k3ngj2aa>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Kicking Techno out was for the best. After everything he'd done, no amount of apologies could gain the boy's forgiveness.

Not with how hard Wil was crying.

Tommy's heart sank just at the sight of that.

The zombie was a sobbing mess. Literally and figuratively. Bloody tears stained his fresh clothes. What was once white and red is now spattered with grey and black. The darkness dripping from his eyes was heavier than normal. If not from the sounds, he truly appeared to be crying.

For what reason, Tommy has no clue. He tries to figure it out. Techno said he hadn't harmed his zombified brother.. but surely, the man had to have done something to terrify Wilbur.

Although.. How the hell do you scare a zombie?

Well thanks to Ranboo's gun, Tommy did in fact learn that potentially *traumatizing* the undead was possible. His older brother had a panic attack upon seeing the amnesiac again, so was it Techno's axe that caused him fear?

Geez.. how the fuck do you get a zombie therapy?

Then again, if it can stop him from killing people that would be good.. still though, seeing his brother *this* scared of something makes the boy feel bad.

Tommy was hoping he could get Wilbur to understand that eating people is wrong.. not this.

“Hey.. Big Dubs. Calm down, he’s gone. That bastard’s gone..” Tommy rubbed circles into Wil’s back. Speaking softly in an attempt to calm him.

Of course, knowing his father and other brother. Surely they’ll be back. Tommy just needs to figure out how to protect his brother from them.

“*B-B..ad.. b-bad..*” The zombie whimpered. His voice was shaking, and so was his body. Icarus leaned into the gentle rubs. It was clear to the boy that all he wanted right now was to not be alone.

“I know.. I know, big man..” Tommy’s voice grumbled slightly. He’s still angry. So furiously enraged, but he has to control it for Wilbur’s sake.

Knowing how attached the zombie is to him, seeing how angry he is will probably make him feel worse.

“*T-To..mmy..?*” Wilbur moved to rest his head on his little brother’s shoulder. His tone still quiet and fearful, but the boy could hear the curiosity underneath it.

“Yeah, bro?” Tommy raised a brow slightly, still petting his brother’s back, but wanted to hear what the undead man wanted to say.

“*I-I.. n-not.. b-br..ave..?*” Wilbur looked deep into his eyes. Even with the utter blackness, Tommy knew the zombie was asking so sincerely.

“What? No, course you’re brave, big man! Probably the bravest man I’ve ever known..” Tommy trailed off. Trying to console the undead man had brought back a memory of better days.

Back when Tommy, Wil, and Techno, thought their father was the bravest man they’d ever met.

How wrong they were.

Phil was a fucking coward. A man who would rather let his child turn out of fear, rather than ease Wilbur’s suffering.

Honestly.. if his brother could go through the excruciating pain of becoming a zombie, and still try to fight (*Tommy knows he has to be*), still be able to recognize flesh and blood, then there’s simply no contest.

Wil has to be the strongest one of all of them.

At first, when his older brother left, Tommy hated him. Hated him almost as much as Techno and Phil. Even after learning the reason why. Tommy just thought he was crazy.

He'd already forgiven him for this, but..

Perhaps. Wilbur really left to protect him from himself. From what he was going to turn into.

Something that would take so much strength.

"Wilby.."

The boy paused, closing his eyes and sighing.

"It's always been just you and me.. Tommy and Wilbur, against the whole fucking world.."

When he opened them again, he caught a glimpse of his zombified brother's face.

Blood dripped heavily from his **heartbroken** eyes.

Who..

*Who is **Wilbur**?*

Why does that name keep attacking him?

It hurts.

*He's not **Wilbur**.*

*He IS not **Wilbur**.*

Tommy please.

Why won't you understand?

There's pain inside.

Strong, searing pain.

In his.. heart.

What's a heart?

Icarus doesn't know but it hurts so much.

Inside stuff leaks from his eyes thickly.

*He thought he was fine letting his precious Familiar-Thing call him **Wilbur**, if it made his Tommy happy.*

But he isn't.

The man doesn't want to be called by the wrong name any longer.

That name.

It feels wrong.

*At this point, he **screams**.*

Pulls at his hair.

Scratches his face.

Begs Tommy to stop.

Please STOP.

Noise from below but he doesn't care.

He reaches without thinking.

Just stop.

HE'S NOT WILBUR.



Tommy looks strange.

Scared.

Says words he can't understand.

Familiar-Thing leaves.

Moving wall closes.

Feels bad now.

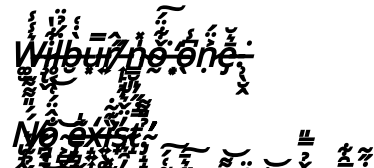
But..

Icarus is shaking.

He needs to know.

'All Voice.. Who Wilbur?'

It takes a moment but it feels agonizingly long.



~~Discarded Unneeded~~
~~Your familiar thing is wrong?~~
~~You/Other~~
~~Progeny~~
~~Do not ask again~~

Discarded?

Unneeded?

What does that mean?

‘All Voice. What mean-’

Icarus gets cut off.

Pain.

Head.. why?

Dark.

So dark.

...

What was he thinking about again?

~~Nothing~~
~~Sleep~~

Icarus doesn't feel tired..

Yet he does what he's told.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked really hard on it! Sorry if it's not good though! I promise I'll fix any problems I may find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Fractured.

Chapter Summary

Tommy feels guilt for upsetting Icarus, while someone else is trapped in a dark place.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 92 guys!! Today's chapter is going to be in a new perspective! I've been pretty excited for this, and I really hope I wrote it well! Sorry if it's not though! Looks like Tommy feels pretty bad for making Icarus upset! I wonder if Icarus will get over it? Lol. I really hope you guys like this chapter! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/k3ngj2aa>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

God. Tommy felt horrible.

During the whole fiasco with Techno, the boy forgot about Icarus's name. Calling him Wilbur again and again, despite the zombie trying to correct him.

The look on his face after being told how brave he was. How *Wilbur* was. The poor man looked shattered.

Tommy had no idea why until the zombie screamed that he was Icarus. Then the boy felt utterly ashamed of himself and his stupidity. How could he have forgotten to refer to his brother by the name he thinks he has?

Ridiculous as it sounds (*with Wilbur being his ACTUAL name*) it almost seems like he's rejecting that identity entirely. As if Wil truly believes he is someone else. Perhaps he did think that.

But of course, that is not the case. Icarus *is* Wilbur.

Somehow though, it feels like pushing that onto his brother is causing more damage than help.

Tommy remembers his thoughts when he'd come down for dinner. The plan to try to teach the zombie how to be human again, if that's even possible.

It seems Tommy might need to learn some things himself. The boy thought he'd grown more patient during his time in this god forsaken world, but clearly he hadn't.

"I know Icky is Wil.. but if it's hurting him this much, then I have to fucking stop. He'll learn it. He's a big man. He just needs time." The boy sighs. Mumbling to himself quietly. Heavy guilt, still present in his heart.

"I-I.. I-ICA..RUS..!" A desperate shriek left his brother's lips. Copious amount of blood dripped down his face. Truly the man was crying, just not in a human way.

Tommy could only stare in heartbroken shock. Icarus clearly couldn't take it anymore. Spiraling emotions escaping the only way they knew how. He could only watch as his older brother tugged hard at his own hair. Scratched up his arms with those sharpened nails of his.

The boy is not sure what scared him more. The fact that the zombie was definitely traumatized (*and honestly.. it might be Tommy's fault*) or how at one terrible moment.. Icarus tried to make a grab for him.

Icarus's teeth were bared at him.

As if ready to *pierce* his flesh.

Until suddenly he stopped. Wil returned to lashing out on himself.

Now that the boy left though, everything is quiet. Part of him feels apprehensive about going back. Maybe it would be best to give his poor brother some space.

'I've fucked him up enough already.. if I check on him again, I'll just make things worse.' Tommy grimly thought. Sadness filling his heart like paint on a canvas. He decides to go back downstairs, best to make sure Technoblade is gone.

Unfortunately what he came across was much worse than him still being there.

"*Techno?*" Ghostbur blinked. The spirit had come back inside right when the warrior was trying to leave. The boy could sense how excited his ghostly brother was about to get.

Techno on the other hand. Froze on the spot.

Shit.

Before Tommy could say anything, the ghost had already pulled his twin into a cold hug. With the man's back to the boy, his expression is unseen, though Tommy could sense he was.. probably surprised.

"W-Wil..?" That seemed to be the only thing the warrior could utter at the moment.

"Techno! Techno, I missed you so much! We're back together again! All three of us!" The spirit was beaming. The genuine joy in his face made the boy feel bad. He knew that if he were to see his twin again, that the ghost would be over the moon, but..

Why the *fuck* did this have to happen at all?

Floating.

Sleeping.

No dreaming.

Cold.

Darkness.

Deep.

A feeling of freezing dark water.

Far beneath the thick waves.

Someone rests but is not at peace.

He has a name.

Sometimes he hears it and feels a little better.

Right now he can barely recall it.

His thoughts are too scattered among the waves.

The smell of iron.

A taste of blood.

It's everywhere.

Inside and out.

There is no time here.

Concepts do not exist.

Only the cold.

The dark.

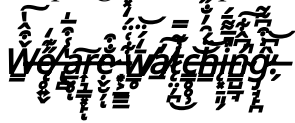
All the blood.

*Somewhere in the emptiness, a being is watching **him**.*

Constricting.

Overseeing.

*Keeping **him** in place.*



A voice echoes in the shadows. Reverberating with a chorus of millions.

Sometimes he has the energy to fight.

To scream at it.

Shout for it to let him go.

*Or to whisper things to **someone else**.*

It never lasts though.

Right now he can barely lift an eyelid.

Much less recall why he wants to fight in the first place.

Somehow he still tries.

The being that watches him doesn't like that.

It tries its best to stop him.

Keep him from becoming more aware. Stopping him from remembering.

Though there's no need for that right now.

It has what it wants.

He's too weak to fight.

*Too much of his strength had been wasted with only a few words to **someone else**.*

*Must get more words to **someone else**.*

Even if in those moments he hadn't been fully aware.

He's never fully aware..

At least he's still fighting.

Not sleeping.

Unlike now.

...

If only his consciousness wouldn't vary.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried really hard on this one, especially the second half! I'm sorry if it's not good though! I'll try my very best to fix any problems I may find later! If you did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

Author Update: Technoblade..

Chapter Summary

I'm sorry this isn't a chapter. I promise that there are chapters coming, but I need to get this off my chest..

I'm asking for your help everyone with the recent news..

Guys. I just heard about Technoblade.. I don't know what to do. I'm beyond heartbroken and I feel like throwing up because I don't know how to deal with these emotions.. Technoblade was supposed to never die.. it hurts. My heart has been shattered by this news..

So the reason I'm writing this now is to ask for help.. I had a huge cliffhanger planned that involved Techno for Chapter 100.. my friends say it would be disrespectful to his memory if I pulled him out of my story, but I'm terrified that I'll accidentally end up writing him wrong and end up insulting him.. I don't want to insult his memory by accident writing him wrong.

I guess what I'm asking is, what do I do..? How do I continue to write Technoblade while honouring his memory? I know Techno isn't his character, but I feel if I write C!Techno wrong it'll still be disrespectful.. Please.. he deserves to be remembered, and even if this is just a silly zombie apocalypse story I want to do him justice..

Please if you have any ideas.. please write them in the comments. Anything can help..

Twins Reunited.

Chapter Summary

Techno and Ghostbur finally meet.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 93 guys. Sorry I took so long. it's been a mix of both writer's block and simply not knowing what to do since Techno passed away.. ultimately I have decided to continue writing this story with him in it, and I will try my best to honour his character in this, and give him a happy ending. I'm sorry if I don't do a good job though.. even before this I didn't really know how to write him very well, so I'm sorry if it's very poorly done. I'm still going to try my very best though as Technoblade deserves to be remembered, even if it's in a silly little zombie AU. I hope that is alright everyone.

Also I wrote this chapter, and the ones up until Chapter 100, before Techno had passed.. so I'm sorry if these aren't good.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters. <https://discord.gg/bmc69vhW>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It always seems to be one thing after another.

God, Techno doesn't feel like he has the energy to react to anything anymore. He gives up. Might as well let this hallucination happen.

The ghostly visage of his dead twin floated before him. Pulling the young man into a tight, yet freezing hug. Wilbur's image was holding back an excited squeal.

"Techno! Techno, I missed you so much! We're back together again! All three of us!"

Techno doesn't respond. He just lets the manifestation of his guilt hold him. He doesn't argue nor scream at it.

If he had to be honest, it just made the stoic man want to cry. Something he'd never done before. Not when their mother died, not when Wilbur died. Believe him, he wanted to.

How can you cry though when all you've ever known is to be brave?

He returns the hug. His twin is icy to the touch, but there's a gentle humming of life in that spectral image. One that he desperately doesn't want to let go of.

Techno begins to shake as he struggles to suppress a sob that has been steadily building for years. All the heartache he'd felt in his life waited for this moment.

"Techno? Are you alright? Why are you shaking?" The ghostly apparition asked. Pale eyes stared into his own with clear concern. The warrior felt his brother pull away only for a second, most-likely to check on him, but Techno didn't allow it.

He just wanted to be held. Or to hold something. Nothing makes sense.

Technosoft.

E?

Look! Two Wilburs!

I'm grabbing the Ghostbusters theme.

Chat talks amongst themselves, but Techno doesn't listen. Whatever they have to say, it doesn't matter.

All he can think about is the spectre hugging him.

"Everything's going to be alright, Techno! Please, don't leave! You've only just arrived!" His illusory twin patted his back. Somehow he could smell the sweet scent of flowers from the ghost. It was calming, and almost seemed to sooth the turmoil in his heart.

He isn't sure how the image knew he was leaving. In the end he doesn't really care. Because for some ridiculous reason, Techno actually feels.. safe in his brother's spectral arms.

Would it really be so bad to play along..?

"I-I won't leave.. I promise.. Not again." Leaving again is not an option. He can't abandon his twin twice, even if it's not really him..

The warrior regrets every single second he and his father left Wilbur and Tommy alone.

"You'll stay? Tommy! Techno said he wants to stay! We have to get a room ready! O-Or some food! I'm just so excited!" The spirit let go of him, bouncing around in the air. His behaviour was reminiscent of when the boys were children. So carefree and innocent.

Completely different from the bitter hatred Wil had in their last interaction.

Techno knows this isn't real. It's just his mind fully cracking surely, but that's okay. At least he got to be near the closest thing left of his twin.

The corpse in that room is just a tragic shell. A bizarre one.. but still an empty one at that.

He'll take a hallucination over that any day.

Ghostbur couldn't believe it.

He's so happy.. so happy!

"*W-Wil..?*" The ghost's twin brother uttered his living name but that doesn't matter. Techno stared at him with wide eyes. Was he just as excited to meet Ghostbur as he was to meet Techno?

The spectre couldn't contain himself. He flew over and pulled his twin into a big hug. The amount of joy was just too much. Ghostbur wanted to cry, but not out of sadness. His twin is back! He's back!

"Techno! Techno, I missed you so much! We're back together again! All three of us!" Ghostbur had spent so, so, long imagining the day he'd see Techno again. (*Phil too.. but for some reason that thought makes him anxious. If only he knew why..*) That day is finally here!

There's so many things the three of them could do! Of course, Ranboo and Icarus were absolutely invited to come along too. They could go fishing! Like he'd planned to do with Tommy before they found the farm.

They could watch movies, eat snacks, read books, and just play games together! Whatever it is, it doesn't really matter, as long as they do it together!

As the ghost hugged his long-lost brother, he noticed Techno was shaking. That was worrying. He doesn't feel cold.. is he sick?

"Techno? Are you alright? Why are you shaking?" Ghostbur wondered if he should let go now. Perhaps feel his head for a fever, but Techno hugged him back so he decided against it. Still, the spirit was a little worried..

"Everything's going to be alright, Techno! Please, don't leave! You've only just arrived!" He patted his brother's back. Trying his best to comfort him, but also attempting to hide his sadness at the thought of Techno leaving.

After all, they hadn't seen each other in so long! Technoblade can't leave now.. well, he could. Ghostbur won't stop him, but he'd just miss him even more. The spectre doesn't want to be selfish though..

Then he heard the words he'd been hoping for.

"*I-I won't leave.. I promise.. Not again.*" Techno said softly. The spirit barely heard him, but managed to make it out despite the low volume. His twin held tight. He wanted to stay.. Techno wanted to stay!

Ghostbur was ecstatic. Techno was surely just as amazing as he was in his memories. Especially if he said yes. The Techno he knew was strong, brave, and kind. He often tried not

to show it, but he was. A “*gentle giant*” he liked to think.

“You’ll stay? Tommy! Techno said he wants to stay! We have to get a room ready! O-Or some food! I’m just so excited!” Looking over to his little brother, he happily informed him of Techno’s decision to join their vacation. Giving Tommy his biggest grin.

“That’s.. pog, bro. Real fucking pog. Why- Why don’t you two catch up? I uh, need to go check on something, yeah.” Tommy gave a tight smile back. Strange. Is he not happy about Techno being here?

No, of course not. Ghostbur knows Tommy can get mad at his older brother sometimes, especially since he has avoided bringing the topic of Techno and Phil up lately, though Tommy still cares for them! He knows that!

Perhaps the right expression is just allergies! Hmmm. Ghostbur doesn’t remember Tommy having any allergies before. Oh well! He’ll just help him feel better later if the symptoms get worse.

“Okay! Bye bye, Tommy! Come on, Techno! I’ll show you around the house!” Before Techno could say anything, the spirit grabbed his twin’s hand and led him out of the doorway.

Things are only going to get more fun from here, won’t it? Ghostbur can’t wait to introduce Techno to Icarus, Ranboo, and Friend!

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys. Sorry if I wrote Techno badly in this.. I’m trying to portray him as a person who is grief-stricken and in shock due to meeting his brother’s ghost, after finding out Wilbur is a zombie. I don’t want to write him as a totally perfect character, and I want to try to write Techno as a human being. Not someone who is invincible. If that makes any sense.. if you guys have any advice I would really appreciate some because I want to know how to write him better for the future.

Also sorry if my notes have been depressing.. I’m just trying to take this seriously. The last thing I want to do is disrespect Techno’s character.

“You should thank me.”

Chapter Summary

A decision is made at Dream's compound, while Quackity misses his friend.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 94 guys! Wow, 6 more until we've reached Chapter 100! That's insane! I'd also like to say, I think this chapter marks the halfway point in the story! Or at least, I think it does? This is a pretty important chapter nonetheless! Also sorry if I wrote Skeppy, BBH, Charlie, and Quackity badly! I haven't quite figured out how to right them yet. Plus only Quackity has a writing guide (*though it's still hard.*) Anyway, I hope you guys enjoy this chapter! I've been excited to release it! :D

Oh! Also sorry if Quackity's Spanish isn't very good! I don't know it very well. I'm from Canada and school teaches French here, not Spanish. :')

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/TK3aYUse>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A group of civilians crowded around the area. Having heard the man's desperate screams.

Murmurs and quiet chattering turned to gasps and shouts of concerned rage when the compound's leader pulled off Skeppy's bandage.

His bite mark wasn't deep, but the damage was already done. Darkened veins extended out of the wound, visibly spreading with infected blood. The bite itself was ghastly. Covered, and bleeding a mix of black and red.

With his sleeve rolled up, you could make out the veins spreading up to his forearm. Possibly even past that, underneath the fabric. If that's the case.. then it's probably too late to remove the limb.

“Wow, Skeppy. I'm really hurt that you'd hide this from me. From all of us!” Dream's shouted at the injured man. His mask ‘*staring*’ at him, yet his voice almost seemed to be.. addressing the crowd.

“You even hid it from *BBH*! Your partner!” The masked figure pointed at Bad, who looked to be in heartbroken disbelief.

“S-Skeppy.. you could’ve told me..” Bad’s spoke in a quiet wavering voice. There was no anger in his expression as he watched Dream show off his friend’s bite-mark to the entire compound. Just deep sorrow.

Tubbo didn’t like this. Skeppy shouldn’t have hid the bite, yes. That was wrong, but the man was scared. Everyone would have been.

But here’s Dream. Parading it around like a spectacle. This should be a private matter. Something that should be spoken about behind closed doors. That’s when plans should be made on how to deal with the coming situation. Whether to attempt limb removal, or to put him out of his misery. Then a funeral would be discussed..

“D-Dream! Please, I-I don’t want to get shot! P-Please don’t make them fucking shoot me!” Skeppy tried to wrestle his arm back, but Dream gripped tighter. Like he was relishing the fact that he’d caught him.

The leader didn’t let go, but he ‘*looked*’ at the terrified man in the face. The smiley-face on his mask didn’t make him look as kind as he hoped. At least, in Tubbo’s opinion. “Listen, Skeppy. Y’know I get it right? Course you don’t want to get shot! That’s why, right now, I’m offering you a choice.”

“N-No.. you *wouldn’t*. Y-You won’t do it.” Skeppy cried, the tears streaming down his face were still human. Clear like water. That would change though, only a couple hours is all it would take.

“You understand that I *have* to do what’s safest for the compound, got that? I know it’s not fair. Life isn’t fair. Not in this world. But I’m giving you a choice! Look, I mean, who else gets a choice in this scenario? You should thank me.”

You should thank me.

Tubbo couldn’t sense any real sympathy in those words. All of this..

Feels like some sort of act.

The boy looked around at the crowd that formed. People looked nervous, scared, but most looked to be in agreement with Dream.

“Hmm, here’s your choices, Skeppy. You can stay here, and we put you down. Or, you can go. Leave the compound to keep the rest of us safe. You want that, don’t you? We’re your friends after all! Wouldn’t you want to protect us?”

Having let go of his arm at this point, Skeppy still found himself unable to run. A small group of guards had him surrounded, carrying an assortment of weapons. The two closest to him had guns.

“P-Please.. you can’t make me go out there alone! D-Dream, you *know* what will happen if I do!” Skeppy pleaded, sobbing uncontrollably. Tubbo found himself feeling terrible for him. The young survivor barely knew the guy, but he didn’t deserve this.

“We all know what happens, Skeppy. I’m giving you five seconds to choose, okay? Make the right choice here-”

“Dream, STOP!”

An angry, devastated voice cut the leader off. The group turned to find the source in surprise. Their eyes landed on BBH. Tears ran down his cheeks as he pushed through the guards and stood next to Skeppy. His expression was one of determined defiance.

“I-If Skeppy has to leave, then I’m going with him! He’s my best-friend, and anywhere he goes, I’m coming too!” Bad stood in front of his infected friend as if to protect him. Tubbo could see it in the man that he was genuine. BBH was willing to stay with Skeppy even if it meant he could die too.

The boy was at a loss.. his only two potential friends he’d made at this place had found themselves in a horrible situation. The boy felt that they’d made a great team back at the store.

Now one of them has to choose between being shot in the head, or dying alone and painfully in the city of corpses.

“What? BBH, you don’t have to-” A hint of surprise came from the leader. Perhaps he liked Bad more than Skeppy. Tubbo seemed to sense that they were friends. Although, he doubts friendship would be enough to save Skeppy from his fate. That would be rather *corrupt*.

“Dream. You can’t change my mind. S-Skeppy.. I have to go with him!” Bad insisted. Grabbing his backpack and slinging it over his shoulder. However he did not grab any of the supplies the trio had given the masked man.

In fact, Tubbo was shocked to see BBH *giving* Dream his weapons, his own food, and medicine. Practically shoving them into his arms with angry tears streaming down his face. Skeppy was trembling, but he did the same.

“You *really* think you’ll survive out there with him? Okay, fine, let’s say you do. What if Skeppy decides to eat you, BBH? What will you do then? What will you do without *me*?” Dream said in a dark, vaguely threatening tone that sent shivers down Tubbo’s back.

“I’ll be fine.. as long as Geppy and I are *together*, we’ll get through this.” Bad turned and looked at his friend, smiling through his tears and putting a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

“Welp, fine. Have fun in that deathtrap of a wasteland, *friend*.” It was then that Dream ordered the guards to back off. Allowing BBH and Skeppy to leave.

Oddly enough.. Tubbo almost wanted to come along.

Huh. The boy still had his radio.

He's not exactly sure if he saw BBH and Skeppy return theirs.

Maybe coming here was a *mistake*..

It was around 8:30 PM at Quackity and Charlie's safe house. Car alarms were still ringing from outside, much to the dark-haired man's annoyance.

"Put a stop to this." Quackity muttered in frustration. Watching the horde through the window. They hadn't left yet. Continuing to occupy the streets below. "Oh my god, they're never going to fucking shut up."

Meanwhile, Slimecicle seemed to be trying to make the best of things. He'd somehow managed to make the old video camera he found work, and was trying to think up intros at the moment.

"It's slime time, with your goopy guy!- hmm. Nope, not that one." Charlie paused to think. He seemed to be having trouble coming up with ideas.

Quackity just sighed. Looking down at all those '*people*' below just makes him feel so.. so. God, he doesn't even know. Definitely not great? Powerless, alone, depressed. Those probably aren't the words the young man is looking for, but at least they're something.

Maybe what he feels is more along the lines of bitter anger.

'I miss you, hermoso.' Somewhere out there, his former companion is wandering around. At least, he thinks. It's quite possible his friend could've been eaten. The remains being too destroyed to resurrect.

Whatever the case, that companion is dead. He was too sick to keep going. Without proper medical treatment, he wouldn't have survived much longer anyway.

Ironic though.. plenty of people get terribly ill, and yet if bitten, they'll still turn. Quackity had heard stories from the radios. It almost makes him wonder if the virus was originally intended to be some sort of mega disease cure. Or some sort of super serum gone horribly wrong. After all, it does seem to eradicate whatever sickness the victim was suffering from previously.

At the cost of replacing it with something much worse.

"Hey, uh, you okay Quackity? You're looking a little *dead* tired! Seriously, though. Are you okay?" Charlie stopped messing around with his camera, having noticed his somber attitude.

"Man, I'm seriously fucking exhausted. These hordes just keep coming and coming, for no fucking reason. Charlie, our sleep schedules have gone to shit!" Frustrated, but trying his hardest to not sound angry at his friend, Quackity pointed to the crowds of zombies outside the window.

“Yeah, I mean. I haven’t slept great either, but the least we can do is make the best of it. Hey, don’t you forget, we’re looking for your friend! As soon as that horde is gone, we can look around the place. We’re getting low on food anyway!” Charlie smiled. He’s right, they’ve been needing to get more supplies, and even if they can’t find a clue towards Wilbur’s whereabouts at least they’ll have more food.

“If I had to guess, the zombies will be here all night. Yeah, let’s try tomorrow morning, Charlie.” The young man rubbed his eyes. With all the noise coming from the streets it had been next to impossible to get a proper rest. He certainly hopes the horde will be gone by morning.

If not, cabin fever might kick in. The two survivors have been stuck in this safe house for days.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried really hard on this one! Sorry again if it wasn’t good, I’m still learning how to write everyone! I’ll try to fix any problems I might find later! If you guys did enjoy it though, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback! :D

Visiting.

Chapter Summary

Tommy is frustrated with his unwanted visitor, and Ghostbur is happy that Techno is joining them on their vacation.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 95 guys! Tommy and Ghostbur chapter today! Looks like Tommy isn't very happy about Techno being in the house. (*Also, I'm very sorry if I wrote Techno badly here, and badly in the chapters to come. I'm trying my best, but any advice will help.*) I hope you guys will enjoy it!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/bmc69vhW>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy followed after Ghostbur and Techno. He'd rather do *anything* other than this, but he needs to make sure the bastard doesn't do anything to upset his ghostly brother.

His brother was immediately distracted by Techno when he came inside, but the boy could see the blue stains on the ghost's hands. Clearly he'd been using his blue.

Obviously by now though, the spirit would've forgotten what had been bothering him. So to Tommy's concern, he can't ask what was wrong.

It had to have been caused by something outside. After all, Ghostbur had been out there for some time since the talk between him and Ranboo.

Hmmm..

Wait.

Wait a *fucking* minute.

Phil.

Damn it! Tommy had forgotten that his good-for-nothing father was probably still around. If Techno was here, then the other man had to be here. Fuck!

'Oh god, Ghostbur, I'm so sorry.' The boy thought to himself with a flood of guilt. From the way Phil completely ignored Wil- *Icarus* upon seeing him again, of course the father would treat the spirit badly too.

And Tommy just had to send his overly-excited ghostly brother outside. Shit. This is all his fault.

Well.. that just means he needs to try even harder to make sure Techno doesn't end up hurting Ghostbur too.

Currently the ghost was babbling on about a house-tour.

"So this is the living room! The TV's a little dusty, but I can clean it! This vacation home seems to attract a lot of dust, it almost feels like it used to be abandoned!" The spectre laughed, bouncing up and down in excitement.

Techno didn't really say anything. He mostly nodded, his expression still held hints of shock, and his eyes looked red as if to burst into tears. Hmph. Tommy knows he'll never do that though, Techno would *never* cry.

Would it kill him to break down into tears just once? Perhaps it's cruel.. but maybe that would be the only way to prove that the warrior cares.

Imagine never crying your entire life? Not when your *mother* died, not when your own fucking *twin* died, not when his ghost is floating in front of you, and still *unconditionally* loving you despite how horrible you were to them?

Surely, the man only sees Ghostbur as a manifestation of guilt. No, Techno wouldn't accept that the ghost is real. In fact, if Tommy is correct about Ghostbur meeting Phil outside, the father probably thought the same.

At least Techno doesn't have the gall to say it to his face like Phil probably did.

'If I'm right.. I swear, I'm going to fucking kill him.' A slow burning rage started to spread through Tommy. He needed to get out of this room, this house, but he can't go outside. Not if that abandoning piece of shit is still out there.

"Over here is the closet! There's a lot of clothes in here. I think they belonged to old guests! They probably forgot them here!" Ghostbur continued to happily chat away to his living twin. Unaware of his true feelings. The blue stains on his hands were still present. The sight just made the boy angrier.

'Calm down, Big T. Calm the hell down.' The boy clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. God, he's starting to spiral. Not with anxiety, but with pure fury.

"I think most of the rooms are taken. One seems to be under renovation, so you can take mine if you need it! I'm a ghost so I don't actually need sleep!" The ghost kindly offered. Pointing upstairs. Tommy was practically fuming.

Technically it's true, Ghostbur doesn't necessarily need a bedroom since he can't get tired, but he's still a person and Tommy's not going to let it be taken away from him.

So no.

Not a fucking chance.

"Ghostbur, don't you dare give him your room. You're keeping it, big man." The boy said in a tone that was a little bit too forceful. He hoped Ghostbur wouldn't think he was mad at him, but again, Techno isn't getting the spirit's room. He'll have to take it over Tommy's dead body.

"Oh, why Tommy? Techno needs a place to sleep! It's okay, I don't mind!" Ghostbur asked, a pleasant smile still etched onto his face.

"Because it's yours. If Techno needs to sleep, he can sleep in the *basement*." Tommy made sure to look his estranged brother right in the eye as he said that. His hatred seeping into just one word.

"Toms, you know I love you very much, but I don't.. well, I don't think you're very good at being hospitable?" Ghostbur's smile faded into one of nervousness. The ghost tried to be as delicate as possible as he explained his concerns. "N-Not that it's bad, Tommy! We can work on that!"

"What? What do you mean, Ghostbro? Course I'm hospitable!" Considering Tommy can't just up and tell his brother that the reason he's been so unkind to most people is that there's a zombie apocalypse, the boy decided to just act confused.

"I-It's just.. Icarus was sick, and you made him stay in the shed! I know you didn't want Ranboo to catch his flu though.. so I understand, but we could've found somewhere nicer! Now Techno's here.. and we haven't seen him in so long, and you want him to stay in the basement?" The ghost's eyes looked full of worry now, which made Tommy feel even more guilty.

"Look, Ghostbur. You just need to trust me. Please. I'm being completely serious here, big man."

"Okay.. sorry Techno. Don't worry Tommy, I'll always trust you! I'm just disappointed that we don't have enough rooms!"

Well. At least one problem has been taken care of. Thank god for that.

Ghostbur was disappointed with the lack of bedrooms. When he first arrived at this wonderful farm, he thought there was plenty of room!

Then one had to go under renovations, Ghostbur can't kindly give up his room. He could ask Ranboo, but that would be rude. He's a guest here too, after all! It would be very impolite to make him move into a different room.

So unfortunately that meant the basement was the only available place. Well, there's also the attic, but Tommy doesn't know about that yet. (*Ghostbur decided to make it Friend's room because the sheep had seemed to want one. Hopefully Tommy won't mind!*)

The spirit just feels a little bad about his twin having to sleep downstairs. It's cold down there. Well, Ghostbur is always cold but that's besides the point. There could be spiders down there! The ghost never did find out where that scary spider went before, and it tried to hurt Icarus!

"D-Don't worry, Techno! I'm sure we can make the basement just as cozy as any other room!" Ghostbur smiled, but his voice wavered just for a moment. He hadn't seen his twin in a year, and the spectre wants to make sure Techno is happy.

Ghostbur doesn't want Techno to leave..

Techno still didn't say much. He looked.. haunted? If Ghostbur wasn't so worried, he'd laugh at the internal pun he just made. His brother looks so sad, and from what he remembers, Techno didn't talk about his feelings much.

So how was he supposed to know how his twin really feels?

"Um.. you- you must be starving right? Please, follow me into the kitchen! I'll make something for you!" Why was the ghost so nervous? Was it the silence? Probably.

"Y-Yeah.. I could eat." Techno mumbled. Relief washed over the ghost as his twin finally spoke again. Perhaps Techno was nervous too? Oh, yes! That had to be it! His twin was just shy!

After a year of not seeing each other, being shy and nervous would make sense! It would explain both Ghostbur and Techno's behaviour surely!

"Wonderful! The kitchen is down through here!" Ghostbur grinned happily. Feeling much better after hearing Techno's voice. He led his twin through a small hallway. Upon arriving in the kitchen, Ghostbur immediately went to work finding ingredients.

At that same moment though, Ranboo entered the room.

"Uh, hey Ghostbur, is um, Icarus okay? Tommy left to check on him earlier. I uh, thought I'd see how you were doing." His fellow amnesiac asked, not noticing the ghost's twin brother. However when he did notice, he jumped a bit in surprise.

"O-Oh! Um.. hello? Ghostbur, who is-?" The boy looked confused and uncertain.

"This is my twin brother, Technoblade! He came to join us on our vacation! Isn't that great?" Ghostbur floated over to his brother, flapping his hands as he excitedly introduced him to his friend.

"Uh, that's cool ! It's um.. nice to meet you?" Ranboo walked over, and awkwardly raised a hand for Techno to shake. It hung there for a moment, before his twin hesitantly shook it.

“Hi..” Techno said simply. Not making eye contact, mostly staring at the ground.

“Techno, this is Ranboo! He’s our new friend! He has amnesia just like me! We’re the amnesia-duo!” The spectre proclaimed. He liked having a friend who had memory problems too. It made the ghost feel less alone, even if his amnesia didn’t bother him much.

“A-Amnesia?” Techno suddenly looked at him. His voice was quiet but urgent.

“Yeah! I can’t remember much from before I died, Techno. I can only really recall happy memories! Don’t feel bad though, I have many good memories of you and Toms! *Phil* too-” Ghostbur explained. Thinking about all the good times in his childhood that were spent together as a family.

Strangely, he froze a little upon uttering his father’s name.

~~YOU’LL NEVER BE MY SON!~~

...

“-Hey.”

...

“-You okay?”

...

“-*Ghostbur?* Ghostbur!” Ranboo’s worried voice came through to him. Snapping Ghostbur out of.. out of what? What happened?

“Huh? O-Oh! Sorry, must’ve gotten lost in thought for a moment. Don’t worry, I’m alright! What was I talking about again?” The ghost tried to reassure his friend. He turned to look at Techno, and he looked like something had disturbed him. Was there a creepy bug in the house?

“You.. you were- um.. you were talking about making your brother some, uh, food!” The boy answered helpfully. Oh right! How could he have forgotten?

He’d better get started on that!

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried really hard on it! Sorry if it’s not good though, I promise I’ll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Images of Someone Gone.

Chapter Summary

Techno isn't sure if what he's seeing is real or fake, while Ranboo hears voices from upstairs.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 96 guys! It's another Techno chapter, with some Ranboo as well! Also since this is a Techno chapter, please let me know if I wrote him badly. As I said before, I really want to do his character justice in this story.. so if I messed up, or could have done something better with him, please let me know! I really hope you guys like this chapter though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/bmc69vhW>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An image of a loved one leads him through the house.

Its face, its laugh. Its voice.

Just like *his*.

He doesn't object when the vision asks if he's hungry.

Nodding his head, pretending to listen when it talks about trivial things.

Techno..

He lets this sick fantasy play out.

The warrior doesn't scream, nor yell.

What floats before him is nothing but a hallucination, and yet..

He can't tell it to go away.

This '*ghost*' seems to be the only thing he has left of Wilbur.

The zombie upstairs is just his mindless corpse. Even if it didn't want to hurt Theseus, even if it *cries*, it's still an empty abomination.

Whatever strain infected Wilbur must've had some sort of defect.

But none of that matters, because it won't bring his twin back.

If an illusion is all that's left, then he'll take it.

Techno just wants to be close to his twin again.

The '*spirit*' takes his hand. It speaks to him with so much love and adoration.

It just makes his heart sink even further.

Techno isn't really listening when Tommy argues with the hallucination. Perhaps he's delusional as well. Some sort of shared psychosis between brothers.

Oh well.. he supposed it doesn't really matter.

“-*If Techno needs to sleep, he can sleep in the **basement**.*” Tommy's voice came through the fog for a moment. Vitriol in his tone as he spoke to Wil.

Hmm.. the basement.

The basement where.. where *Wilbur's* corpse was shot.

Is that really where the warrior will have to stay?

No. No, that's a fitting punishment surely. Techno deserves this for how he treated his twin when he was still living.

Basement it is, then.

He hears Wilbur's voice. Unhappy, displeased at the thought of Techno sleeping down there, but ultimately gives in.

Why?

How can Wil be so kind to him after everything he'd done?

All he and Phil did was leave his brothers a voicemail. Not long after that the apocalypse happened.

Wilbur *despised* them both.

Techno doesn't know why he didn't just text him.

Called him and Tommy.

Why hadn't he done that?

Was it because of the numerous times Phil told him *they'd be fine*?

God.

Techno tries desperately to stop himself from shaking. From breaking down in front of his brothers.

The warrior does everything in his power not to show his true emotions, but somehow he knows he's failing. Tommy can see right through him.

Tommy's narrowed eyes prove it. The boy can tell what's really going on, but for some reason he looks more than just angry with him. *Disappointed.*

It's strange.

Techno thought Tommy would've liked to see the great Technoblade break down.

Wilbur talks to him again but he doesn't listen. Not that he doesn't want to, it just won't process.

Tommy left as the hallucination continued to speak.

It took his hand again, and led him into the kitchen.

Techno didn't want to let go again.

Ranboo wasn't proud of it, but when Icarus started screaming again he'd hidden back in the basement.

He figured Tommy would have it covered, since the boy knew how to deal with his zombified brother the best. If the amnesiac had gone upstairs to help, it surely would've caused more damage than help.

At least the basement wasn't covered in Icarus's blood anymore. Staring at that puddle made him feel so *guilty*. Thankfully Tommy doesn't blame him for it anymore, even if the boy still finds himself at fault.

Now that it was clean though, there wasn't exactly much to do down here. The room mostly contained cardboard boxes full of storage, big shelves, and the closet Ranboo had hidden in. There was however, a work desk and chair. Other than that though, there wasn't anything to entertain himself.

Ranboo tapped his arm anxiously. He hoped whatever was going on in Tommy's room was being handled fine. The new survivor would hate it if anyone had gotten hurt.

There's still his memory journal, but Ranboo couldn't recall anything important he would need to write down. So he guessed he'd simply have to wait until it was safe to come back up.

Good news is he hasn't heard any more screams since Tommy went to check on Icarus. So there's a chance that the predicament is being solved.

Well, that was until he heard Tommy shouting at someone.

"Oh.. uh, that can't be good." Ranboo muttered to himself nervously. Wringing his hands a little. His friend seemed to be in a heated argument with someone. Whoever he was yelling at though, was either not talking or too quiet for the boy to hear.

Was it Icarus? If so, then Ranboo wonders what the zombie could've done to make Tommy angry. When he'd last seen the two together, the blond boy was trying to console him. It seemed odd for him to switch like that, so perhaps it wasn't Icarus.

Ghostbur was out of the question. Tommy would never yell at the kind spirit.

So maybe it could be..

Huh.

Hold on, there must be someone he'd forgotten. Ranboo grabs his memory book, flipping through the pages for a moment.

His ghostly friend mentioned something. Those *men* from when he'd accidentally shot Icarus. Ah! They're right here in this notebook. Ranboo finds the exact page, and there it is.

It says in his journal that their names are Phil and Techno.

Tommy and Ghostbur's father and brother were there. Earlier that day. So it must've been one of them. Had they come back into the house? That would explain Tommy's yelling. He really didn't seem to like the rest of his family.

Perhaps he should stay out of it, if this is a family matter..

Ranboo decided to wait until whoever was up there had left. He couldn't entirely make out what the conversation was about, but the amnesiac could tell it wasn't pleasant.

Just when the argument finally seemed to be over, Ranboo heard Ghostbur join in, although he seemed to be much happier to see the visitor than Tommy did.

Perhaps now would be alright to come back up? The yelling had stopped, and the new survivor doubted Tommy would like to argue with anyone in front of Ghostbur.

Nervous, but not really wanting to stay down in the basement anymore, Ranboo took the trek back up the stairs.

Unsure of who he would encounter up there.

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried really hard on it! Sorry again if I write Techno badly.. I'm trying my best. I really hope I did a good job though. Sorry if this chapter was a little boring on the Ranboo side too, I promise things will pick up very soon! If you guys did like this chapter, please comment as I'd love some feedback!

The Radio.

Chapter Summary

Tubbo tries to plan his escape, while Ranboo meets Ghostbur's twin?

Chapter Notes

Chapter 97 guys! It's a Tubbo and Ranboo chapter today! We finally get to see what's been going on in the compound again! While Ranboo meets someone new! I really hope you guys like this chapter! Sorry again if I've written BBH and Skeppy badly for though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/3ceDDn9C>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Night had officially fallen in this wasteland of a city. With the colder months approaching the sky grew dark faster. Most survivors tended to sleep early as energy was an important resource. Currently the time is about 8:00 PM.

While the settlers of Dream's compound made it to their tents, or rooms, the guards continued to patrol the areas.

Tubbo found himself unable to relax. After seeing Dream's cruel display at the centre of the compound, he'd lost all respect for the leader. The boy recalls the things Tommy had told him about Wilbur (*with him being the closest thing to a leader those boys had.*) Erratic things he did as paranoia took over him. The pacing at night while Tommy slept, the incessant mutterings of a madman. Even with the way he lashed out, pushed his little brother away, Wilbur surely wouldn't have been so utterly heartless.

In his cleverness, the boy realized that in his best-friend's situation it at least must've been because Wilbur was trying to protect Tommy from something. Although Tubbo isn't defending Wilbur. Tommy deserved to know why his brother was treating him like that.

Question is, (*if he's correct about his theory, that is*) what was Wilbur so desperately trying to protect Tommy from?

Now that he thinks about it, his friend never specified whatever his brother had ranted about.

In any case, Wilbur would never do what Dream did. At least, he hoped. If he had been in his right mind then definitely not.. but the masked-man seemed completely sane.

Tubbo recalls his request for help to find Tommy. As much as it pains him to do so, it's probably best to get the *hell* out of here.

It wasn't just his lack of remorse and sympathy that really disturbed the young survivor. In fact, he noticed something else. Why had Skeppy and BBH given the leader all of their supplies? Bad did so with such bitterness, and Skeppy looked fearfully reluctant.

Has this happened before?

Are people forced to hand over their belongings when thrown back into the city? None of the people watching appeared to care about it. Only listening to the speech Dream was making as a tearful Skeppy hid behind his friend.

Clearly, this place wasn't as it seemed.

He needs to grab his things, get out of the compound, and find Michael. No, there's no way the boy is staying here another damn second.

Problem is, how does he escape unnoticed? There are guards patrolling everywhere. The boy can see them from the sides of his tent as he turns over in his sleeping bag. They had torches, and spiked melee weapons. A few even had shotguns and pistols. Where did they even find those?

Staying here could mean living under the rule of who is likely purposely sending people to their deaths. (*As he did with Skeppy, and probably others.*) Or he could try to leave and risk getting shot by the guards, spiked with a bat, or simply dying from the zombies outside.

The boy wasn't sure what to do, until he heard quiet static erupting from his radio.

-“*Tubbo?*” BBH's voice whispered suddenly. Causing Tubbo to frantically hide in his sleeping bag, trying to muffle his voice, and the radio.

“Bad!? Are you alright, sir? How's Skeppy?” As he suspected, the two must've kept their radios so they could communicate. The younger survivor was still somehow surprised. Unable to really figure out what to say other than to ask if new friends were okay.

“*Well, I'm doing fine. Skeppy.. he's doing okay for now, but I can tell it's going to get worse. Nothing is going to stop me from being there for him though.*” BBH sounds.. normal mostly, but the boy could sense the growing uneasiness in the man. Understandable, honestly.

“Glad you're doing well. I'm truly sorry about your situation..” Tubbo trailed off. What was he supposed to say here? He was genuine with his sympathy, but there wasn't really anything he could do.

“*Don't worry about it, Tubbo.. it's not your fault.*” Bad seemed to trail off too. Neither of them knew what to say, the boy guessed. However he did continue to speak. “*There's something we wanted to ask you though. Would you consider coming with us? It's alright if*

you don't want to. I know it's dangerous.. but, knowing who Dream really is now, I don't think looking after people is his highest priority anymore.."

"Actually, I'd be willing to come along.. Dream isn't who I thought he was either, sir. Question is, how do I get out?" Yes, that's the question. He doubts he can just ask politely if he can leave. Perhaps he was only allowed to leave earlier because it was for an assignment.

"I'm not sure, Tubbo.. I guess the best thing you can do is either sneak past as hard as you can, or try to trick the guards somehow. Hmm. Wait, maybe if you tell Sapnap that Dream wants you to go outside for a secret mission, he'll believe you?" BBH tried to give ideas, but it was clear he knew as much about escaping as Tubbo did. Which wasn't a lot.

"I guess tricking is the way to go, honestly. So far Dream seems to like me, it could work."

Tubbo sure hopes it will.

When Ranboo went upstairs, he first saw a very unhappy Tommy going back upstairs. The amnesiac decided it would probably be best not to ask. Although he hoped the blonde survivor was okay.

The second thing he saw was Ghostbur's excited bouncing when he walked into the kitchen.

"Uh, hey Ghostbur, is um, Icarus okay? Tommy left to check on him earlier. I uh, thought I'd see how you were doing." The boy asked the friendly spirit. He also wants to know if Tommy is doing alright, but seeing as he went back upstairs, his friend probably wanted to be alone.

His eyes trailed around out of habit. Maintaining eye contact wasn't easy for him. It was then that he noticed another person in the room. Sitting rather morosely at the table.

"O-Oh! Um.. hello? Ghostbur, who is-?" Ranboo practically jumped. Not out of surprise exactly, he knew someone else was here obviously, but the figure at the table looked nothing like the happy ghost.

The man looked young, so it had to be Ghostbur's brother. Yet there was no resemblance at all. The stranger had long, pink braided hair, sharp brown eyes that almost looked red, a scar on his cheek.

He wore a salmon-coloured jacket that covered a button-up sweater. A camo sash lined with pouches on his chest, probably for carrying ammunition if he were to find a gun, leather gloves, and combat boots. However, if Ranboo looked closely, he could make out some kind of armor underneath his jacket. Hard to spot, but he managed it. The man seemed to be going for comfort and protection with his clothing, which the amnesiac didn't judge. Much better than that odd business suit he'd been wearing yesterday.

Though what really grabbed his attention was the huge, bloodied axe strapped to the young man's back.

“This is my twin brother, Technoblade! He came to join us on our vacation! Isn’t that great?” The spectre said cheerfully, confirming the new survivor’s thoughts that this had to have been his brother, despite their appearances.

The man being his *twin* was quite shocking though, but for his ghostly friend’s sake, he’ll try not to act surprised.

“Uh, that’s cool! It’s um.. nice to meet you?” Ranboo tried to be polite, but he wasn’t really sure how to approach. In his defence, the only other people he’d met was through being taken into the house after a zombie tried to eat him. Still, the boy walked over and raised a hand.

“Hi..” *Technoblade* said. His voice was low and monotone. To the amnesiac’s relief he didn’t seem to make eye-contact either. Although, the stranger seemed to be lost.. rather than socially anxious. Techno did shake his hand however. Albeit absent-mindedly.

“Techno, this is Ranboo! He’s our new friend! He has amnesia just like me! We’re the amnesia-duo!” Ghostbur said excitedly, he beamed at his twin with a huge smile. It made Ranboo smile a little too. He’s glad that Ghostbur is happy to introduce him.

“*A-Amnesia?*” The crestfallen survivor said in an almost frantic voice. His eyes shot towards the ghost. His expression was stone-faced, but Ranboo could sense that Techno was deeply troubled by his brother’s words. Feeling sorry for him.

“Yeah! I can’t remember much from before I died, Techno. I can only really recall happy memories! Don’t feel bad though, I have many good memories of you and Toms! Phil too-” The spirit paused. The name he mentioned was likely Ghostbur’s father if the boy remembered correctly. Ranboo was sure the ghost was genuine in his care towards Techno and Tommy.

Though he started to get worried when he realized that Ghostbur wasn’t talking anymore. Simply floating expressionless, eyes far away and unfocused.

The kitchen lights were starting to flicker, but Ranboo tried to ignore that.

“Ghostbur?” The amnesiac attempted to get his attention, to see if his friend was alright. His brother looked concerned too, and seemed to be debating internally about whether he should get up.

With his worry increasing, the boy called the ghost’s name a few times. Luckily the spirit seemed to snap out of it suddenly.

“Huh? O-Oh! Sorry, must’ve gotten lost in thought for a moment. Don’t worry, I’m alright! What was I talking about again?” Ghostbur looked confused. Blinking a few times.

“You.. you were- um.. you were talking about making your brother some, uh, food!” Ranboo answered, trying to help. Ultimately though, he found himself baffled..

Ghostbur just abruptly forgot what he’d been talking about? The boy thought his memory was bad.. but to just forget a whole conversation in minutes? That was surprising, and

concerning.

Maybe he should stay here, just to make sure Ghostbur is alright.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried really hard on it! The next few chapters are going to get really intense though so be prepared! The next one should be in two days! Sorry if this chapter wasn't very good though! I promise I'll fix any problems I may find later! If you did like this, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Uneasy Sleep.

Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to get some sleep, while Techno and Ghostbur share a room for the night.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 98 guys! It's another Tommy and Techno chapter! Looks like everyone had a going through a rough time. I wonder if things will get better, or worse? Lol. I really hope you guys like this chapter!! Please let me know if I could've wrote Techno better though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/3ceDDn9C>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was sitting outside of his room. It was getting late (*in apocalypse time*,) and he figured he should just sleep his rage off.

Until he remembered that Wil- *Icarus* was sleeping in his room. Or so he thinks, it is rather quiet in there. Hopefully the zombie did manage to sleep again.. he deserves it.

The boy felt so guilty for the anguish his brother was going through. It all felt like his fault..

Everything has been happening so fast, and sometimes Tommy just struggled to keep up. He never expected Wilbur to get so attached to his temporary name. Didn't think he'd run into Phil and Techno again.

All Tommy really wanted was to have a home again.. with the people he cared about. Whether that be with Ghostbur, or his zombified remains. It doesn't matter, he'll take both. Anything for just a semblance of normalcy in this godforsaken world.

This farm seems perfect for that. The greatest facade. Where he could pretend everything was safe and fine.

But then the rest of his family had to step in and walk all over it. Phil once again tossing Wil aside like a broken doll, and Techno's unwanted presence in the only territory he could call his own.

In the end, Tommy really couldn't do anything but watch. He felt trapped. The thought of his abandoning older brother in his home was suffocating, but at least Phil wasn't in here either.

Who knows though? What if Techno gets ideas and tries to hurt Icarus again? How the hell is he actually going to sleep tonight if that's a possibility?

In fact it should be around this time that Ghostbur and Ranboo would be coming upstairs to go to bed. What if Techno follows suit?

Perhaps he should check on his zombified brother.. he knows Wilbur was furious and very upset.. but Tommy wants to make sure he's safe. The boy can't lose him again.

Tommy very slowly and quietly turned the knob of his room, not wanting to disturb his poor brother. It creaked slightly, and the boy could make out the dark silhouette of Icarus lying motionless on the bed. Thankfully still asleep.

Hmmm.. well, maybe Tommy can stay in there with him. Wil probably won't even know he's there, and if he does, hopefully he won't be so upset anymore. Although, Tommy understands if the zombie still is..

The boy closes the door slightly, and goes to the bathroom to brush his teeth (*just because it's the zombie apocalypse doesn't mean you shouldn't keep your teeth clean.*) When he was finished with that, he opened a nearby closet that had extra blankets.

With the soft sleeping materials under one arm, Tommy opened the door to his room again and laid the blankets on the floor by the dresser. There was an extra pillow since his bed was full-sized. He carefully snatched it and placed it on his make-shift bed.

It.. looks fine? Tommy supposed. Better than nothing.

Besides, Icky deserves the bed more than he does.. well, he deserves a lot more than that actually, but the bed is the best he can give him.

A cure would be much better though.

For now Tommy crawls under the blankets. The noises from downstairs had ceased, so he assumed everyone else was getting ready for bed as well.

'Ghostbur better not have given that bastard his room..' He thinks hatefully. Techno doesn't deserve it. If the boy had his way then the man would be sleeping out on the porch, or in the basement.

Nothing Techno will do, will ever make Tommy forgive him. Same with Phil. Although.. he had to admit, he was glad Technoblade at least felt horribly guilty.

Now that is something he deserves.

Tommy closes his eyes for a few minutes. Trying to drift off to sleep, but he didn't really feel very tired yet.

His thoughts kept going back to the zombie that was asleep on the bed. The boy wondered if Wil was dreaming. Could zombies dream? He feels like he was wondering about that last night in the shed too, but Tommy supposes he'll never get an answer.

"Night, Icky." The young survivor said quietly. Receiving what he thought was a small incoherent groan in reply from the figure resting above.

If the man could dream though.. Tommy hoped they were better than what this world had to offer.

All the young survivor really had was nightmares.

Techno was dragged into his ghostly twin's room. He remembered it, after all he did see it only a few minutes before finding the man's undead corpse lying on a bed in the next room.

Something like that is hard to forget..

"I can't believe we're sharing a room again, Techno! This is just like when we were little kids!" The ghost excitedly said as he grabbed a soft woollen quilt from his bed and placed it down. In his other hand was a feather pillow that he fluffed, putting it with the cozy blanket.

"Shhh! Please don't tell Tommy that I'm letting you take the bed. I think he doesn't want you to have it because he's upset. He won't tell me why though." The spirit whispered, he giggled a little bit. Clearly just so happy to see his twin again.

It hurts to watch..

"N-No, Wil.. you don't have to-" Techno tried to decline the spectre's kind offer, as he really didn't feel like he deserved to sleep in a bed. The warrior would be better off sleeping in dirt..

"It's no trouble at all! Really, I don't mind! As a ghost I don't actually need to sleep. I just do it because it's relaxing." Wil hovered in the air, his pale eyes staring into his soul. Smile still present on his translucent face, but for a moment the ghost paused as if thinking.

"Um, Techno, I'm so glad that you remember me! A lot of people have been having memory problems lately, including me, but.. well, could you please *not* call me Wilbur?" The spirit began to look very anxious. Laughing nervously. His grin never left, but it appeared more forced than true at this moment.

"B-But.. that's your name?" Techno tried to say. The young man was just so tired and confused. He wasn't trying to argue with his ghostly twin, he sincerely just wanted to know why.

"I-I know! Lovely name! Mumza couldn't have picked a better one herself, b-but, could you please call me Ghostbur instead? I don't know why.. but I don't like thinking about *Alivebur*.." Ghostbur's smile faded almost completely with his words. Something in his eyes seemed to be pleading for Techno to just go along with it.

“Okay.. Ghostbur. If that makes you happy.. I guess.” Techno sighed. That face reminded him so much of when they were children. Wilbur being much smaller (*before he sprouted like a weed*) wore his heart on his sleeve. Of course, he definitely still did when he got older, he’d just grown better at hiding it.

It was just.. hard to say no to him.

“You seem sad, Techno. It’s okay if you don’t want to tell me why.. but tomorrow will be a better day! I’m sure of it!” Huh.. somehow even the ghostly version of his twin can still see right through him. Techno was never really good at hiding anything from Wilbur.

Well.. before the apocalypse that is.

“Yeah.. y-you’re right. Guess it’ll be better in the morning..” Techno mumbled in agreement. The numbness hadn’t gone away, and honestly, the man isn’t sure it ever really will.

The twins promptly wished each other goodnight, in a way that was reminiscent of old times. Techno got under the blankets of his make-shift sleeping bag, while the spirit floated to his bed (*Techno insisted.*) A plush sheep was placed next to the ghost, and he drifted off to sleep with a smile on his face. It was almost instantaneous.

Despite not having a bad childhood, (*unless you could count Phil’s favouritism and the passing of their mother*) Techno hadn’t seen Wil look so peaceful in years..

For some reason that hurt even more. The fact that Wilbur never said anything. How long was he planning to keep his understandable bitterness a secret?

Techno has no clue.. he tries to push all these troubling thoughts away. As he does so, he realizes how uncomfortable it feels to try to sleep with pieces of metal under his sleeves.

Maybe it’s ironic, but Techno feels almost.. safe here. Even with a zombie in another room. Or was he mistaking the feeling of giving up for safety? Either way.. whatever the reason, Techno removes his make-shift armour and places it on the floor next to him.

Soon after that he falls into an uneasy sleep.

...

...

A starved scream wakes him up in a start.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried very hard to make it good! I’m sorry if it wasn’t very good though! I promise I’ll try my best to fix any problems I may find

later! If you guys did enjoy this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Chipping Away.

Chapter Summary

Icarus gets hungry again, While Tubbo sneaks out.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 99 guys! It's an Icarus and Tubbo chapter today! It's been awhile since we've seen what's going on with Icky. Hopefully he's fine right? Lol! There's a new minor character for Tubbo's part of the chapter! I hope I wrote him well! I hope you guys like this chapter too! :D

Also, contrary to the number. This is actually Chapter 99, as Chapter 93 isn't a chapter, but an author's message.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/3ceDDn9C>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's dark.

That's good.

Nothing to worry about when asleep.

No fear.

There's no pain.

Distantly he can feel movement however.

His inside-stuff is moving a lot again.

It doesn't bother him.

Though somewhere far away, he wonders what it's doing.

He doesn't know.

It almost feels like something is being chipped away.

Something..

Something..

Important.

Hmm..

Whatever it was probably doesn't matter.

It's dark and quiet.

Inside-stuff is just doing what needs to be done.

Even if he's not sure what that is.

Everything is fine.

Nothing is wrong.

~~*Must move*~~

Icarus swears he hears the voice of his leader.

~~*Find way Suppress*~~
~~*Frustrated. It's troublesome*~~

More words from the All-Voice.

Somehow Icarus isn't sure if his progenitor is speaking to him.

They feel.. almost frazzled. Upset.

Icarus is supposed to be sleeping though. He can't help.

He doesn't really understand what they're talking about anyway.

All thought has disappeared once again.

Allowing him to continue sleeping.

His Familiar-Thing's soft-thing feels nice..

Soothing.

In the back of his mind he hears more frustrated whispers.

This time he ignores them.

Ignores the movement.

...

Sharp.

Stabbing pain.

Awake.

Tommy is in room.

Run.

HUNGER
HUNGER
HUNGER

Break moving-wall.

Down.

Fall.

Pain.

Hunger is worse though.

Leave.

Dark.

Cold.. wet?

Not important.

Run.

Pain. So much pain..

Inside-Stuff writhes like snakes.

Food.

Must find food..

Gathering all his things into his backpack. Tubbo decided to go with BBH's plan.

However, the young survivor decided to wait a little longer before attempting to leave. Wanting to make sure most of the compound's inhabitants were asleep before making a move for the exit.

Tubbo could spot the man that his friend had mentioned. Sapnap. His blank and white clothes, and headband made him easy to recognize. The burning torch in his face also made it easier. Illuminating the man in the gently falling snow.

A bit of worry came over the boy. What if talking didn't work? What if Sapnap went to find Dream just to confirm that Tubbo was allowed to leave? Would Tubbo be stuck here?

No, *no*. Thinking like that isn't going to do any good. The young survivor needs to remain calm. Try to avoid suspicion. Putting on a braver face, Tubbo slung his backpack over his shoulder and made his way to the gateway.

Before he could even get a word out, Sapnap turned around. One eyebrow raised questioningly.

"Hey! What're you doing over here? I thought Dream said that no one else was allowed to leave?" The dark-haired young man pointed at the backpack Tubbo was carrying. His eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"Sorry sir. Dream said I needed to leave for an important task. Said it was top-secret, really." Tubbo said calmly. Keeping his voice down in an attempt to sell the lie.

"Really? Weird.. I would've thought he'd tell me about that. Okay, well if Dream said so then I guess you can go. Stay safe out there, buddy." After a second of thinking, Sapnap seemed to buy it. Looking perplexed as to why Dream didn't alert him this information. Almost troubled even.

Guessing by his reaction, Sapnap probably feels like his suspiciously cruel leader tells him everything.

"Thanks, Sir. I'll try to be back soon." Tubbo politely bid him farewell as Sapnap opened the gate, allowing him through. Internally, he was both relieved and shocked at how convincing he must've been.

When the gate closes behind him, Tubbo feels a small bit of warmth leave him. Perhaps it was silly, but he'd hoped that Dream's compound could really be safe. Clearly it's not. Having seen how he treated Skeppy upon realizing he'd been bitten.

Does the man do that with everyone revealed to be infected? Show them off to a crowd? Like some sort of terrifying monster despite still being human?

Tubbo isn't stupid of course. There's absolutely danger in keeping infected individuals around. They could turn and spread the virus, dooming others to the same terrible fate that befell them. Still though.. doesn't mean you can't show them sympathy, or try to honour their last wishes like any other person who is dying.

”-zzTubbo? Bad here! How’d it go? Did you manage to get out?” The staticky voice of BBH came through the radio again. He sounded hopeful.

“It went pretty well, sir. Sapnap let me through. So, is there a specific place you wanted me to meet you two at?” Tubbo asked. In the back of his mind though, he thought of his choice. Skeppy was bitten.. and it’s been a few hours.

What if he turns?

Will BBH be able to handle it? Surely his friend doesn’t have much time left.. as sad as that sounds.

“Yeah! Skeppy and I decided not to go too far into the city in case you did decide to come with us. We’re in the abandoned hardware store at the end of the street!”

“Okay, sir. On it. I’ll be there right away-” Tubbo was about to put his radio away when he was cut off.

More static came through the device. Another voice broke out into a distant coughing fit. Bad must’ve forgotten to turn off the radio, because Tubbo could make out a worried BBH, presumably checking on Skeppy.

“-zzSkeppy? A-Are you alright? H-Hold on, I’ll clean you up!”

The radio turned off with a small beep. Tubbo could feel a chill run down his spine as he realized what was going on at the end of the call.

‘I’m terribly sorry. Bad.. but I hardly think Skeppy will last another hour or two..’ The boy thought to himself in sympathy.

Once a survivor starts to *bleed*. There truly is nothing to be done.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys! I tried very hard to make it good! Sorry if Sapnap wasn’t written well. It was my first time writing him. He’s a pretty minor character though so I’m not sure if he’ll make a reappearance. I might put him in the story more if you guys like him! Anyway though, sorry if this chapter wasn’t good! I’ll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Bloodshed.

Chapter Summary

Tommy and Techno search for Wilbur.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 100 guys! It's finally here! It's a Tommy and Techno chapter! Though on a more serious note, I need you guys to know I'm so *so* if this chapter upsets you guys.. in fact I'm 100% okay with deleting it if it makes you guys upset. I want to point out in advance though that everything will end up being okay. This chapter was one that was planned months ago, and every chapter until this one was written before the news about Techno came out.. I also want to say, that prior to the news, I would've not mentioned that things would be okay, as I wanted everyone to be like: "Oh my gosh is he going to be okay?!" But I want to be honest. It's all going to end up okay.

TW: Character Injury

TW: Blood

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters. It's okay if you don't want to though. <https://discord.gg/3ceDDn9C>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy bolted awake when he heard banging on his door. Only managing to catch a glimpse of his brother's silhouette before the door was forced open.

"I-Icarus?!" The boy shouted after the zombie. In a panic Tommy scrambled to get up. He rushed out of his room and into the upstairs hallway. Catching sight of a frightened Ghostbur and a concerned Techno.

"T-Tommy? Why did Icarus run out of your room? W-Why was he making all that noise?" Ghostbur asked nervously. A blue sheep plushie was clutched in his hands. Wait, where did he get that?

Never mind, doesn't matter right now.

“Uh! I-Icky.. um..” The young survivor had no clue what to say. Usually he was good at coming up with ridiculous excuses on the fly, but he just woke up and his brain is still trying to catch up.

‘Fuck! What do I tell him?! Think, big man! Think!’ He tried to think, until finally he came up with something.

“I-Icarus saw a spider again! Real nasty bitch too! Huge as fuck! Don’t worry Ghostbro! I’ll go get him, and then I’ll get rid of that spider!” Tommy was sure Ghostbur would believe this, considering he believed his last lie about a spider.

Though having to keep lying like this is starting to take a bit of a toll..

“Oh no! Not the spider again! *Friend*, what should we do?” Ghostbur looked into the smooth button eyes of his plushie, as if it could listen and speak. Clearly it couldn’t, but Tommy didn’t want to ruin his brother’s obvious new source of comfort.

“Don’t worry, Ghostbur.. I’ll.. I’ll find him I promise! Besides, it’s not very pog being alone.” The boy tried his best to assure the concerned spirit. Though part of him was worried he wouldn’t be able to deliver upon that promise.. it’s dark outside. The zombie is not in a good state. What if Icarus had truly snapped..?

As the boy grabbed his backpack, rope, and his hunting knife (*just in case..*) a voice stopped him in his tracks.

“Wait.. I-I.. I want to come too.” Techno had taken a step forward. A hand on his axe, but his voice was quiet and slightly shaky. Face still as stoic as ever, but his eyes still showed pain.

“Like hell, you’re coming with me bitch.” The boy spat back in protest. No way is that abandoning shit coming with him. If anyone is going to look for Wil, it’s the one person who actually gave a damn about him.

“Tommy, please? Techno’s really brave and strong! I’m sure he’ll be able to help! Please? I’m really worried about Icarus..” Ghostbur looked at his little brother with pleading eyes, reminiscent of the look puppies would give. A twinge of guilt stabbed at Tommy’s heart.

How could he say no to Ghostbur?

“Fuck.. fine! Fine, you can come! Ghostbur, stay here. Go wake up Memory Boy too, I’m not sure how he managed to sleep through this.” Tommy grumbled. God, why did Techno have to offer to help? Now he’ll be stuck searching for his brother alone with him. Someone he absolutely despises.

“Yeah! I’ll wake him up! Good luck, Toms! Good luck, Techno! Don’t let the spider get you too!” The spirit gave a salute, and flew off towards Ranboo’s room. Leaving Tommy and Techno alone together.

Tommy could only shoot glares at him and mutter swears under his breath. Techno avoided eye-contact, looking very uncomfortable. The boy knew he was probably thinking of

something to say, but whatever it was, he didn't want to hear it.

The unlikely pair headed downstairs, with Tommy automatically assigning himself as leader. As they descended down the stairs, the boy could hear his ghostly brother waking up a confused Ranboo.

Upon making it to the front door, the young survivor turned the knob, opening it to reveal a blanket of snow. It had already piled up overnight. Thankfully Wilbur's footprints could still be made out.

If he wasn't so worried about the man, or furious with Techno, he'd be concerned about the state of the garden. Of course they planted seeds specifically to survive through the winter.. but still. Tommy can't help but be worried.

Soon the door closed behind the estranged brothers. Cold air wisped around them as light snowflakes danced in their vision.

Tommy shot Techno a glare from the corner of his eye.

Why did he have to come along?

Stepping out into the icy air, Techno didn't have much on his mind.

Instead all he had was a goal. As much as it destroys him to look at the undead form of his twin, he can't let Wil escape.

Leaving Wilbur on the loose in this state, could be a danger to anyone who crosses paths with him. Techno didn't want his mistake to cause more deaths..

Although, judging by how long his brother had been infected it would be no surprise if the man already had slain a few innocents.. had Techno stayed with him and Tommy, instead of going on that trip with his father, perhaps Wil wouldn't be where he is now.

That's a thought that hasn't been able to leave him since his terrible discovery.. First it was the guilt of him dying. Now it's the agony of knowing that he may be responsible for his turning.

Sure.. Philza isn't innocent either. Had their father not played favourites so many times, which Techno wishes he'd realized sooner as well, then maybe the family never would've been driven apart.

Tommy wouldn't be giving him those hate-filled looks every time his eyes meet his.

There'd be no manifestation of his sorrow either. The ghostly form of his twin that spoke so kindly to him.. even if it did provide some odd sort of comfort, Techno knew it wasn't real.

Hold on..

Actually didn't he see Tommy talking to it as well? Guess they're both losing their minds then.. after all shared delusion is a real thing. It's not that the warrior didn't believe in spirits, but he's certainly never seen one.

Besides, if '*Ghostbur*' truly exists.. then wouldn't every single zombie have a ghost wandering around?

Oh well.. it probably doesn't matter. Thinking about '*what ifs*' won't change anything.. no matter how much he wishes for them to.

Tommy stayed silent as they travelled through the snow. Following Wilbur's foot-prints. Techno could sense the rage coming off the boy.. he wanted to try to say something. Anything, but the young man knew that his little brother would refuse to listen to him.

A grove of trees rested up ahead on a slight hill. It wasn't quite connected to the forest they'd all come from, though it seemed close. Tommy seemed to be on the prowl. Determined to find Wil.

The pair continued to trudge up the hill. Faintly they could hear the sound of rattled breathing. A gurgling that only a person with blood-filled lungs could make. If it's not another zombie, then it has to be..

Wilbur.

"WIL!" Immediately before Techno could stop him, Tommy sprinted up towards the deathly sounds.

"T-Theseus wait!" Despite his little brother's anger towards him, he had to protect him whether he liked it or not. Even if what he saw is true.. that his twin still remembers Tommy, that doesn't mean there won't be a risk.

Within the grove was a clearing. Inside was the clearly confused form of Wilbur. His head was raised towards the sky, body shivering from the cold. Black eyes transfixed on the whiteness above.

Below him were the remains of a deer. How he managed to catch that thing, he'll never know. Maybe it had injured itself trying to escape. The undead can run, but can't stay on their feet for long. Red stains littered his clothes, and covered the area around his mouth. A fresh kill for a starving predator.

Guilt pierces his heart once again.

When the corpse noticed Tommy come running towards him, his eyes shot down to look at the boy. They almost seemed to widen in surprise, or shock.

"Wil- *Icky!* Ghostbur and I were worried sick! You should've told me if you were hungry, big man! What the hell?!" The boy stopped running once he made it to the zombie. Techno stayed behind. Unsure of what to make of the situation.

“*T-To..mmy..?*” The zombified form of his twin slowly approached the young survivor. Instinctively Techno kept a hand on his axe, just in case this was a feint attack..

“Hey, Zombro.. Don’t worry, Big T’s here.” Tommy let the zombie weakly wrap his arms around him. Pulling him into a slight hug.

Techno was astonished at this display.. Wilbur should be taking a chunk out of their little brother’s neck. No zombie in the history of the apocalypse has ever been so docile. So unwilling to kill..

Is it possible that Tommy was right..? Maybe his twin is still in there? *Somewhere?*

It’s a terrible idea.. but for a moment, something within the warrior breaks. He comes close to the zombie. Too close.

“*W-Wil..?*” Time froze. The zombie who hadn’t seemed to notice him until now, snapped his head towards him as the warrior spoke his name in an almost pleading tone.

Surely if Wilbur could remember Tommy.. then there has to be some part of him that remembers Techno.

There has to be.. *there has to be!*

But instead of the sign Techno was hoping for. He got an expression of terror. Just like the one he made back inside the house. Dread fills him to the point of sickness.

Everything seems to blur all of a sudden..

Shouts and screams fill the young man’s ears. Something is happening and for some odd reason Techno can’t process it. Had he truly lost his mind? Was it the sight of his twin looking at him like a monster that drove him into this state? Was it the pure agony of holding back emotion throughout his life?

Or was it the fact that excruciating pain shot through his wrist..

With *blood* trickling down his hand.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter guys. But again I’m so sorry if this is extremely upsetting.. like I said I promise I’ll delete it if it makes you all sad. This was all planned months ago, and I never knew Techno would pass away.. I spent a week crying over him being gone. Techno won’t die in this story I promise. I just wanted to write him as person who is really just like everyone else. He’s strong and powerful yeah, but he’s not invincible. I don’t know. I guess I just wanted to write him as more human.. sorry if that was a bad choice. I want to do his character justice, and be respectful. If this isn’t

respectful I'm so sorry and I promise I'll take this chapter down and figure out another thing for Chapter 100. I'm really sorry again..

Cycle.

Chapter Summary

Techno tries to process the significance of his injury, while Tommy struggles to control his rage.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 101 guys! I felt bad for taking so long so I decided to release this chapter early! I still need to work on the rest though, so I'm sorry if it takes awhile! In today's chapter we get to see what's going on with Tommy and Techno! Also I do want to remind you guys that Techno is going to be okay. I promise. I'm not going to say how, but trust me that he will. Before I heard the news.. I was planning on letting it be a surprise whether he'd be okay or not, but due to the circumstances I feel like I should be honest. Techno will be okay. I promise.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/Wauw7BGM>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy couldn't believe his eyes. Shock overwhelmed him in every sense of the word.

Widened eyes stared ahead at an equally shocked Techno.

However, what they were both unable to look away from, was the zombie that had his teeth latched on the warrior's wrist.

Even Wilbur, who was still biting his twin had a look of terror. If Tommy were able to think clearly, he would've likened this situation to an animal that attacked out of fear instead of a desire to hunt.

Suddenly the undead man let go, shoving Techno hard. Surprisingly, the warrior fell backwards into the snow. Perhaps he was too stunned to try and catch himself. Tommy doesn't blame him.

Who wouldn't be horror-struck when their own family member just sealed their fate?

Before anyone could do anything, Wilbur sprinted off into the trees. Running into the darkness of night.

It was when the zombie had left Tommy's sight, that he snapped back into reality.

"T-Techno?!" The boy ran over to his other brother, who had been trying to get back up. Shock was all over his normally expressionless face. "W-What the hell were you thinking?!"

"I-I.. I just wanted to see if.. *y'know*.." Techno's monotone voice was wavering. He looked at his bleeding arm in disbelief. The bite was deep, and looked painful. Yet the warrior showed no signs of being in any pain.

How the fuck can he still be so strong?

"To see what? If he fucking remembered you, bitch?! Of course he wouldn't!" Tommy didn't know why he was yelling. Or why he's so angry, he wanted this, didn't he? For his horrible excuses for family to get what they deserved, right?

"I.. I left my armour inside. I-I wasn't thinkin-"

"Clearly you weren't!" He was just so mad. Tears started streaming down his face, and he had no idea why. Why the fuck is he crying?

Why does he care?

Without thinking, Tommy grabbed him by his other arm, and started to drag him back towards the farmhouse. Swearing and crying no matter how hard he tried to stop. Techno even started to sound less concerned for himself and more for Tommy instead.

"T-Tommy, let go-" The warrior tried to say, but the boy wouldn't hear it.

"SHUT UP! Just shut the hell up!" A horrible amount of despair he never wanted to feel was overflowing like a bathtub full of water.

How?! How could Techno forget his armor? It doesn't matter that Tommy hadn't known about it previously, it doesn't, but how the fuck does the legendary *Blade* forget something so damn important?!

Tommy knows full well that his older brother's reputation continued to be upheld even after their days of Minecraft. In his anger at Techno and Phil, he always turned the radio broadcasts off when he heard people talking about the incredible zombie slayer, and his partner in crime. Even Wilbur refused to listen to them.

Before he *turned*..

"H-Here's what's going to happen, bitch!" Tommy wiped his tears with his other arm. His voice was sharp and aggressive, wanting Techno to pay attention. "I'm taking you back to the farm, and you're going to fucking stay there until we figure out what to do!"

Not bothering to look back, Tommy could tell that the warrior was surprised to hear his words. Maybe even a little sad or touched that his little brother is showing a shred of care.

Not that he does! No, Tommy doesn't care about the abandoning, stupid, high and mighty Technoblade-

...

Oh god.

Who is he kidding?

Tommy wished so badly that he didn't care. Had the man never shown up again, the boy wouldn't have cared if something happened to him. Yet seeing his only living brother in the flesh, being bitten by Wilbur of all people shattered something inside Tommy. Something buried so deeply he'd forgotten all about it.

Loneliness.

With one brother dead and the other's fate being sealed, Tommy will have nothing left of his family. Not a single trace.

Phil stopped being family the second Tommy realized he hadn't killed Wilbur. All of this is his fault.

ALL OF IT.

People make mistakes.

No one is perfect, no matter how hard they try to be. Even though Techno knows he's far from perfect on the inside, he still feels disappointed in himself for his actions.

Only slightly disappointed, however. Of course he knew better than to approach Wilbur like that.. but again, Techno wasn't thinking. How could he? He'd been face to face with the person he'd known longer than anyone, and desperate to see if he'd remember him..

Clearly Techno was wrong.

Strangely enough, the searing pain in his wrist was numb compared to the hurting in his heart.

It's fine, honestly. Techno knew that he wasn't immortal. Powerful, yes, but not a god. He'd prepared himself for the fact that he could die one day. In a world with no cure, and most likely billions of zombies, of course he had to be ready.

So no. It wasn't the prospect of death that threatened to break him.

It's the fact he truly failed.

Wilbur doesn't remember him, he will never remember him. The look of unbridled terror in his twin's face made the warrior sure of that. For whatever reason, in the zombie's eyes,

Techno must look like some kind of monster..

Was that true?

Had Techno become a monster?

Before seeing his brother again in an undead state, he'd slain many of those corpses without a shred of remorse. Techno didn't even know that zombies could feel emotion. At least.. not fear or possess the ability to truly cry. The child zombie that cried back in the shop only did so to lure them in. It wasn't real. It wasn't until now that the warrior knew what it felt like to be completely alone.

With Phil having lied to him for so long.

Wilbur's fearful eyes as he sank his teeth into his arm.

Finally, Tommy's hatred.

And yet..

Techno's furious little brother was grabbing his other arm so tightly it almost hurt. Tommy had gained a hidden strength in his time alone. A determination of sorts. On the outside, it didn't look like his brother had changed much physically. Albeit longer hair, some bruises and a few small scars, and worse bags under his eyes than before.

Still. Theseus seemed stronger.

The boy was muttering to himself furiously. Some words were incomprehensible. It's possible that the child had lost his mind. Though Techno could catch a few sentences.

"Don't you fucking die on me, bitch. I swear to prime, god, whoever the fuck!" The boy seemed insistent on dragging the young man back to the farm. Techno couldn't really see a point to be honest.

He'd already accepted that turning is this world's circle of life. After all, the one thing left after a state of undeath is *true* death. Techno and Phil have helped plenty with that. Putting wandering souls to rest in the form of bashes and stabs to the head.

Techno isn't one for religion. Though he believes that wherever people go when they die here is probably better than a world of zombies. He's not afraid of dying. He's not afraid of the unknown.

It's the fact that Wilbur truly couldn't remember him that scared him. The fact that he won't be able to ever reconcile with his twin.

It felt like hours when they finally reached the farm again. Tommy practically smashes the front door open, and shoves him inside.

"You're going to stay here, and not move a fucking muscle, got it?!" The boy demanded before running off somewhere.

The warrior only nodded. Honestly not sure of what to say.. but he knew what Tommy was thinking of doing. In a way, he found it almost moving.

It's surprising considering how much his little brother seemed to hate him.

Tommy quickly re-entered the room, carrying a first-aid kit. His fiery eyes were still intense with emotion. Mostly anger, but nothing could hide that tiny glimmer of concern in the annoying child's eyes.

“Show me your arm.”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't good! Techno is pretty difficult for me to write, but I do like writing him! Sorry if I didn't do a good job though! I really hope you guys still liked this chapter despite any errors it may have! I'll try my best to fix any if I find them! If you guys did enjoy this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Potatoes and Apologies.

Chapter Summary

Ghostbur looks for potatoes, while Tommy gets an apology.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 102 guys! I felt bad for again taking so long so I decided to release another chapter early! Though I still do need to work on the rest though, so I'm sorry again if it takes quite a bit! Today we have a Ghostbur and Tommy chapter! Things seem to be getting emotional for Tommy! Also sorry again if I've written Techno badly! I'll try to fix any issues later if I find any!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/Wauw7BGM>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur was in Ranboo's room when Tommy and Techno left. He really hoped Icarus was okay.. but at the same time, maybe this was exactly what his two brothers needed! Some bonding time!

“Wake up Ranboo! Icarus got scared by a spider again! Tommy and Techno left to go find him!” The ghost gently tried to gently shake the boy awake, not wanting to be rude, but at the same time he knew the situation was serious.

“Ranboo?” Ghostbur tapped his shoulder, and received no answer except for a few incoherent mumbles. The amnesiac was resting on his side, the blankets slowly rising and falling. Ranboo seemed to be in a deep sleep.

‘Oh. I guess Ranboo's really tired! I'll let him sleep then. I'll just wait for Tommy and Techno in the living room.’ The spirit smiled, before fixing the blankets that were slightly messed up from shaking the boy. He then carefully closed the door, and floated back into his room.

The blankets that Techno had been using were thrown haphazardly on the floor, so Ghostbur nearly spread them back out again. It's still very dark outside, so everyone will probably go back to sleep when Tommy, Techno, and Icarus come home. The spirit wants to make sure his twin will be comfortable.

“There! Nice and tidy now!” Ghostbur smiled. He sensed that his brother had been sad. So maybe in the morning the spectre can do something special for him?

Oh! Breakfast is a good start! Ghostbur can check the kitchen early tomorrow, and plan a nice meal for Techno to wake up to! Of course, he’ll make some for Tommy, Ranboo, and Icarus too. It would be rude to leave them out!

“Friend? What do you think Techno would like for breakfast?” Ghostbur turned around and looked at the plush sheep sitting on his bed. Hmm. He doesn’t remember putting it down. Maybe Friend was tired and wanted to go to bed too?

‘I think he’d probably like some hash browns. You know how much he likes potatoes!’

“Oh you’re right! That’s a wonderful idea, thanks Friend!” The ghost was beaming. Friend didn’t talk much, but when they did they always said the nicest things! Sometimes they give him advice or words of encouragement.

“Hmmm. I’m not sure if we have any potatoes though, Friend. Tommy and I are growing some though!” Hopefully the planted potatoes will grow quickly. Ghostbur really only wanted them because he knew Techno loved them. Now that he’s here, he’ll be able to eat as many as he wants once they’re grown!

‘Maybe there’s some canned potatoes in the kitchen? I’m sure you’ll find something!’

“Oh you’re right! Thanks Friend! You’re the smartest sheep in the world!” The spirit floated over to the plushie, and gave it a hug. Wanting to show his gratitude.

“Well, since I’m already up, I think I’ll take a look now instead. Bye, bye, Friend!” Ghostbur put his beloved sheep plushie back on his bed, before leaving his room to head downstairs.

As he made his way toward the stairs, he passed Ranboo’s room again. He laughed softly, he wasn’t sure why but he found it endearing. Ranboo seemed to be a pretty deep sleeper, and it reminded the spectre of when he and Techno were very young.

Alivebur was never the type to immediately pass out upon lying in bed. Ghostbur recalls having difficulty falling asleep even as a child. During those sleepless nights he tried to make do with his imagination. When he got older he started thinking of lyrics in his head.

Meanwhile, Techno on the other hand, would sleep like a log. Nothing could wake him up, it seemed. Thankfully he tended to wake up rather early so Alivebur wouldn’t have to wait too long to chat with his twin.

In any case, Ghostbur shook away the silly thoughts and went back to the task at hand. There’s bound to be some potatoes somewhere, right? The spirit entered the living room, then went to the kitchen. He turned on the light, and the room flickered to life.

Ghostbur happily hummed to himself as he proceeded to look through the cupboards. So far all he could see were other canned goods. Nothing remotely resembling potatoes though. However, he did find some pancake mix so that will be good for tomorrow!

“Hmmm.. still no potatoes! Surely they’re around here somewhere.” The ghost pondered aloud. He looked through a few more drawers, cupboards, and cabinets, but unfortunately found nothing.

The spirit was about to sadly give up, when he remembered something important.

“Oh! I forgot about the pantry!” Ghostbur laughed. What a funny thing to forget. The pantry should’ve been easy to remember! Oh well. Sometimes even things that aren’t sad will slip his mind.

With new hope, the spectre practically flew towards the small pantry. He threw open the door, and to his joy, sat several cans of potatoes!

“I found them! Oh, Techno is going to be so happy! I can’t wait to make him breakfast!” Overjoyed, Ghostbur spun in the air. Now he could turn his twin’s frown upside down.

Before he could shut the door and head back upstairs for some well-deserved rest, Ghostbur then heard a loud noise at the door. Unsure of what was going on, he allowed himself to go invisible. He doesn’t usually do that, but Tommy said he shouldn’t talk to anyone he doesn’t know without him around.

It could be a wrong’un! Or a thieving woman!

Floating into the entry-way, and peeking around a corner, he saw *Techno*! He then heard his little brother say something angrily. Oh no.. did the bonding go wrong?

He was about to go ask if everything was alright, and make himself visible again when he saw something weird on his twin’s arm.

Is that.. *blood*?

Tommy was still angry. Of course he was. He probably won’t ever stop being furious with Techno.

At the end of the day though.. he doesn’t want to lose him.

Tommy opened the first-aid kit, taking out bandages and alcohol disinfectant. It wouldn’t stop the virus of course, but having it out made him feel.. just a little bit safer somehow.

Meanwhile, a wide-eyed Techno pulled up his sleeve, for the boy to get a look at. His face was as deadpan as ever, but Tommy knew he was surprised that he was willing to help him.

“Fuck.. that’s deep as hell..” Tommy muttered, slightly disgusted and mostly unsettled at the grisly wound inflicted by the man’s own twin. Clearly Tommy underestimated how sharp a zombie’s teeth actually are. Though, regardless of whether the injury is deep or not, it won’t change the terrible outcome..

Dark veins were already starting to spread slightly from the bite, even though their walk took at least fifteen-minutes.

“T-Theseus.. there’s no cure. Ya know that.” The warrior tried to say. No longer making eye contact. An almost sympathetic look appeared on Techno’s face.

“Of course I know, bitch! Shut up and let me think!” The young survivor shouted. He doesn’t want a reminder. God, how much time does he have to work with? To think of something? *Anything?*

Most people usually turn within seven hours.. If you're lucky (*lucky in the sense that you'll have lots of time to say goodbye to your loved ones,*) you can last up to a day or two. If you’re incredibly misfortunate, you could turn between three to five hours. There’s no way to tell how long it could take for Techno.

Just as Tommy was beginning to spiral, he felt his older brother hesitantly put a hand on his shoulder. Instinctively the boy wanted to push him away, but..

“I-I’m *sorry*.. Tommy.” The man sighed. His shoulders fell, signifying an expression of defeat. Techno closed his eyes tightly as if it pained him to show this much vulnerability. For a moment Tommy sat next to him shocked. Was he really going to-

Is Technoblade actually apologizing? Well.. he sort of already had, but is this because he thinks he might not survive this?

“I’m.. I’m sorry for leavin’ you and Wil..” The injured warrior mumbled so quietly. Tommy almost couldn’t hear it.

The boy didn’t know what to do. Feelings of anger, sadness, regret, and confliction. Again, Tommy had wished for his older brother to be knocked down a peg for so long. So fucking long for how he and Phil abandoned him. Part of him even thought that they deserved to perish in that zombie infested world..

Though seeing Techno now, having been bitten by Wilbur, Tommy isn’t sure if he wants that anymore.

Somewhere deep inside his unforgiving heart, Tommy wishes that things could go back to the life they all used to have. Even if it means that Phil could just end up neglecting him and Wilbur over Techno.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn’t good though! I’ll try my best to fix any problems I may find later as I said above! Looks like Ghostbur noticed something a little scary! I wonder if Tommy will forgive Techno too! If you guys liked this chapter, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback! :D

It All Hurts.

Chapter Summary

Tubbo makes it to BBH and Skeppy's safehouse only to find Skeppy only an hour from turning. Meanwhile, Icarus runs.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 103 guys! I know I probably said I wouldn't post until I wrote the rest of the chapters, but I felt bad again for taking so long. Sorry about that! In today's chapter we get to see some of what it looks like when someone starts turning! We also get to see what's going on with Icarus! Sorry again if I wrote BBH and Skeppy poorly! It's really hard to write them without a guide. Anyway, I hope you guys enjoy this chapter! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/pa9fMXeR>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A deep sinking feeling took over Tubbo as he crept down the street. The flakes of snow chilled him only a bit as he scanned each alley for any signs of movement. Just because he just left the compound doesn't mean he's safe. The undead could be anywhere.

The boy could see the hardware store at the end of his path. Windows were boarded up, broken glass littered the front of them. Visible signs of death all around it, as is pretty much everywhere in the city.

Broken cars lay abandoned next to sidewalks. Spatters of blood caking the doors, or other places. Cracked windshields, and visible signs of rust forming on metal. Peering into one of them revealed a child's doll in the backseat. Tubbo could only imagine what could have happened to the family who owned the vehicle.

In the front seat lay a wallet. The boy could even see some cash sticking out. Part of him thinks of Tommy, and how if he were here he'd probably joke about stealing it. Even if money isn't exactly valuable anymore. At least, Tubbo doesn't think so.

The thought almost makes him laugh, but it really only makes him sad.

A survivor can't go anywhere without finding a sign of someone's demise, whether it's from the outbreak or recent.

Not just that, the boy still doesn't know if his best-friend is even still alive.

It was eerily quiet. Tubbo wondered to himself if the zombies had sought shelter from the cold. They've been known to go inside during low temperatures or during the rain sometimes. Though some tend to still remain outdoors, most-likely due to the hunger overpowering them.

Tubbo instinctively held onto his radio. Gripping his hunting knife in his other hand. It's moments like these that are the most unsettling. The quiet, almost peaceful nature as snow continues to pile gently onto the earth. All simply an illusion to make survivors forget their constant threat.

Despite the fact that BBH was there, the boy didn't feel any less concerned about entering the building. He'd made it to the door now, and part of him considered leaving. Unless someone mercy-kills Skeppy he *is* going to turn, but Tubbo didn't want to just abandon Bad to have to deal with it alone.

Taking a deep breath, Tubbo turned the knob and entered the store.

Seconds within entering the young survivor could hear loud raspy breathing from somewhere above. He could also faintly hear someone trying to give words of support.

"Bad? I'm here, what's going on?" Tubbo announced, keeping his volume high enough for someone to hear but not enough to cause alarm. By now Skeppy could already be developing that heightened sense of sound all the undead seem to have..

He heard a shaking sigh of what he believed to be relief. BBH then came down a set of stairs and emerged into a hallway near the entrance.

"T-Tubbo! Am I glad to see you! Thanks for joining us!" The man smiled almost hopefully at the boy. Though the panic could still be seen through his attempts to hide it.

"It's no problem, sir. How's Skeppy? Didn't sound very good on the phone earlier, I reckon.." Tubbo asked, trying not to appear too concerned since it might cause BBH to feel worse. Someone needs to be rational at the moment, might help the man calm down a bit.

"H-He's.. really sick, Tubbo. I don't know how much time he has left.. I-I.. I *can't* leave him." Unfortunately Bad didn't seem to feel at ease by his words. He was clearly on the verge of tears again. The heartbroken survivor glanced upstairs as if to tell the boy that that's where his friend was.

Judging by the pained moaning and wet coughing, Skeppy was definitely up there.

The two of them walked up the stairs. Tubbo mentally braced himself for what he might see before entering the next room.

What he found.. wasn't pretty to say the least.

Skeppy was lying on a couch. His skin had taken a pale almost-grey tone. Black blood was splattered all over his face and clothes. Obviously the poor man had been throwing up. Dark

veins were visibly poking out from the neck of his hoodie. His eyes hadn't started hemorrhaging yet, but they were bound to start dripping soon.

In his hands was a metal bucket. Tubbo didn't even have to look at it to tell that it was full of blood. Skeppy shivered as he held onto it. Sobs were mixed between his coughing, and he accidentally dropped it. Causing the dark contents to spill onto the floor.

Upon realizing his mistake the infected survivor cried harder. Muttering apologies over and over. BBH ran to his side in an attempt to console him.

"I-It's okay! It's okay! It's not your fault Skeppy! I-I.. I'll clean it up in a minute!" Bad tried to give him an encouraging smile, but Tubbo could see the tears forming in his eyes. Unable to truly do anything to help his dying friend.

"B-Bad.. it hurts.. it *h-hurts!*" The young man cried into the survivor's shoulder. The shivering had become more violent. His face was tight and wracked with what Tubbo knew to be extreme pain.

"I-It's going to be okay! Just listen to me! W-We'll figure this out.. together, Skeppy! What's hurting?" BBH patted his back almost desperately. Trying uselessly to sooth the agony caused by the virus that was spreading through his best-friend's body.

Skeppy tried to tell him, but the words wouldn't come out. Abruptly letting go of BBH, and grabbing the bucket again. Tubbo looked away as the man vomited. It almost seems like he's getting worse by the minute, but surely it's because his time is just already short.

The boy felt terrible for the two friends.. in his mind, no one deserves to die like this. Terrified, covered in their own blood, with shooting pain coursing through them. Completely unable to stop it. It's understandable why he's heard tales of people losing their minds before they turn.

Tubbo looked at BBH. Watched how he attempted to comfort Skeppy. The heartache was clear in his eyes. No, Bad didn't seem like the type to leave Skeppy.

BadBoyHalo would probably stay right beside him as he takes his last breath. Which Tubbo respects, despite the danger that could bring.

It's nice to see that there's still some level of compassion in the world. Especially after what he saw in Dream's compound..

White.

Cold.

Falling from sky..

Pretty.

What is this?

Doesn't matter.

Run.

Keep running.

Sadness.

Icarus didn't want to leave his Tommy.

Or Ghostbur.

No.

He wanted to stay.

But he can't.

The evil monster with the ~~familiar~~ face followed him.

It tried to get close.

Icarus bit it.

He was scared.

The man needs to go back.

Needs to find his Tommy

~~HUNGER~~

It hurts.

Why..?

Must find Familiar-Thing.

~~RAIN~~

...

His body hurts. He whimpers and holds himself.

He hadn't bitten to eat.

Why?

Bad Familiar-Thing.. tasted like food, but no.

Couldn't eat it.

Too scared.

Looks like food but isn't. Like his Tommy.

Still a monster though.

The pain surges as he tries to think.

It shoots through his stomach and his head.

Icarus falls to his knees.

Cold-White threatens to bury him.

So cold..

So hungry..

"T-To..mmy.."

He needs to go back.

He needs to-

...

Everything goes black.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't very good! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you guys did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

A Life-Saving Decision?

Chapter Summary

Tommy makes a decision that could could hopefully save his living brother. While Phil learns something horrifying.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 104 guys! Sorry! I know I said that the last chapter would be the last one until I finished writing the rest, but I think I want to try posting a chapter as soon as one is finished for a bit. So here's a new chapter! I hope you guys will like it! Sorry if it's not good though, I had a pretty bad migraine while working on this, and I'm sorry if this chapter is upsetting too! I'll put some Trigger Warnings up! Also, in related to one of the trigger warnings, I want to let you guys know that I won't be writing the actually chapter where that happens. Instead I'll be writing what happens after since I know it could be really upsetting. I hope that's alright.

TW: Injury

TW: Mention of amputation.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/pa9fMXeR>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As Tommy was still mulling over what Techno had just said to him, the boy pondered over their options. Tommy couldn't let Techno die.. honestly he'd take the arguments and the bickering back any day. Of course the resentment will probably never fade, but the boy can't lose anyone else. Even if he thought he would be better off without Techno, he knows deep-down he won't.

Well, he doesn't think he'd mind losing *Phil* though..

Though, Tommy's fury isn't important right now. The unsightly wound on his brother's wrist is.

'*There's no cure..*' Tommy reminds himself darkly. Trepidation creeping in as he thought about what he might have to do.

A sense of unease came over him as he imagined his choices. Tommy could essentially banish his only living brother to the elements where he can turn. Lock him away like their father did to Wil.

Why did this have to happen?

"Fuck it.. I'm disinfecting this bitch." Tommy breaks the uneasy silence that came after Techno's attempt at an apology. It won't help, but he thinks back to when Wilbur taught him and Tubbo basic first-aid training. It was from some old book he found in an abandoned library. The first thing he remembered was to disinfect wounds.

"It's not gonna work." Techno mumbled almost dismissively. Avoiding eye contact as well. It irritates the boy, the man finally apologizes and then he acts like he's given up? All the boy wanted was some kind of reassurance that Techno truly cared, felt guilty, and could have real emotions after a lifetime of showing no weakness.

Just some sign of humanity in this statue of a person.

Techno had shown it. Truly shown it, but now, he seems almost less than uncaring. It's like he's given up.

"Whatever happened to '*Technoblade Never Dies*', big man?" Tommy asked genuinely. Keeping his voice calm as he tries to be real with him. Despite the anger and pain, the way Techno is almost resigned to his fate is making him uncomfortable.

A look of pain flashed in his eyes only for a second. It looked like the warrior was going to say something, when the two of them were interrupted.

"T-Tommy? Why is there cranberry sauce on Techno's wrist?" Ghostbur appeared completely out of nowhere, looking very concerned. Tommy nearly jumped, while Techno looked both confused and conflicted. He then started staring at the floor.

"*Damn*, you almost gave me a heart-attack, Ghostbro!" The young survivor was serious, but tried to play it off jokingly to ease the spectre. "Oh.. um, that? Uh.."

Unfortunately he had no idea what to say after that.

"Found some jam in the cupboard. Was thinkin' about having some when I accidentally broke the jar." Techno muttered in an attempt to help. Tommy almost sighed in relief.

As much as the boy wishes he could tell Ghostbur the truth, he's starting to think that the friendly spirit would be better off unaware. Tommy knows he'll never be able to handle the apocalypse, the fact that his friend Icarus is actually his own corpse.

How the hell is he going to tell Ghostbur that Techno is dying?

“O-Oh! It was jam? Thank goodness! I was so worried!” The spirit seemed just as relieved as Tommy was. The boy could see the ghost putting a hand over his heart. He then heard him laugh rather nervously.

“Yeah, just jam. No need to worry about anything. I’ll be fine.”

“W-Well.. okay, if you’re sure. I’ll go get some sleep then. Goodnight Techno, goodnight Tommy!” Ghostbur said. His smile returned to his face, but Tommy could sense that his ghostly brother was still worried as he floated back upstairs.

Which was concerning, to say the least.

“Shit.. I don’t know if he really bought that, Techno.” The young survivor quietly informed his injured brother. Ghostbur is incredibly easy to trick, and will believe almost any lie told to him by the boy. It’s not the first time he thought he was seeing cranberry sauce instead of blood either. Though, his reactions were never afraid before.. just confused.

Ghostbur couldn’t be seeing past his warped version of reality, could he? Oh god, he better not be. The spectre would never be able to handle it..

Tommy doesn’t want to lose the one person who stayed with him..

A bit of panic started to flood over Tommy, as he worried. He’d almost forgotten Techno’s bite-mark because of it.

“Heh, we’re both *hallucinatin’* I guess.” Techno mumbled offhandedly. Staring at the ground again with saddened eyes.

“*Sure*, you’re hallucinating, big man.” The young survivor rolled his eyes. Looks like he’d been right in his assumption that Techno would think Ghostbur isn’t real. Most-likely a guilt-induced illusion. It did make sense in Tommy’s books. Techno had struggled with hearing voices growing up. Though regular therapy appointments helped stop those.

Tommy should probably break the truth to him.. but, looking at his brother’s wound reminds him that they both still need to do something..

If they don’t figure out a solution soon, then there won’t be any time left to stop his infection.

“Tech, I-I.. I think I know what we have to do..”

For what he has in mind, he’ll need something sharp, and unfortunately painful.

Worse still, Tommy *isn’t* a doctor.

Philza hadn’t moved since his terrifying encounter with his hallucination. What he heard and saw. It just wasn’t possible..

The father knows what happens after death in this world. Either you stay dead, or you're unlucky enough to come back wrong.

There's no such thing as ghosts..

So then, where did the bleeding cut on his cheek come from?

Was it possible that the man had harmed himself accidentally in his addled state? It could be.. after all, it's the only logical explanation to how he got that scratch. Part of him feels like he should be extremely concerned.. if his guilt and definite depression are causing these *vivid* false images in his mind, then he might hurt himself again.

Though, he supposes it wouldn't be so bad. He deserves pain and torment for what he'd done to all of his sons. Treating Wilbur and Tommy like they didn't matter to him. Causing a rift between his sons that he'd been too foolish to notice.

He'd been sitting in a near-catatonic state for hours. Phil barely even noticed when night had fallen. However, the father had heard the faint sound of running near the house. Followed by screams in the distance.

Perhaps the corpse of his eldest child had escaped again. Left to go and hunt something or someone. He sincerely hoped it was the former and not the latter.

The thought of Wilbur as the mindless flesh-eater he was made him sick. The man counts himself as lucky for not having to witness his son violently ripping people apart to consume them.

Then Philza remembers that it's his fault.

“S-STAB.. ME, PHIL!”

Wilbur's human but albeit dying face flashes in his mind as he hears his pleas.

The promise of forgiveness if he just grants his son's wish. His crime of neglect will no longer be a burden on his shoulders. All of this at the cost of Wilbur's life.

But Phil had been greedy.

So terribly greedy..

The father wanted both. To have Wil live, have his son's tarnished view of the man who raised him restored. It was a selfish desire. In the end Wilbur never survived in the first place. He still perished, only in betrayal and agony.

‘Even if a miracle happens, Phil. He'll never forgive you.’ A familiarly painful voice enters his thoughts only for a second as a chill runs down his spine.

“I.. I know, Kristin..” Phil said to the empty shed. With not a soul in sight to listen. The tiny shards of glass reflect dozens of images back at him. All showing his miserable face. The

tears have made his blue eyes red, the shadows under his eyes proving just how hollow he'd become. Phil was hardly a man anymore.

Philza was nothing more than a failure.

Which is why he's confused at his surprise upon hearing the turn of a doorknob.

A troubled looking Tommy quickly opened the door. Before Phil could say anything to his youngest son, Tommy's face went from shock to anger. The father prepared himself for the verbal lashing he was about to hear.

"Phil. What the FUCK are you doing here?" The boy's voice was low. Like he was actually trying to hold back from screaming at him. That was unexpected. What he did expect though, was the fiery rage in the boy's eyes.

"I-I.. um.. I don't know, mate.." The man stood up nervously, and put his hands in an almost surrendering position. What was he supposed to say? That he had chosen to rot away in the tool shed of Tommy's farm? It's the truth in all honesty, but still. His mind drew a blank on how to answer.

"Actually, forget it. I don't fucking care. Just move out of my way, I need to grab a saw." The young survivor practically shoved his father out of his way. His eyes scanned around for the tool he mentioned. This didn't seem right.. Phil knows how enraged Tommy is at him and Techno, why is he acting like this is just an inconvenience now?

"A-A saw..? What for..?" Philza was honestly.. a little scared? This was not how he'd been expecting Tommy to react at all if he found him. The father knows he completely messed up.. but why does the boy need a *saw* of all things?

"Oh. You want to know, do you? Really, Phil?" Tommy's eyes narrowed. He paused after grabbing the garden saw from a nearby rack. Turning to face Phil, wearing an expression of deep fury.

The man nodded, albeit with a tremble.

"I'm going to use this to *amputate* Techno's arm." The boy said in a voice so quiet, that Phil thought he misheard him. Or, perhaps he was just hoping he did..

"W-What?" Rendered nearly speechless, Phil could only ask one question. One that he hoped was a cruel joke. "T-That's not funny. I'm sorry for everything, mate but don't-"

"You *fucking* heard me." The boy spat. Voice unsettlingly quiet, laced with as much venom as possible. His blue eyes staring at him piercingly like a knife through flesh.

Panic flooded through his body. Why would Techno need to have his arm removed? Surely this has to be some horrible, awful joke.. the father knows Tommy hates him, it had to be a sick prank to just make the man feel more guilty..

The boy opened the door to the shed before shooting him a final glare. "Get the hell off my farm, Phil. If you want proof, go talk to *Wilbur*."

Then the boy left, leaving him alone in the bloodied shed. As he tries to make sense of his youngest son's words, he realizes what he needs to do.

He has to *find* Wilbur.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't very good! I'll try my best to fix any problems I find later! Also sorry again if it was too dark! I can delete this chapter if it upsets you guys! I promise that I won't write the actual scene where Techno loses his arm. I'm only going to write the aftermath of that, where he'll be resting. I am also aware that Tommy doesn't have the skills to perform an operation like this, but I've been doing some research into the chances of survival. Plus I did seek the help of Reddit and a lot of people told me it's possible for someone to survive it. Anyway, sorry again if that's upsetting! I hope you guys like this chapter despite all this. If you did, please leave a comment as I'd really love some feedback!

MBK Anniversary Announcement!

Hello everyone! Sorry this isn't a new chapter, but I have some news! Today (September 25th) marks one year since I've started writing this story! It's MBK's first-anniversary!! :D

I just wanted to thank everyone for reading this story, and being so patient and kind! If it weren't for everyone's support, I don't know if the story would ever have gotten this far! I also have some exciting news regarding the future of this story!!

For a few months now, I've been considering making a sequel once this story is finished! I don't want to spoil everything, but we'll be seeing the characters in a new light, new situations, in a world that's almost familiar but not quite! There will be new challenges, and most importantly, everyone lives! Though, life won't be perfect! Something seems to be looming on the horizons of this slowly rebuilding world!

I'd love to say more, and I'm sorry if nothing makes sense. I'm just really excited and happy that we made it this far! Thank you so much everyone! I'd also like to say that I'll be releasing a canon short story featuring an infected Wilbur before he turned if anyone wants to read it! So we get to see a little bit into his mind before becoming Icarus the zombie!

Anyway, sorry again if these messages are a little out of whack! I'm pretty hyper right now so it's hard to think lol. I'm also working on new chapters right now! But again, thank you all so much for your support and for reading my zombie story! You guys are the absolute best! I'll try my hardest to finish this story for all of you!! :D /genuine

Here's the link to the prequel short story I made in celebration of MBK's anniversary!
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/41940843#comments>

“Don’t think about it.”

Chapter Summary

Tommy worries over Techno, while something is wrong with Icarus.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 105 guys! Sorry it took awhile! Today’s chapter we see what’s going on with Tommy and Techno, and see what Icarus has been up to since he passed out in the snow! I had to do some medical research for this chapter, so I’m sorry if things are inaccurate! I tried my best to understand, but it was pretty confusing. I hope you guys enjoy the chapter despite any inaccuracies!

TW: Injury.

TW: Violence.

Here’s a link to the story’s discord if you’d like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/FRNyEZzT>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Well.. it happened.

Tommy didn’t want to think about it. Neither did Ghostbur. In fact, the duo had been silent through most of the night. Save for the occasional worried or encouraging whispers from the spirit.

Probably a mercy that his ghostly brother probably won’t even remember this soon.

The boy watched the flames dancing in the fireplace. Trying his best to avoid the topic he so desperately wanted to believe was avoidable. The still bloody saw left outside to be discarded, stains of red covered his previously clean shirt.

He didn't mean to, but the young survivor kept glancing in quiet anxiousness at the game room door. Ghostbur occasionally did so too, but mostly hummed to himself. Trying to keep himself busy.

Oddly enough.. Tommy didn't see any familiar blue stains on the spectre's brightly-coloured sweater.

'Ghostbro's not using his Blue for this?' The boy questioned internally. This seemed like a good time for it. Considering what Tommy did-

'DON'T think about it, big man..' Tommy shook his head in an attempt to rid himself of the intense emotions he wished would disappear.

"D-Do you.. think he's going to be alright, Tommy?" Ghostbur unfortunately asked. Looks like the topic is going to be talked about after all. Behind that though, Tommy felt bad. Of course Ghostbur would be worried.. with that, Tommy rested his head on the spirit's shoulder to comfort him.

"He'll be fine, big man. I know he will.. It'll just take some time. I'm sure of it." Tommy sighed. Honestly he really didn't know. The boy wasn't a doctor. All he had was basic first-aid training. Hell, it was Techno who instructed him to find a saw, construct a tourniquet-

He feels sick thinking about it.

"Yeah.. you're right, Toms. Techie will be fine! H-He always is!" The spirit smiled, his cheerful voice echoed in the room. However, Tommy knew that it was most-likely false optimism. Had the ghost been using his blue, maybe his behaviour would be real.

Speaking of Techno, the young man was sleeping in the game-room. It turned out that the couch had a fold-out mattress inside it. Which proved handy for such a horrible situation. As for the less than amateur operation, only time would tell if it was truly a success..

Everything he'd done was from what Techno told him to do. The man had read about old army medical procedures, and plenty of people had lost limbs in wars. Sure it wasn't likely that the injured person in question would survive due to the lack of modern medicine, but sometimes they managed to live despite the odds.

Thankfully in this case, painkillers helped.. and hemostatic bandages. Still, only time will tell if the warrior will make it to dawn.

Actually.. Perhaps Tommy should check on him. It's been over two hours since he last entered that room.

"Hey, um, Ghostbro? I'm going to go check on Techno.. why don't you get some sleep?" The young survivor gave him a weak smile. He tried to put on a brave face, but the boy was just so exhausted.. The pair had been up for hours.

According to Tommy's watch it was 4:30 AM.. surely the next day will be a nightmare for any sleepless survivor.

“I’m okay, Toms. I’m a ghost, remember? I don’t need to sleep! I want to stay in case Techno wakes up..” The concerned spectre reminded the boy. Yes, Tommy knew that, but in his lack of sleep he’d momentarily forgotten. Or perhaps he just didn’t want his ghostly brother to have to endure this terrible waiting, any longer.

“I.. I know, Ghostbur. It’s okay, you can stay then. I’ll be right back, big man.” It’s just too hard to argue with the spirit. Maybe if he wasn’t so exhausted he would’ve said no, but Tommy gave in. Letting him stay.

Before the spirit could ask to come along, Tommy was already at the game-room door. The boy felt a rush of apprehension hit him as he quietly turned the knob. A small bead of sweat ran down his face as he tried to control his growing anxiety.

‘He’ll be fine, Big T.. you’re not going to lose anyone else.’ The young survivor tried to calm himself down. Everything will be fine. Techno’s going to be in that room. His older brother isn’t going anywhere.

Tommy took a deep breath, and opened the door silently. Upon entering, he was relieved to find the warrior still on the bed.

“Oh thank prime..” Muttering under his breath, the boy carefully moved over to the side of the bed to get a look at his injured brother.

It felt like a miracle to see Techno still breathing. Even in the dim light, Tommy could see that his skin had grown pale due to blood loss. Not terribly so, but enough that it was noticeable. The bandages covering the area where his hand should be had some red shining through, but the hemostatic chemicals appeared to have helped substantially. The painkillers helped too. If Techno had gone into shock it would’ve definitely been fatal.

All in all.. it looks like there’s hope.

He might need to change those bandages soon though. Tommy would have to do that regularly so an infection doesn’t start. (*Well, the non-zombie kind.*)

Despite the hope that was building, they’re still not out of the water yet. If Techno does survive this, what if he ends up turning anyway? If removing the bitten area isn’t enough, then there’s truly nothing Tommy or anyone else could do to save him.

With new worries filling the boy’s troubled heart, Tommy sat next to the bed with his head in his hands. All of the anger and fury he felt towards Technoblade, it all seemed so stupid now. Most of it, at least. Sure, the man messed up, but Phil was the cause.

Philza caused the rift. Their father broke them all apart whether it was on purpose or not.

A few stray tears threatened to spill at the thought of being alone again. Of course Tommy has Ghostbur, maybe even Ranboo.

But Technoblade? He’s the only living person left that he can call family.

'Don't cry.. don't you fucking cry. You're a big man, not a child.' The boy rubbed his eyes. As if trying to physically stop them from leaking. He wouldn't let them escape.

"..nnngh. I'll find it in a minute. Theseus.. don't cry."

What?

Tommy turned around, to see his brother had moved slightly. He stared at him for a while until he began to calm down just a little bit. A sad smile formed on his face when the boy remembered how he and Wil would tease Techno for sleep-talking. Wilbur had heard it the most due to sharing a room when they were pretty young. Luckily he would always tell Tommy stories of the things his twin said during his sleep.

If the boy had to guess. Techno must've been dreaming about when Tommy used to misplace his cow plushie as a toddler. Henry would always disappear one way or another, causing the boy to cry for hours until the beloved stuffed animal was found.

He took this as a sign that Techno cares for him at least somewhat. It's something Tommy is willing to take.

Maybe if the warrior pulls through, he'll be able to tease him again just like old times.

It runs.

They chase.

Noise, lots of noise. Terrible noise.

Stop the sound.

Catch the food.

Fast-Thing can't hide from them.

They're everywhere.

He can feel them with each pulse.

More sounds.

Outside and in.

You one.
The All Voice whispers.

'We one.'

The Other replies.

There are no questions.

Everything makes sense and everything is fine.

All there is to do is listen and obey.

No complaints are made.

He felt more connected to his kin than ever before.

This is good.

Others hunting as one.

Fast-Thing close enough to reach.

Kin try to grab.

He closes the distance with a lunge.

It screams and thrashes.

Icarus tilts his head.

Why does it scream?

Screams have several different meanings among Others.

It could mean fear, anger, danger, and to alert kin that a source of food has been found.

Fast-Things feel nothing.

Is it mocking them?

He doesn't like that.

Others are better.

Smarter.

Food is food.

That's all they'll ever be.

The screams don't matter. Those widened blue eyes don't matter.

Even if they're almost familiar..

...

His head hurts.

Why does Icarus feel like he'd forgotten something very important?

Is it something he needs? Oh, yes that's right. Something is missing. Icarus needs to-

~~*kill*~~

The Fast-Thing's neck snapped.

He did what he was told.

Yet his hands are shaking.

Others have finally caught up. Tearing into the flesh.

Icarus can only watch.

Why does everything feel so wrong all of a sudden?

Kin begin to share the meat with each other.

One gives a piece to Icarus, and he chews it carefully.

~~***He's tempted to spit it out.***~~

Head hurts again.

~~*Everything fine*~~

Everything fine.

Everything fine.

Food tastes good.

That is fine.

His legs move without his control.

That is fine.

Among Others.

That.

Is.

Fine.

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again if there were any inaccuracies on the medical side of things! I really tried my best to figure out how a person could survive that type of injury. Apparently a tourniquet and hemostatic bandages help. Also sorry if it was just poorly written in general, I tried my best. If you guys did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Survival and Death.

Chapter Summary

Tommy feels relieved that Techno has woken up, while Tubbo witnesses the death of a new friend.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 106 guys! Today's chapter is another Tommy and Techno one! Looks like everything worked out, and maybe there's some reconciliation going on! Things don't look so good for Tubbo though, I wonder what will happen? Lol. Sorry if I didn't write Techno okay! I was trying to put a hopeful/lighthearted spin on him waking up. Also I'm sorry if I write BBH and Skeppy poorly, they're really hard to figure out. I hope you guys will enjoy it despite any problems there might be!

Oh, and Tubbo's chapter was originally supposed to take place in the morning just like Tommy's, but due to being unable to shorten what I had planned into one chapter it's still very late at night for Tubbo. Hopefully by the next chapter the time will match up with Tommy's.

TW: Death.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/M2mEdnpF>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Somehow morning came. It was a long, extremely stressful night, but it's over.

Tommy honestly had no idea how he managed to sleep at all. Having spent hours checking on Techno, making sure he hadn't gone into shock during the night, and redressing his.. wound.
God, it was hard to look at.

The boy rubbed his eyes tiredly. There were definitely more than a few nightmares last night, and knowing his less than healthy mind they probably wouldn't be the last.

Though, a nice smell coming from the kitchen helped slightly. Eggs. Ghostbur's making breakfast again. A small smile formed at that thought. The spirit must've gone out while Tommy slept, and found some wild eggs in a bird's nest.

Hmm. Might not taste as good as regular chicken eggs, but he'll take it.

Tommy started to get up, yawning as he did so. Odd, what's he doing in the game-room? He doesn't remember-

Oh.

The boy had pulled the bean-bag chair over to the foldout bed. He had fallen asleep while watching over Techno. Looks like Tommy was so exhausted that he'd forgotten to go to his room last night.

Or maybe he just felt too worried to leave.

Either way, Tommy was here. Thankfully, Techno was too. The young man was still pale, but there was some colour in his face. Passed out from the painkillers that Tommy had to give him, or simply feeling his own exhaustion. The boy thought his position was difficult, but getting a limb amputated doesn't sound easy for the one losing it after all.

If he had to guess, it was probably the latter. Or a mix of both. Techno seemed to know more about medicine than Tommy did of course. The boy had no idea how strong it would be or how long it would last.

A sigh of relief flooded through Tommy. It looked like his brother was going to survive after all. Hopefully, at least. He's not one-hundred percent sure, but the situation seems to be improving, right?

The sound of soft humming, and the smell of scrambled eggs reminded Tommy that he was pretty hungry. Perhaps he should go eat breakfast, and check on the bandages after.. or should he do it now?

Just when he was about to make a decision, he heard a raspy voice. The young survivor nearly jumped when he heard it.

“..Mornin' Theseus.”

It felt like Tommy had been hit by a freight train. A rush of emotions flooded his heart upon hearing a voice he once wished he'd never hear.

That wish is gone now, while there's still healing to be done, the young survivor is more than ready to just hug the warrior and never let go. Tommy can worry about that later.

“T-Techno?” The boy stared at his brother in awe. Part of him believed it was too good to be true. Yes, Techno had been breathing and had more colour to his face, but Tommy was worried that the warrior could slip into a coma. He's never had to amputate a person before, how is he supposed to know how long a person is knocked out for?

“Uh.. did I miss somethin’? You look like you’ve been crying. Heh, cringe..” Techno smirked slightly as he teased his little brother. He tried to get up, but didn’t quite have the strength. “Aw. Forgot that I’d probably be stuck here for a while..”

Tommy sat there dumbfounded. His brother’s response was not at all what he expected. How strong were those painkillers?

“I dunno if it’s too much to ask, but do you have anythin’ to drink?” The man asked as if everything was normal, though his one raised eyebrow suggested Techno was still messing with him.

“Okay first off, big man. There’s water in the kitchen, second: YOU HAD ME WORRIED SICK, YOU BITCH!” The boy shouted in irritation. His face incredulous, but on the inside, he’s really just glad to see that his older brother survived.

Techno laughed for a moment, clearly enjoying how concerned Tommy was for him. For a brief moment.. things felt almost normal again. With him yelling about something as usual, and Techno teasing him.

But, shortly after that nostalgic moment, Techno’s small smile faded, which immediately made Tommy regret his words. Maybe the man was just acting like his old self minutes before for Tommy’s sake.

“I’m sorry I didn’t listen to you.. gonna be honest, I should’ve stayed back. Don’t know what I was thinking last night.” The man was now avoiding eye-contact. Tommy could see what appeared to be shame in the warrior’s eyes. Hints of sorrow also remained.

As bad as it was approaching Wilbur like that, Tommy couldn’t really blame him.

The last time Techno saw Wilbur alive was when he’d been screaming at his twin and father to leave him and Tommy alone. It’s not the best last memory to have of someone you care for. Not a good way to say goodbye.

The second time, which could arguably be worse than the first, had Techno witness the zombified form of his twin being shot. Plus there was the awful revelation that Wilbur was never laid to rest. Betrayed by the one closest to you.

It’s almost funny. Tommy spent so much time hating Techno, that he never really tried to consider that his brother had been tricked just like him. Well it’s true that the warrior was favoured by their father, it didn’t exclude him from the poor choices Phil made either.

In reality, the whole family is a mess.

“Yeah, you weren’t thinking, king. Seriously, shitty idea.” The boy agreed, but kept his voice soft. Trying to avoid coming off as too harsh. Though only an idiot would have approached a zombie like that, everyone knows that the undead won’t recognize loved ones.

Wilbur may be *different*.. but the boy saw how he reacted to Techno. The bizarre level of fear just by looking at his twin’s face. Like the man was a monster in his eyes.

He was more afraid of Techno than he was of Ranboo, and the warrior never even hurt him.

“But.. I get why you did it, man. I guess I would’ve done the same thing if I were you, even..” Tommy sighed, sitting down on the edge of the bed. “Honestly, when I first saw Wilby like that.. all fucked up and undead, I couldn’t leave him either. I wanted to, I wanted to *so much*, but I just couldn’t.. couldn’t leave him like that.”

It felt like the events of days prior had long since passed. So much happened in such a short time. Even the season appears to be changing rapidly. The fact that it’s snowing still relatively early in November should’ve shocked the boy more, but at this point Tommy had grown to become more accepting of the unexpected.

Just like he never expected to forgive Technoblade.

He felt a hand grace his shoulder. Tommy didn’t even have to look to know it was Techno, but he was still surprised.

“You’ve grown, Theseus.”

...

Maybe he has.

Sympathy was all Tubbo could really feel.

The boy was right when he assumed Skeppy would only have around an hour left to live.

BBH held his dying friend’s shivering form in his arms. Tears streamed down his face as he begged him to stay. An hour came and went, and now a group of three was minutes away from becoming two.

“S-Skeppy.. come on, don’t leave me!” The young man pleaded uselessly. Skeppy couldn’t speak. He seemed to be trying, but all that came out was faint gurgled breathing. A *death rattle*. A haunting sound to hear when less than ten minutes ago he’d been screaming.

Tubbo didn’t often show too much emotion, but the sheer hopelessness was overwhelming. Should he give BBH some time alone? No, the survivor probably wouldn’t want that.

Instead Tubbo stood by, putting a hand on Bad’s shoulder in an attempt to comfort him. Unfortunately the boy knew it wouldn’t be of much help.

Skeppy was a poor sight indeed. His unhealthy pallor couldn’t get any paler. Bloody tears leaked from his eyes, and his teeth were stained with a metallic black. The darkened veins were past his neck and have nearly reached both of his half-closed eyes. One of which was already claimed, having turned into a solid charcoal orb.

If it weren’t for that single *very* human eye, Tubbo wouldn’t have been able to tell the difference between someone turning or a zombie. Skeppy was too far gone at this point.

Simply clinging to his best-friend for the smallest bit of warmth. Weakly squeezing BBH's hand in silent messages that Tubbo could only imagine.

The soft sound of Bad's weeping was the only thing the boy could hear in this impossibly quiet room.

...

In less than ten minutes, Skeppy was gone. The last visible trace of humanity being overtaken by the black liquid coursing in his veins. His darkened eyes closed, and blood poured from his mouth as he uttered his final breath.

Tubbo solemnly watched as the only other living survivor in the group clutched his partner's body and cried out in despair. The boy wanted to say something, but what could he do? BadBoyHalo just lost his closest friend. He barely knew either of the pair and now one of them is already dead.

What could Tubbo possibly do to make this better?

Nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

"G-Geppy! Wake up! P-Please WAKE UP!" The man continued to hold the body, despite the fact that it could suddenly take a chunk out of his neck. (*Though perhaps luckily for BBH, usually it only takes about an hour for a corpse to rise.*) "C'mon.. I-I can't do this without you, muffinhead.."

"I'm terribly sorry, sir.. you did the best you could." Tubbo patted his back awkwardly. He tried his best, really. It's just not easy. The boy isn't a therapist or a grief counselor. Hell, when Tommy came to him and told him about what happened to Wilbur, Tubbo let him run off.

He could've gone with him, or tried to convince his best-friend to stay. Tubbo did neither.

Skeppy's situation is different, as nothing could really be done. Without a cure or destroying the brain Skeppy was doomed to turn. Maybe if the man had told them about the bite they might have been able to try amputation, but the past is in the past.

An ice-cold body rests in the middle of the floor, with no hope of being the person it once was.

Which is why it was painful to ask this of BBH.

"Bad, I'm sorry for your loss, truly, but we need to dispose of it soon. There's only about an hour before-"

"I'll do it.." The heartbroken man interrupted him with a sniffle. Still cradling his friend in his arms. A sob broke out in his voice. "G-Geppy would want me to do it.."

“Are you sure, sir? I’m willing to do this for your sake, honestly.” The boy meant it. Though he understands why BBH would want to ‘*take care of it*’ himself, it could backfire. Tubbo isn’t even certain if he’d be able to put down someone he cares about either.

Like if it had been *Tommy*..

God, Tubbo hopes the next time he sees his best-friend he won’t be wandering around as a bloodied corpse.

“I-It has to be me, Tubbo.. it’s okay. I’ve got this. Go get some rest, a-alright..?” His worried thoughts soon vanished when Bad’s quiet voice insisted. The man even gave him a tearful smile, but Tubbo knew that the pain inside must be immeasurable.

Ultimately, it seemed he had no say in the matter. If BBH wants to handle this unfortunate situation himself, then the boy will have to respect that. With that, Tubbo wished the man good luck, and found a room to stay in for the night.

Obviously he wasn’t planning on sleeping much though. Instead he’ll keep an ear out in case something goes wrong.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I tried really hard with this one, especially with Techno’s part and the scene with Skeppy’s death. I’m really sorry for the inconsistent time between Tommy and Tubbo, but it’ll be fixed by the next chapter! I’m also sorry if there’s any errors, I’ll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

“He’s fine.”

Chapter Summary

Tommy remembers something important, while Tubbo goes to check on BBH and wonders if he should run.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 107 guys! Sorry I took so long! A lot of stuff happened since I last posted a chapter. I moved out of a bad living-situation which was really hard, I got a kitten, and I’ve started streaming again. I’m happy to be back but I’m sorry I took so long! I really hope you guys like this chapter but I’m sorry if it’s not great. I still don’t know how to write Tubbo and BBH very well. I tried my best. This was actually supposed to be the end of Tubbo’s POV temporarily but I couldn’t fit everything into one chapter, so the temporary break from Tubbo will come in the next chapter which will also be when the time will match up with Tommy’s (*Tubbo’s scene is from the night before when Icarus bit Techno.*) Also this chapter is kind of dark so I’m putting up some trigger warnings. I hope it doesn’t upset anyone!

TW: Blood.

TW: Mention of Suicide. (*doesn’t actually happen though.*)

Here’s a link to the story’s discord if you’d like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/FJwDNxwp>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Breathing a sigh of relief mixed with anxiety, Tommy closed the door to the game room.

Techno was alive, talking, and even seemed to want to mend the bridge that was burned. Tommy still has no idea how he managed to do an amputation with only first-aid training.

Speaking of that, there’s still blood on his clothes. *Shit.* Well, that’s what happens when you pass out from exhaustion. Maybe the boy can quickly change and then eat breakfast? Shame, he can still smell the eggs his ghostly brother was cooking. Ghostbur was probably waiting for him to come to the kitchen too.

His stomach rumbled, mashing the decision for him. ‘*Who am I kidding? It’s the fucking apocalypse for Prime’s sake. ‘m hungry.*’

He should grab something for Techno while he's in there..

Still tired, and no longer bothering to care for his appearance, Tommy headed for the kitchen. Suddenly he was hit with the scent of hash browns and eggs. It smelled amazing.. It slightly reminds him of the days *Wilbur* made meals when they were younger. His older brother tried so hard to cook food that Tommy would enjoy. Whether that was due to their brotherly bond or Tommy's past tantrums, he has no idea.

Upon entering, Ghostbur smiled and waved him over. Ranboo was also there. His hair was a knotted mess, and he was still in pajamas. A tiny frog sat on his shoulder, but he decided to ignore that. Meanwhile Tommy was so tired from last night he'd forgotten..

Forgotten..

What did he forget?

"Morning, Toms! I found some eggs earlier! I know it's not the standard chicken eggs, but I think these will still be just as good, I'm sure! I've even made hash browns!" Ghostbur happily chimed in an almost sing-songy voice. He waited for the boy to sit down and placed a plate in front of him, along with a cup of water. Steam wafted off the freshly made breakfast, and Tommy's mouth was nearly watering at the sight.

"Ghostbro, I don't care what kind of eggs these are, man. As long as they're fried, boiled, scrambled, this shit's getting eaten." The boy shot him a goofy grin. Grabbing a fork in one hand, and taking a sip of his drink with the other. Ah, nothing like fresh cold water in the morning.

"Aw, really? I'm so happy to hear that, Tommy! Making meals for you boys really makes my day, I'd say!" Ghostbur beamed as he handed a plate to Ranboo, to which the amnesiac muttered a small '*thank you.*'

"Sure slept through the night, huh memory boy?" Noticing Ranboo being rather silent, Tommy decided to make some conversation. Ranboo never awoke from the chaos hours ago. Which in Tommy's opinion, was *fucking weird*.

A zombie escaped, a man was literally bitten by said zombie, then there was an untrained amputation going on. How does someone sleep through something like that?

"Uh.. yeah. Um, had some kinda strange dreams though.. I can't remember what they were. D-Did something happen?" Ranboo spoke in a tired voice. Rubbing his eyes while a humming Ghostbur placed another hash brown on his plate.

Tommy was about to rather bluntly say something along the lines of: '*Yeah, **hell** happened.*' He stopped himself when he remembered it would probably upset his ghostly brother.

In fact maybe he should-

"T-Techno got cranberry jam on himself! It was a big mess!" Ghostbur interjected. His voice was slightly more pitched than usual, and his smile looked a tad forced. "It must've been

pretty bad because..”

Tommy’s heart sank as Ghostbur’s eyes widened. For a moment the ghost looked like he was about to cry, then he promptly vanished as if never there. The spirit probably left to find some blue. He may not have used it the night before, but jam won’t be able to explain a missing arm.

“I-Is he okay?” Ranboo worriedly asked. Head turning upwards since the spectre most-likely went upstairs.

Sighing, Tommy began to explain what happened only hours before. Appetite lost and no longer feeling hungry, he put his knife and fork down. “Ranboo, Tech got bit last night..”

A look of shock came over the amnesiac’s face. What followed after was a combination of anxiousness and sympathy. Obviously feeling bad for Tommy, while probably secretly worried about another zombie being around to attack him. “Oh.. wow, um.. I’m so sorry. D-Did he, *y-know?*”

“No.. he’s fine. Well, as fine as you can be an’ shit when you’ve lost a fucking arm.” Assuming the new survivor meant: ‘*Did he turn,*’ Tommy rather frustratedly placed a hand over his face as if he’d gotten a headache. To be fair though, he kind of did.

Ranboo cringed, no doubt imagining the kind of pain Techno had to go through last night, but also clearly feeling bad.

“How’d he, um.. get bit?” The boy asked, but looked rather hesitant. In fact, he didn’t look like he even wanted to ask. Not out of cruelty, but simply to try not to upset Tommy.

“He..” The boy struggled to say. He didn’t know why, it was just difficult. Like providing an answer will cause him to re-live the painful event. Confirm the fears he pushed aside. No, fuck it. Tommy should be brave and come out and say it.

“W-Wil.. Wil bit him.”

A look of surprise, followed by a sad understanding crossed Ranboo’s face. Of course he’d understand considering how badly the zombie wanted to eat him at first. Ranboo probably knew that Wilbur- *Icarus*. Shit, does it even matter if Tommy calls him that when he’s not around?

Whether it’s Wilbur or Icarus, it’s still *Wilbur*. No matter how hard it was for the zombie to understand.

...

Hold on.

That feeling from earlier. Tommy had forgotten something.

“Uh, are you okay?”

“Y-Yeah, I just-”

Icarus.

“FUCK!” Without thinking, Tommy jumped out of the chair. Grabbed his coat and ran for the game room door. He had to tell Techno where he was going, he had to-

Oh.

Techno’s fast asleep.

Tommy gently closed the door. Best to let him sleep and recover.. Still, Tommy’s going to find his other brother. He could hear Ranboo following him around and asking him what he was doing, but the boy ignored him. He had to find Wilbur, Icarus, whoever!

How could he have forgotten about Icarus?

It didn’t feel good, having to wait for someone to kill their best friend. In fact Tubbo felt horrible.

Here he was, sitting in a dusty old room, while BBH had to do whatever he could to destroy Skeppy’s brain upon his inevitable resurrection. Tubbo could be *doing* something. *Anything*, but BBH said it himself. He didn’t want Tubbo’s help. It was better he did it on his own.

So the agonizing process of sitting and waiting while a friend could be in danger started. Tubbo couldn’t think of much to do. It’s not like he had anything to really pass the time with. It would help if he had a book or something.. but who reads at a time like *this*?

The sound of Bad’s sobs could be heard even in another room. The walls weren’t exactly thick, he guessed. All it did was make the boy feel worse.

He thought of Michael. If BBH had known about him would the man have called Tubbo a hypocrite? Keeping one zombie alive while Skeppy has to die? It’s different with Michael.. but considering the events, any hope of successfully introducing the two in the future was most-likely out the window.

With each passing minute he started to grow more concerned. An hour surely isn’t up, but the desire to check on BBH was getting terribly strong. There had to be some kind of way to distract himself.

Maybe he could look outside? Do some people watching? Well, ‘*zombie watching*’. The streets were pretty clear when he arrived, but it doesn’t hurt to check. If something happens and he and Bad need to get away, it would be a good idea to make sure the area isn’t under immediate threat.

Tubbo quietly moved to the nearest window. A sheet was placed over it to keep surviving occupants away from prying undead eyes. He carefully moved it aside, just enough for him to see outside and still be relatively well hidden.

A few zombies staggered out of the shadows. A middle-aged man with a missing arm twitches violently. Its one present upper limb swinging lifelessly as it trudged along the street. It paused for a moment, making a motion as if coughing. Something dark spewed from its mouth and onto the freshly fallen snow. Vomiting up its own blood. It then continued on, as if nothing had happened.

The other three almost looked like a family with how close together they were. The fresh red and black stains on their clothes suggest they died recently. That, or they just came back from a feeding frenzy of sorts.. they were closer to the building so Tubbo could hear their mindless groans. Their shuddering breaths despite no longer requiring oxygen. One of them was a woman who was missing half the skin on her face. Covered in bite wounds..

Even the usually calm Tubbo had to look away at that. Despite the undead's mysterious ability to remain un-rotted, they weren't exempt from horrific injuries.. It was a small miracle that Michael only had the bite-mark on his shoulder. If a cure is truly possible, there would only be so much it could restore..

There could be hope for Michael and Skeppy.. but for those with grievous injuries, they're probably beyond saving.

His sympathy turned into anxiety as the small group shuffled uncomfortably close to the wall of the hardware store Tubbo, BBH, and well, Skeppy's *corpse* was hiding in. A locked wooden door won't last long against four wandering zombies.

He kept his eyes on the undead while he waited for BBH to do what needed to be done.

...

It was dumb, but Tubbo forgot to set a timer on his wristwatch. It felt like enough time had passed.. but how could he be sure? It had grown quiet in the other room.

Too quiet.

Uh oh.

Nervous, Tubbo got up from where he was sitting. Closing the sheet over the window. He put a hand on the hunting knife strapped to his belt, and carefully opened the door.

The boy peered around the corner, and heard nothing. It was *dead* silent. He was tempted to call out Bad's name, but if something was truly wrong then he didn't want to alert anything to his presence.

It shouldn't be this quiet.. if Skeppy had risen, then Tubbo would at least hear the moans and groans. The utter nothingness was somehow scarier. It was like the entire house was empty.

That's when a horrible realization hit him.

What if BBH killed himself?

Concern rapidly growing, Tubbo quickly left the spare room. Heading into the hallway, and making his way to where he'd last seen the two men.

Tubbo rounded the corner, and promptly *froze*.

What the fuck..?

Standing in the back of the room was BBH, seemingly unharmed.. but the creepy smile on his face suggested issues that extended beyond physically. Tubbo felt chills run down his spine as he saw Skeppy's now *moving* corpse held tight to the living man's body. A hand placed over his mouth to muffle the groans.

"T-Tubbo! Look! H-He's fine! Skeppy's fine!" The man spoke as if delighted, but his eyes didn't quite match the tone of his voice. They seemed almost shattered, perhaps something truly was.

The zombie squirmed against BBH's hold. For some baffling reason it wasn't actively harming his old friend. A human hand is literally covering his mouth.. but Skeppy seems completely unbothered. No desire to eat. No intent to kill.

At least, that's what the boy thought until those empty black eyes caught sight of him. The *hunger* in them told him otherwise.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't good, I tried my very best with it, and I'll try to fix any problems I may find later! It's really hard to write when you go a long time without doing it and my memory isn't good. The next chapter will be a temporary end to Tubbo's POV just so I can focus on the rest of the cast. He will be back though! If you did like this story, please leave a comment as I'd really love some feedback!

False Illusion.

Chapter Summary

Tubbo decides he needs to leave the city as soon as possible, while Techno realizes Ghostbur might not be imaginary.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 108 guys, and I hope you guys had a good holidays! I'm so sorry for taking so long again, I was extremely stuck on the Techno part of this chapter and to be honest I'm still not confident about it. I really hope you guys will enjoy this chapter though. Also, this will be the end of Tubbo's POV for awhile, he should be caught up in the time-line (His chapters were the night before) with Tommy and the rest of the characters. Also I'm sorry if I wrote BBH badly. It's really hard with no character guide. I'll try to write more and faster. I think I'll make it my New Years Resolution.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/UvhTGjv4>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A bead of sweat ran down the boy's face as he stared at the grim sight ahead.

"L-Look, Geppy! It's Tubbo! Y-You remember Tubbo don't you..?" BBH removed his hand from Skeppy's mouth, and placed them both on his head, turning it to face his. He stared into the corpse's eyes for a long time.

Tubbo didn't know what to do.. should he run? Get the hell out of here? He felt terrible for Bad, but the man has clearly lost his mind.

Skeppy began to thrash a bit. Not violently, but it was obvious that the undead man wanted to be freed. He moaned in what Tubbo believed was protest, but BBH simply shushed him gently.

"L-Language! Oh Skeppy, y-you muffin head!" He laughed, but it sounded wrong. There was terror and grief mixed in, but the man just continued giggling..

"H-He.. he remembers me Tubbo! Look.. he won't hurt me!" Bad's eyes had a manic gleam as he demonstrated by squeezing the zombie in a hug. It just made the poor thing struggle more.

“T-That’s great.. sir.” Was the only thing Tubbo could think of to say. To the boy, it didn’t look like Skeppy recognized his friend at all.. in fact, it seemed more like the zombie was oblivious to Bad’s presence. If it weren’t for the fact that BBH was holding him, he probably would go straight for Tubbo..

Skeppy groaned again, but ceased his attempts to escape. Ultimately giving up, it seems. An unstable grin appeared on his captor’s face as he suddenly claimed: “D-Did you hear that, Tubbo? S-Skeppy said my name!”

“Y-Yes.. I heard that, sir.” Tubbo lied. Carefully and slightly backing away. The undead’s man’s moans didn’t sound anywhere near to BBH’s name.. the man was beyond hope at this point wasn’t he?

Thinking of Michael, Tubbo knew he had to find him and get out of here. Perhaps out of the city. Of course he wants to search for Tommy, but this is getting too risky. Skeppy’s a hungry zombie, BBH is barely holding himself together. No, he *needed* to get out.

Unfortunately the boy happened to step on a creaky floorboard. Giving away his desire to flee from the man’s insanity. With that, Bad’s head snapped in his direction, taking his attention away from the zombie.

“Where- Where are you going? S-Skeppy’s fine, see?! H-He won’t hurt you! Geppy, tell him you’re okay!” A flash of hurt was visible in the madman’s eyes. His grip on his friend weakened and Tubbo was worried that the zombie would make a run for him as soon as the man let go.

Tubbo wasn’t expecting an answer from Skeppy. The only thing that came out of the apathetic man’s mouth was a wet gurgle, followed by a dark stream of blood from his lips.

“I-I was just going to get a breath of fresh air, sir.” Internally the boy scolded himself. What kind of excuse is that? BBH might be in denial but he’s not crazy, there’s no way he’d believe Tubbo would just go out for a late-night stroll in a zombie infested city.

And just like Tubbo thought, Bad didn’t buy it.

A betrayed look appeared on his face. It contorted in sadness, grief, rage, but all emotions were quiet. Concealed, but still slightly visible on the surface. “Y-You don’t believe me, do you Tubbo?”

‘Lie, just fucking lie, Big T.’

A familiar voice whispered in his head. He knew it wasn’t actually there, but it was Tommy’s voice. Somehow it was calming, phantom advice was a warm welcome in a time like this.. The boy took a deep breath and regained composure. Surely that’s what he needs to do to escape. Keep lying until Tubbo can find an opportunity to run.

“Course I believe you. Skeppy looks very well, actually. I just assumed that if I left for some fresh air, you two would have a chance to catch up, I guess.” On the outside, Tubbo tried to

present himself as normal as possible. On the inside however, he was scrambling over himself. ‘*Time to catch up*’? What was he thinking?! What kind of lie is that?

“O-Oh! Well.. that’s sweet of you Tubbo! I’m sure Skeppy would appreciate that very much! W-Won’t you Skeppy?” Thankfully, BBH seemed to have bought it. After all, before the man had been bitten he was over-dramatically complaining about their lack of time together. His broken smile returned as he went back to staring into his best-friend’s eyes.

Some hope filled in the boy’s chest. This meant he could leave, right? Obviously he won’t be coming back, though he does feel sad for Bad. It’s just too late for him now. Tubbo has to worry about himself and Michael now. If he could just find him, and get out of the city-

“Y-You’re coming back after right? A-And you’re going to say goodbye to Geppy too?” BBH suddenly asked in a way that was reminiscent of a child. It made the situation all the more heartbreaking. Tubbo really hadn’t known either of them long, but it was clear just how much Skeppy meant to his friend. Tubbo couldn’t say no. He had to lie one more time.

“Um.. sure. Yeah, I’ll come back.” Tubbo walked up to him, giving Bad’s shoulder a sympathetic pat. It was probably awkward, but what else could he do? BBH luckily didn’t seem to mind. As for Skeppy.. Tubbo just stared into those bleeding eyes for a long moment. The zombie was still groaning and squirming around. An extremely disturbing behavior for someone who used to seem so lively.

“Goodbye sir.. I.. hope you feel better soon.” Not expecting an answer, Tubbo turned around, and began to leave.

Then an ice-cold hand gripped his arm *painfully* tight.

Tubbo looked behind in surprise to see that the undead man had somehow gotten free. Did BBH let go of him? Did Skeppy get free by force? Judging by the lack of noise it was probably the former. Was Bad truly so delusional that he’d let a zombie loose?!

“S-Skeppy? What are you doing?”

Skeppy’s empty eyes were full of hunger. Blood dripped from his mouth as sharpened teeth were revealed. Tubbo tried to pull away, but the corpse just gripped him tighter. Eerily calm. The pain was crushing, as if the man were trying to shatter the bones in his arm. Now in a panic, Tubbo tried kicking, swinging punches with his other hand. Anything to make the zombie let go.

Meanwhile, BBH just kept shouting uselessly at Skeppy to stop.

As his former new-friend tugged him closer, aiming to take a chunk out of his flesh. Tubbo started to hyperventilate. He’d never been so scared in his life, and trust him, he’s seen a lot in this apocalypse. This wasn’t how he wanted to die. Being eaten alive by someone he’d grown to trust, while another screams helplessly. No, he had so much life left. He wanted to find Michael, find Tommy, and get the hell out of this city.

It felt like a miracle when adrenaline finally kicked in. Tubbo swung another punch at the freshly-turned zombie. Knocking his head back with a *sickening* crack, blackened blood splattered onto his knuckle. Skeppy let out a yelp, and suddenly let go.

As soon as Tubbo was freed he made a run for it. He only had so much time before the stunned zombie would be on his chase.

Maybe he was a complete idiot for this, but in his desperation to escape, he made a break for the other room instead of the staircase. Perhaps going down that way would've slowed him down and could've allowed Skeppy to catch him. Ridiculous as it sounds, Tubbo did the opposite and went for the window. Sliding it open as quickly as he can.

Right on time too, because heavy footfalls were coming down the hall, along with BBH's cries for his friend to stop.

Tubbo jumped out. Landing on the concrete below, thankfully on his feet, but definitely not unscathed. The sound he heard from the impact almost made him sick..

He ran. Just kept running with everything he could, but surely once the adrenaline wears off, he'll be in bad shape for sure.

By the time morning had come, Tubbo had woken up on the floor of an old mini-mart. The pain in his left ankle was nearly blinding. He must've passed out after all the running from hours earlier.

At least he's alive.

Though when Tubbo swears he sees small, bleeding faces *watching* him in the dark, he realizes he's definitely not alone.

Falling asleep so soon after waking up was an accident, but honestly it's probably a good thing. Rest hadn't come quite so easily to Techno even before meeting Tommy again, and if he wants to heal then he'll need as much as he can get.

He opened his eyes slowly. Feeling slightly groggy and a little bit dizzy. The morphine tablets he'd found months ago in a pharmacy had done a pretty good job numbing the pain. Though there was a bit of soreness. The young man would have to remember not to take too much. Not only because it was just one bottle, but because this type of drug is addictive.

There was some nausea as well. Shame, Techno swears he can smell hash-browns somewhere. Then he remembered Tommy left to grab him some breakfast.

A pang of guilt returned when he remembered the events of yesterday, and their conversation earlier. Everything had been a complete and utter disaster.

He doesn't really want to think about it.. it's just too much. He's still feeling sick. In fact, sleep was calling to him again.

'If I can't fight it, why bother tryin'?' Techno thinks. He'll just have to deal with the unpleasant memories later once the drowsiness wears off. Hopefully he'll have an appetite by then as well.

The man shut his eyes, and was about to drift off again when he heard a noise in the room. Followed by the smell of fried potatoes again. Techno lifted one eye open, and immediately felt his heart sink.

Wilbur was back again. Or, well, that strange ghostly hallucination of him. It hummed cheerfully, carrying a wooden tray with food on it. "Good morning, Techno! I made you your favorite!"

The illusion smiled so warmly. Somehow it hurt more than the sharpened teeth piercing through his arm the night before. Techno tried not to make eye-contact with him, but allowed the vision to place the tray next to him. Sitting upon it was a cup of water, and a plate of hash browns and eggs.

"Oh.. mornin' Ghostbur.." He muttered quietly. The warrior was thankful for the meal, but he really wasn't hungry just yet. Still feeling slightly queasy. However, his stomach felt uncomfortably empty.. maybe he could eat a little bit and just take it slow.

Was it even actually real though?

A fork and knife sat next to the plate, and he was about to grab them when he remembered something.

Techno's eyes shifted from his arm to his fingers. He did the same with the other arm, only to see it covered in stained bandages. Right.. his *hand*. Weird that it took so long to truly sink in.

There's only one hand to hold things with.

*Only one hand to **fight** with.*

How could he protect anyone now?

"Are you okay, Techno? I have some blue, if you're feeling sad! I know it's not fun being sick!" The hallucination said in a worried tone, but his face still had that innocent, kind smile. It was painfully similar to when he and Wilbur were younger. Back when his twin had been so full of life.

"Sick? Oh, right.. *sick*. No, I'm okay.." Techno tried not to think too hard about the ghost's words. He appreciated his kindness of course, but if a hallucination of his dead twin thinks he's sick instead of missing an arm it's probably best not to correct him.

It's odd though.. Chat has been so active recently, but he hasn't heard the voices at all since waking up, not even earlier. The warrior hadn't heard them after he'd been bitten either. Wouldn't they have comments about that? Some teasing? Repeating the letter E? Expressions of concern, or just utter nonsense?

Somehow the vision of Wilbur remained. Still *smiling* at him lovingly.

Maybe he should just eat something.. even if he's not feeling quite well enough to, it's better than letting himself starve. Besides, Techno needs a distraction from all these thoughts.

It's uncomfortable and awkward, but the warrior decides to eat without the knife and fork, he's sure there's a way he'll be able to use them if he practices, but he'd deal with it later.

Biting into those hash browns felt like magic. Despite obviously coming from a can it still tasted fresh. The flavour was savoury, and he could make out hints of salt. The eggs were mild but seemed to pair well with the potatoey breakfast. All in all it was delicious.

The young man muttered a small "thanks" to the spirit, who then took his plate with a happy hum. Then Techno realized something.

He felt *full*.

How could he be full if this is a hallucination?

Unless..

It's not?

Techno's mind begins to reel. He thinks about the events of yesterday. Meeting the '*ghost*' of his twin. How quickly he'd accepted that it wasn't real despite hearing Tommy talk to it. Seeing it interact with objects, even when he felt cold while they hugged-

The fullness he felt was quickly turning into nausea.

"Are you sure you're alright, Techie? You're looking a little green I'd say. Not that there's anything wrong with that!" The translucent form of Wilbur asked again, followed by a bit of nervous laughter.

Without hesitation and in pure silence, the warrior lifted his hand. Placing it over his brother's chest, right where his heart would be. There was no beat, but it was *solid*.

"Techno, what are you doing?" The spectre looked confused, but didn't protest. He was most likely worried about his brother, who probably looked insane right now.

"H-How are you real? Why can I see you?" His voice trembled, but only slightly. The barest form of vulnerability he dared to show was breaking free. This *thing*.. It was his twin. A bizarre, ghostly version of the person he'd known his entire life. Here Wilbur was.

But that didn't make sense.. Wilbur had run off. He bit him. How could ghosts exist? Zombies had been hard enough to believe when the outbreak happened, but spirits? Not to mention shouldn't ghosts be everywhere in that case?

The spirit's concerned face shifted from surprise, to something akin to glass shattering. If there were any colour in Ghostbur's face, it would've drained away.

"Did you not think I was real, Techno..?" Ghostbur asked nearly inaudibly. Even with what the warrior thought he knew was real is crashing around him, Techno still knew he just made

a mistake.

“Why.. Why does everyone think I’m imaginary? Tommy thought so too at first.. then..” a tear rolled down his pale cheek as he forced a weak smile. “No, no.. that’s okay, Techno! We’re together again, aren’t we..? T-Twins reunited!”

Yeah.. twins reunited.

In the strangest way possible.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again for taking so long, and sorry if this chapter was poorly written. I’ll try my best to fix any problems I find later. If you guys did like this chapter please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback.

Tell Him.

Chapter Summary

Icarus tries to go home, while Tommy finds something terrible.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 109 guys! Happy New Year!! I'm so glad that I didn't take another month to write again. I also wanted to say thanks to all the friends and kind people I've met during 2022. You guys are the best, and your support is what drives me to keep going with this story. I can't believe it's 2023! Heck, my birthday is in two months! :D

Also, today's chapter is pretty heavy! I'll put some trigger warnings just in case! I've had this scene planned for quite a few months! Though the ending was thought of way more recently lol. I hope it's not too upsetting! Sorry if it is! I hope I wrote Phil and Tommy alright as well! By the way, Icarus's POV is more detailed I think from now on, purely because I was finding it too difficult to keep writing in that very shortened form. I hope that's alright!

TW: Lots of Blood.

TW: Major Injury.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hhw7Cpf2>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is..

Everything..

...

Softness.

There's a soft under him.

It's cold but that's okay.

Wait.

No.

*That's **not** okay.*

Tommy.

Where is his Tommy?

Panic rises.

Icarus looks around. The room he woke up in, none of it is familiar.

There's Others. Some are sleep-piling, a few were wandering around.

For once, Icarus didn't feel comforted by their presence.

Usually he missed being around kin, but Tommy didn't like his family. They don't see the boy for what he is. A New-Thing. No, Tommy wouldn't be here.

Whatever this place is.

Where is he?

"T-T..ommy..?"

His head feels like.. feels like..

He doesn't know, but it's bad.

At least he's not hungry.. Red inside-stuff stuck to his chin. Icarus must've eaten recently.

Getting up from the softness, to which he discovered was another sleep-pile, Icarus left the 'whatever' place.

Outside. Green, blue. Sky and grass. These words were easy. Green for Tommy's Soft-Thing, and blue for his eyes. Or Ghostbur's blue. Both good things.

The big Shiny-Thing in the sky was back. It hurt to stare at it, so he looked away. Trying to remember what happened.

‘Scared.. why scared? Why leave?’ Trying to think only makes his head feel worse, but he’s almost desperate for answers. All the young man seems to recall is the feeling of utter terror.

Why, though? What would he have had to be so afraid of?

Oh. Right, the Evil Ranboo.. the one that used the Loud-Stick, caused him pain.

Still, somehow it doesn’t feel like it was the Ranboo.

No, it had to be something else.

Icarus kept walking. Stumbling along as he pondered his dilemma. Memories are a fickle thing. Especially the memories of an Other. Things were easy to slip, easy to forget.

Except his Tommy, or Ghostbur, and the Evil Ranboo. Those were easy to remember.

A few Others waved to him as he passed by. Pausing mid feast. A still living Fast-Thing was crying out. Had Icarus been hungry, he would’ve joined in knowing they’d be willing to share.

The more he walks, the more kin wobble by. Occasionally he spotted a few Empties. A shudder ran down his spine at the sight of them.

A tragic fate to those who starve.

The small group advanced on the zombies who were happily enjoying their meal. Roughly pushing them aside, and taking it for themselves.

For the unfortunate undead who lost their breakfast, they could only grumble and walk away. Presumably to search for something else to sink their teeth into. It’s for the best. All Others know to leave Empties alone.

As frustrating as they are, it’s not their fault.

Icarus almost became one once. He hasn’t thought about it since protecting his precious Familiar-Thing in the house. An inkling of that awful time threatened to cross his mind, and his panic renewed along with his desire to leave.

*Tommy. He needs to find **Tommy**.*

Home had so little food.. but it has his Tommy.

As much as he fears starvation, losing his Familiar-Thing would be much worse.

Grass gets longer and larger. Trees loomed overhead, a forest. He’s in a forest. Icarus sniffs and it smells familiar. Remnants of a Bad-Hot. The scent of rotting meat. He’d been here before..

Back when Tommy would yell at him.. scream at him. When Ghostbur gave him his name.

When he killed his kin for the first time.

Icarus isn't sure if he'll ever stop feeling guilt for those he'd killed protecting his Familiar-Thing. Even if he knows they'd understand, it still hurts.

At least he knows he's getting close.

The young man just had to keep going.

Just keep going-

"Found you, mate.."

Something cold and sharp is pressed against his back.

He goes completely still.

Icarus already knows it's a Fast-Thing. He's still not sure why they fight back.

There's no time for this. He's not terribly hungry yet and can worry about that later, Tommy is more important right now-

PAIN.

SHARP SHARP PAIN.

His chest.

The Shiny-Sharp is through his chest.

He hears a scream that isn't his own.

...

Tommy is staring right at it.

No.

No, no, no, **NO!**

Tommy thought he arrived just in time. He hadn't been expecting to see his bastard of a father here, no, the boy thought he'd have a few zombies to deal with. Not this. *Anything* but this.

All three of them were frozen in horror.

Black blood dripped from the tip of the blade through his brother's chest. Wilbur, Icarus, *whoever*, damn it. One of the only people he considered family was whimpering in pain. The

man lightly touched the metal with a finger, then flinched back as if it were hot. Clearly Icarus didn't understand, but knew this was *very* wrong.

The zombie wasn't dead, thank god for that, but having a weapon impaled through your body can't be a pleasant experience.

Just looking at it made Tommy want to vomit..

The older man pulled the machete out, causing Icarus to crumple to the ground like a sad doll. The blade covered in black ooze. His brother's blood stained the snow into a dark grey.

"P-Phil.. Y-You.." The boy's voice trembled. Tears started to form. Words couldn't describe the unrelenting feeling of betrayal. Philza had finally crossed the bridge of no return.

"T-Tommy.. I.. I had to, mate.. he- he would've-" Philza tried to explain. His eyes pleading for his youngest son to understand, Tommy knew what he was going to say.

'He would've just hurt more people, mate! Think of what he did to Techno!'

...

Tommy doesn't care. At least, in this moment he doesn't.

"Leave. *LEAVE*, PHIL! YOU ABSOLUTE FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!" The boy couldn't hold it in anymore. Every bit of rage was coursing through his veins. If his father didn't leave right now, Tommy would surely kill him.

"T-Tommy I-"

"Y-You.. you abandoned us, Phil! Abandoned ME! YOU LEFT! Then you fucking lied and told me you killed Wilbur! What now, you bastard? You've come back to finish your shitty job?!" Tommy grit his teeth so hard it hurt. Everything in him was screaming at the boy to just strangle the man, and he wanted to, definitely.

"I-I didn't mean-" The man was cut off again. Tommy didn't want to hear his excuses.

"Well guess what, you stupid fuck! You FAILED! LOOK AT HIM!" Tommy pointed to the bloody body on the grass. Phil's eyes were terrified, locked on him like he was either too scared to look at Wil's remains or simply couldn't be bothered.

Judging by how the father only seemed to show guilt that he'd been caught in his lies, Philza probably just didn't care.

"T-Tom.." A small voice croaked.

With his attention finally grabbed, Phil finally shot a horrified glance at the corpse.

His brother was bleeding profusely. Still whimpering, though the boy could faintly hear the zombie muttering his name. Icarus weakly dragged himself across the ground. A messy trail of blood following after him, trying to get to safety. To *Tommy*.

The sight was so heart wrenching, the boy had to fight the urge to unleash every bit of rage he had. He wanted to keep yelling at Phil.. but, *Icky*..

Tommy took a deep breath and walked towards the injured zombie. Grabbing his brother, he put his icy arm over his shoulder to help hold him up.

“This is your last fucking warning, Philza Minecraft. If you come near us again, do ANYTHING to Wil, again! *I’ll stab you*.” For once, Tommy was serious about that threat. Those jokes he’d make about stabbing while playing video games were nothing compared to the actual intent of protecting his brother.

Just as the boy was about to try and leave with his injured brother, he heard the sound of his father’s sobs lessen.

“Y-You what..?” The older man’s face was still wracked with tears, but his tone and expression switched to one of exasperation. “C-Come on.. mate, that’s.. that’s not *Wilbur*, listen to me.. it’s just a fucking imitation.. even that ghost in my head was more like him..”

Tommy didn’t think he could get any more furious and yet somehow Phil manages to beat the record again. Hearing someone say that about the zombie was expected.. but bringing Ghostbur into it? For fuck’s sake. At least he knew for sure now that it was Phil that upset the spirit yesterday. He really needs to give his ghostly brother a hug later.

“You never gave a damn about Wilbur! Are you seriously trying to tell me that that’s not him, when you barely gave either of us any fucking time at all?!” Still holding Icarus up, Tommy turned back around to shout some more. How can Phil say that when ~~Icarus~~ *Wilbur* literally said his name in front of the man? He heard small uncomfortable groans from his brother but ignored them. The boy doesn’t have anything to help with the pain unfortunately.

“I-I.. you know that’s not true-”

“Oh really, Phil?! If you’d given a shit about him, then why did you let him become *this?!*”

The anger was just too much. All the progress the boy had made, all the efforts he’d made to become calmer, more collected in the face of threats during his time alone, had all vanished. *Wrath and fury*. It had been growing for far too long, and Tommy knew he would regret his treatment of *Wilbur* later, but right now all that mattered was making his neglectful father squirm.

Tommy wanted him to know *exactly* how much he hated him for what he did.

Grabbing the whimpering zombie, Tommy shoved him towards Phil. Causing Icarus to stumble to the ground pathetically in front of his father.

“M-Mate.. c-calm down-” The bastard put his hands up, backing away.

“You DON’T get to tell me to fucking calm down, Phil!” Tommy shouted some more before turning back to his brother who’d been struggling to get back up. He looked frightened, and appeared to almost be crying with the amount of bloody tears running down his face.

*“Tell him you’re Wilbur! **TELL HIM!**”*

...

The silence that followed was deafening.

“I-I.. W-Wil..bur..”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I’m sorry if Tommy was very unlikeable! I want to write him as a people who is flawed. Tommy is 17 in this, and that’s very young for everything he’s seen and been through. He’s still just a kid after all, and was bound to snap, especially after seeing Phil try to kill Icarus, who he very much believes is Wilbur. I’m not saying his treatment of Icky is okay though, and it’s definitely going to affect their relationship going forward. Anyway, I really hope you guys liked this chapter! If I find any problems later I’ll try to fix them as best as I can! If you guys did enjoy this chapter please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback! :D

Trying to Listen.

Chapter Summary

Icarus breaks down again, while Tommy realizes the mistake he made.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 110 guys! I can't believe I was able to complete another chapter so quickly again! The last few took a month each! I really hope I can keep this up, I always felt so bad when I took so long. Sorry if this isn't good by the way! I was really sleepy when writing and editing this! Anyway, wow! Things got pretty heavy in the previous chapter! Let's hope it'll get better in this one! :D xD

Sorry if it's upsetting though! I put trigger warnings just in case!

TW: Lots of Blood.

TW: Self Harming

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/hhw7Cpf2>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Icarus is **not** Wilbur.*

He's not.. he knows he's not, but when his precious Familiar-Thing pushed him to the ground, shouted at him to say so, he did..

Fear. Icarus had never felt afraid of someone so comforting before.

That wasn't his Tommy.. it looked, sounded, smelled like his, but it wasn't. His Tommy wouldn't do that to him.. would he?

*Fragmented memories of wretched moments came to mind. The boy referring to him as Wilbur, so many times. Even after Icarus **begged** him to stop. Tried to tell him, tried SO hard to tell him that he's Icarus.*

Maybe it really was his Tommy after all..

All he could really do was whimper feebly as the boy hoisted him back to the place from before. He can't let go. Even if his precious Familiar-Thing pushes him, yells at him, refuses to listen, he has to stay.

His Tommy is all he has.

Without a familiar-thing, there'd be no reason to keep himself from becoming Empty.

What would be better?

Feeling nothing. Or feeling sad because someone you hold dear cares more for someone that doesn't exist.

Wilbur isn't real.

All Voice told him that much, and All Voice doesn't lie.

Even if it were true, it doesn't matter. Icarus is Icarus.

He just wishes Tommy would remember that..

...

The wetness from his face threatens to freeze. It's lighter than the inside-stuff that always escapes. Something.. something.. what is it? What are these? Tears? Tears.. he's crying.

It's so cold..

There's so much pain.. his inside-stuff is getting everywhere..

The boy doesn't react when Icarus tries to bury his face into Tommy's coat. His warm-soft. He mumbles something but Icarus doesn't catch it. It doesn't matter.

Then he feels a hand pat his shoulder, and he feels even worse.

Soft-Touches from Tommy should make him feel better.. comforted. Why is it making him want to shrivel up and hide?

The feeling only intensifies when the boy brings him back to the small building, where Tommy kept him previously. Icarus didn't want to go back in. It was cold, dark, and lonely. So lonely..

There was a strange scent about it too.. something else had been in there. It smelled like the Fast-Thing that hurt him.. made the Shiny-Sharp go through him. The one his Familiar-Thing screamed at and made him lie to.

“M sorry, big man. You have to stay here again. I’ll be right back, just need to get the first-aid kit.”

Icarus refused to move.

He was NOT going back in.

But he didn’t want to upset Tommy.. didn’t want to be yelled at again.

What does he do?

“T-Tom..my..” His voice was wavering. The young man was still clinging to him. There were only two choices and each was equally upsetting.

Stay with his precious Familiar-Thing?

Or go inside a lonely place, and not be yelled at?

What does he do..?

Icarus doesn’t mean to. He really doesn’t, but he makes noise. A lot of noise. The crying-thing. He was crying and he didn’t know how to stop. His face was all wet and uncomfortable. Too much inside stuff getting everywhere, but the bloody tears kept flowing.

*“It’s gonna be okay, big dubs. I promise.. I won’t ever let that fucking bastard near you again, **Wilbur.**”*

Wilbur..

...

He can’t take it anymore.

Pain.

Pain.

“Wil? W-Wilbur! What are you- Stop it! You’re going to-”

PAIN.

PAIN.

PAIN-

“WILBUR! STOP!” He distantly feels the boy’s hands grab him, trying to pull him away from the pain.

But Icarus doesn’t want to stop. He tries to make the pain resume.

Even emptiness would be better than this, but he’s too scared.

Pain is easier.

“Wil-.. I-Icky, please stop, big man. Please..”

Icarus freezes.

“I-Icarus? Come on, don’t- don’t do this to yourself.. tell me what’s wrong, man..”

Tell his Tommy what’s wrong?

He already tried to.

So many times.

Telling him again surely won’t make a difference..

No matter how much Icarus loves his Tommy, his precious Familiar-Thing only cares about the mysterious Wilbur.

“I-I.. n-not.. W-Wil..bur..”

Carrying Wilbur back to the farm was the easiest part of this wretched situation. The difficult part was calming down.

Of course getting his brother back would be hard, but Tommy never expected *Phil* of all people, to have found him first. Neither did he anticipate the brutal stabbing that came after. The rage he felt was overwhelming, and it wasn’t until the pair had almost made it back home that it finally died away.

What followed was regret. Not for his father, never for him, but for *Wil*. The injured man clung to him the whole way, holding on so tightly that it hurt. He whimpered and cried into Tommy’s coat. Bloody tears drenching it in black, but the survivor didn’t care.

Pushing Wilbur like that was awful.. he’d been stabbed through the chest, and he fucking shoved him to the ground like he was trash. All because he wanted their father to look at the consequences of his actions. To show genuine remorse, guilt, something true.

Tommy should’ve known his father never would.

A muffled sob broke his train of thought away. Reminding the boy of his injured brother.

“We’re almost home, big man. I promise.” Tommy patted Wilbur’s shoulder. It was all he could do really.. and it pained him to realize that he would probably have to stay in the shed again.

It’s just not safe to keep Wil in the house anymore.

He felt the zombie sob again. Making the boy worry that his attempt at comforting him was somehow doing more harm than good.

Unfortunately when the farmhouse came closer into sight, so did the shed, and when Wil realized where they were both headed he clung so tightly that his nails almost dug into his skin.

“I’m sorry, big man. You have to stay here again. I’ll be right back, just need to get the first-aid kit..” The boy tried to reason with him. Speaking softly and gently. Not wanting to cause his brother any more distress. Luckily he could feel his grip loosening, but ultimately the zombie stayed put.

“*T-Tom..my..*.” The young man’s voice was quiet. His tone was pleading and desperate. Tommy’s heart sank, knowing that Wilbur didn’t want to be alone.

“I know, but it’s safer-” Tommy was cut off by a wail as he was led to the door. It was so abrupt that the boy had to stop for a minute.

Wilbur was a crying mess. Dark tears stained his face as they streamed down continuously. It took everything in the young survivor not to give in, and let his zombified brother into the house. The man just kept sobbing, wordlessly begging to not be left alone in the old shed again.

Trust him, he didn’t want to keep Wilbur there. In moments like these it was easy to forget that Wil was undead. A horrifying creature that literally eats human flesh. If someone were to have told Tommy that these things were capable of crying before this whole mess, he would’ve laughed in their face.

Seeing it isn’t so funny.

In another attempt to comfort the zombie, Tommy hugs him. Rubbing circles into his back, like Mumza used to do. Muttering reassurances as he did so. “It’s gonna be okay, big dubs. I promise.. I won’t ever let that fucking bastard near you again, *Wilbur*.”

That’s when he felt Wil freeze. His cries died away into silence.

“Wil..?” Tommy watched in concerned confusion as his brother let go, and stumbled towards the shed.

The man stopped short in front of the wall. Standing there for a moment before suddenly *banging* his head against it with a terrible crack.

Before the boy could say anything- *do anything*, Wilbur smacked his head a second time. Then a third. With each loud thud his blood spattered the wall.

“Wil? W-Wilbur! What are you- Stop it! You’re going to fucking hurt yourself!” Horrified, Tommy rushed over. He tries to push the zombie away, pull him from the wall, but Wilbur doesn’t let him get a grip. As soon as the survivor manages to make some progress, the man goes right back to the side of the shed.

Another crack, another aching sound of his brother's skull smacking against solid metal, dark blood was all over his face but he didn't seem to care.

God, how the hell can Tommy get him to stop?

What triggered this? The boy was comforting him.. he said Phil wouldn't hurt him again, he was rubbing circles into his back and hugging the zombie. What had he done wrong? Was it telling him he had to go back to the shed?

Tommy knew Wilbur didn't like being alone, and would much rather be close to his little brother, but it's too dangerous. Wil has to understand that..

"*WILBUR!* STOP!" He tries to say his name again, but the banging continues. With more black liquid being spilled the more scared Tommy became. If Wil kept this up for much longer he could break his skull or damage his brain.

Well, damage it more than it already is. Some part of it has to still be working for him to be moving around and talking right..? Even if a cure is possible there's only so much it could fix. If there's anything worth saving left in Wilbur's head, Tommy has to stop him.

He can't lose what's already left of him..

The young survivor desperately tries to think of something. There had to be a trigger, he just knew there was.

Tommy comforted him, told him he's safe, called him Wilbur-

Called him *Wilbur*.

Made him tell Phil that he IS *Wilbur*.

Icarus.

Oh god what had he done?

How could he have forgotten *again*?

Had he really become so selfish..? So unable to listen even when someone had been crying, *begging* to be understood?

Like, like..

Phil.

"Wil-.. ***I-Icky***, please stop, big man. Please." Tommy's voice was pleading. He can't become Phil, even if he *knows* Icarus is *Wilbur*, but at the awful rate he's pushing his brother to be who he once was he's just causing more harm than good.

Thankfully, as if by a miracle, *Icarus* stops but doesn't back away.

“I-Icarus? Come on, don’t- don’t do this to yourself.. tell me what’s wrong, man..” Tommy slowly approaches. Raising a hand to lightly touch his shoulder, but before he can Icarus turns around to face him.

The blood on his face wasn’t nearly as heavy as the dark tears running down his cheeks.

“I-I.. n-not.. W-Wil..bur..”

It’s not the first time Icarus tried to tell him this.

But.. maybe it’s the first time Tommy wanted to listen.

...

This is surely not going to be easy.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I’m sorry if it wasn’t good or was too upsetting! I wasn’t planning on the chapter going in this direction, (with Icky hurting himself I mean.) so I’m sorry if it was upsetting! I definitely want Tommy to try and be more understanding towards him but I’m going to need time to figure out how to write that. Sorry again if this isn’t good, I’ll try my best to fix any problems I find later! If you guys did like this chapter please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback!

Also if you guys have any ideas on how I could write Tommy being more understanding, I’d love to hear!

"You don't have to be him."

Chapter Summary

Tommy finds a way to understand Icarus's words, while Icarus tries to trust him again.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 111 guys! Sorry I took so long on this one guys! I honestly just couldn't focus on anything for the past couple weeks. I've also been having problems at home, and that's made it hard to feel motivated to write. I actually did try to post it a few days ago, but AO3 went down immediately after and I had a panic attack. I ended up deleting the chapter because of it, thankfully I had all the notes saved! I really hope you guys will like this chapter though and that the wait was worth it. I really struggled with Icky's more detailed POV this time so I hope it's alright. Also thank you to the commenter on the last chapter for the advice on how Tommy should treat Icarus! I hope I wrote your idea accurately! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/J2ypZHhV>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Icarus *is* Wilbur.

There's no denying that. Accepting it would mean giving up on Wilbur ever coming back.

He likened what was left of his brother to a spark. A wick of a candle, the slightest breeze ready to snuff it out at any moment. Tommy needs to feed the embers, bring it back to the roaring inferno it had once been. Save him from the ashes he was threatening to become.

Gazing into the weepy eyes of Icarus was nearly impossible. They were crushing his soul. Suffocating the boy with those hurt black voids.

Perhaps he already had been ashes. Maybe what Tommy was really looking at was more of a phoenix. Something that rose from the dying cinders.

In a way, it's kind of true after all. Wilbur could be just like any other zombie. A walking corpse that would sooner tear out his throat than give him a hug. Yet he doesn't.. he can think, he can talk. *Poorly*, but still.. Even though the man had bitten Techno, Tommy knows there's something in there.

There's still a bit of humanity left in that shell.

Would a lost cause be able to express sadness, fear, desperation, anger, and joy?

Tommy doesn't think so.

"T-To..mmy..?" Icarus says quietly, looking nervous and scared. "N-Not.. W-Wil..bur.."

Realizing he hadn't said a word since his brother first explained that, Tommy snapped back into reality.

"Y-Yeah, uh. I know, big man.. I heard you, the first time." It's still so hard to process. Wanting to be understanding towards someone so delusional is hard. What is he supposed to do? Just keep letting the poor man believe he's someone else?

There has to be some way to better understand what's going on here.

Tommy simply can't keep calling Icarus *Wilbur*, it's just too harmful for the poor man right now.

Maybe..

Maybe he's looking at this all wrong.

Is it possible that the boy could liken this to when someone comes out? Wanting to try new pronouns or names? Well, as far as Tommy knows Icarus doesn't really have a concept of gender or pronouns, nor does he think the zombie will care whether he calls him he, she, or they.. (*though if a situation like that arises he'll respect whatever pronoun Icarus wishes to be referred as*) but the new name. Like when you're a new you, could Tommy try to think of it like that?

He's always been supportive of these things. Can't he be encouraging towards Icarus if he really wants to keep the new name he's been given?

Yeah, that's probably the best way to go about this. At least until Icarus will be able to understand.

Damn, Tommy should really jump-start on that '*homeschooling*' idea he had soon.

For now though, that wound needs to be treated.. and if Icarus has to stay in the shed again the least he could do is find a way to make it more comfortable..

The poor zombie was still whimpering. Burying his face in his filthy torn-up sleeves as if to hide himself (*He should probably wash his clothes again soon*) It made him feel so bad.. The last thing the boy wanted was for his brother to be so timid around him.

Like he's *scared* of him.

"Hey, hey, look at me- Icky, look at me, big man." With a gentle voice, Tommy carefully moved Icarus's arms away from his face. A sad snuffle was heard as his bloody tearful face

was revealed.

“T-T..omm..y..” Icarus muttered quietly. Avoiding eye contact for a moment, staring at the ground, but then finally looking back. His dark orbs looked so broken..

Icarus had been through a lot in the past few days.. and unfortunately Tommy hadn't been the most comforting.

“I-It's.. gonna be okay, Icky. You.. you *don't* have to be Wilbur. You can be whoever you want to be, zombro.” Tommy wrapped his arms around the man, hugging him tightly. Call him a liar, but Tommy meant it this time. Wilbur, Icarus. It doesn't really matter as long as he still has his older brother.

“T-To..mmy.. m-mean.. i-it..?” The genuine glimmer of hope in his dark eyes made the boy hug him tighter. Tommy can't extinguish his wish. He refuses.

“Yeah. I mean it, bro. I promise.” Tommy let go of him, Icarus whined a bit as he opened the door to the shed. Leading the zombie inside. Icarus reluctantly followed.

“It's just for a bit, Icky. I'm going to get the first-aid kit, stay here, kay?” In an effort to reassure his brother, he pats his shoulder, giving him an encouraging smile.

With a small sniffle, Icky nodded, letting the boy leave to grab what he needed. Tommy trudged through the fallen snow and back towards the farmhouse. He wrenched the door open, and walked inside.

The boy let out a sigh.

What a fucking day he's had, and it's not even lunch time.

His clothes are soaked in blood. All he has to do is get that first-aid kit from the game room and-

“Theseus?”

“Toms?”

Uh oh.

Ghostbur and Techno seemed to have been talking when he walked in. With so much going on at once, the boy hadn't even thought about what his other brothers would think.

“Uh.. hey guys! Totally slipped in mud. Might've eaten some too. Yeah, guess I need to do some laundry and shit.” Tommy gave a look to Techno, silently begging him to play along. He smiled at the ghost, giving a goofy grin.

“Oh! Did it taste like sand?” The spirit giggled happily. “Don't worry, Tommy! I can take care of it later! I was just telling Techie some ghost facts!”

“Yeah, Ghostbur was clearin’ stuff up.” Techno said in confirmation. Hmmm. Did the warrior realize Ghostbur was real while he’d been gone? If he had, then Tommy sincerely hoped it went well..

“Oh, pog! I’m just gonna take the first-aid kit for a sec, kay? Got a nasty sliver earlier..” The boy grabbed the kit that was sitting next to the bed Techno was still lying on. “Wait, just one more thing.”

Tommy then pulled the spirit into a hug. He should’ve punched Phil for what he said about Ghostbur earlier.

“Tommy? Are you okay? I appreciate the hug, but it’s a little out of nowhere!” The ghost laughed, confused and slightly worried, but seemed otherwise glad for the hug from his little brother.

“Yeah, Ghostbro. Just.. thought you needed a reminder that you’re the best, big man.” Tommy meant it. With all the chaos recently he didn’t seem to have had any time to spend with the sweet spirit. The boy would do *anything* for one normal day on the farm. Some peace and quiet. No hungry undead brothers (*in which Tommy means that Icarus stays calm*), no father making him enraged, no fucking operations.

Just a normal fucking day where he, Ghostbur, Techno, and even Icarus can just sit down. Play some games and watch a movie. Oh, and Ranboo of course. Tommy hadn’t seen him since he left earlier, but the amnesiac is probably upstairs with his frog or something.

“Awww! Don’t say that, I’ll cry!” Ghostbur lightheartedly teases. Every time the ghost said that, it reminded the boy of better days from long ago. “Oh, Techno! You should get a hug too! Then it’ll be more fair!”

“A hug..? Uh, no. I’m fine-” The recovering warrior declined, only for his ghostly twin to wrap his translucent arms around him. “Bruh.”

Tommy held back a snort. What a family he had. It’s crazy that they’re all kind of back together again.. Though he’d best get that first-aid kit back to Icarus. He knows the zombie probably won’t die.. but the boy doesn’t want his brother to be walking around wounded like that.

Tucking the kit under his arm, he opened the door. Ready to try and patch his brother up for the second time this week.

Back in the shed once more.

Such a lonely place.

All alone, but Tommy said he’d be back.

*Icarus is still wary of his Familiar-Thing. It’s hard. He loves him so much.. and he’s glad that his Tommy said he can be Icarus. That he doesn’t need to be the mysterious **Wilbur**.*

But.. Tommy hurt him.

Threw him at the bad Fast-Thing that drove pain through his chest.

The young man wouldn't have done that. Never, Icarus couldn't bring himself to hurt his precious familiar-thing. He'd do anything for his Tommy, no matter what. The Other already kind of has..

Icarus probably always will.

He just wants his Familiar-Thing to care about him as much as he does for it.

So even if his Tommy scares him a little now.. he'll still do everything to keep it safe.

...

Tommy still hasn't come back yet. It's cold here, and his body still aches from the shiny-sharp. The sharp that pierced his flesh.

Hugging his knees, Icarus tries to think of something. A distraction of some sort. Then he felt that feeling again, the one that told him he was forgetting something.

What had he been doing when it got dark?

All Icarus remembers is waking up in a sleep-pile.. but how did he get there? Why was he so far away from his Tommy before?

He wracks his brain.. there's a faint memory of fear, running, falling. Though nothing else. Why nothing else?

And why, why wasn't he hungry yet?

Others always feel the hunger.. even after eating it never really goes away, and while he can feel it somewhat it's not an irritating dull pain like usual.

How much had he eaten?

He has no way to tell, but it must've been a lot.

Normally that would make Icarus feel good, but he's worried. What if he finds himself far away somewhere? Too far from his Tommy. From home. That's what happened when he woke up after all. Icarus was somewhere else.

It's so hard to understand.

Thankfully he doesn't have to think too hard about it. His Tommy came back. It had that box-thing again. The one that gave him uncomfortable feelings. One of the sticky-things is still on his skin. He doesn't know how to take it off, but Tommy probably would want it to stay.

“T-T..ommmmy.. ca..me.. b-back..” Relief washed over him. Being in this small place alone makes him anxious. The loneliness. No one to talk to-

Icarus feels a tiny gentle tug in his hair. Oh. Bendy-Twig. The little ground-thing Other. He’d forgotten about it. Feeling bad, the young man looks at the ground, but he can sense that the tiny kin forgives him.

“Course I’d come back, big man. Hold still, kay? I need to get a look at this bitch.”

Hold still? Icarus tries, but it’s hard. He feels Tommy try to lift his warm-thing, and he flinches when his Familiar-Thing accidentally touches his skin. Icarus starts to panic. Flashes of the shiny-sharp piercing through him appear in his mind. Tommy pushing him right after as if he were nothing.

“Hey, Icarus? Icky? What’s wrong, talk to me.”

“N-No.. h-hurt.. n-no..” Icarus doesn’t want to get hurt again. Confliction fills his whole being.

“Icky I. I’m not gonna hurt you, big man.” His Tommy says softly. Icarus can tell he feels bad even with his expression so hard to read.

Icarus didn’t say anything.. What could he say?

“Look at me, Icky. What I did was.. stupid, terrible, and fucking selfish.. you didn’t deserve it. I shouldn’t have pushed you, zombro. I mean it.” Tommy sighed. His eyes to the ground as if in shame. “I wish I could tell you why I did it.”

Icarus didn’t deserve it. All he’d ever done was try to make his Tommy happy. Protect him, keep him safe. Then these Fast-Things showed up and nothing makes sense. He keeps getting hurt, and he has no outlet to communicate with. The man feels so trapped, but he’d rather feel alone without his kin than not see his Familiar-Thing.

Why had Tommy done it?

“Please, can I look at it? I’m not gonna hurt you, bro. I swear to prime.” The boy asked with gentle words. The softness was genuine, and even though Icarus was afraid, he agreed.

The pain in his chest from the shiny-sharp still hurts so much.

Can Tommy make it stop?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again for taking so long, my attention span and memory, plus IRL issues have made it so difficult. I hope that this chapter is

worth the wait though! I think I'm going to pick up where we left off with Quackity and Slimecicle next chapter! If you guys have any tips for writing Slimecicle I'd appreciate it! I really appreciated the idea/advice on what to do for this chapter from Arodynamic! It was a really good idea, and I hope I did it well! Anyway, I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'll try to fix any problems I may find later! If you did like this chapter though, please leave a comment as I'd really appreciate some feedback! :D

Ringpops and Vines.

Chapter Summary

Quackity and Charlie go on a supply-run and encounter something strange.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 112 guys! This one finally introduces a concept I've had in my mind for a long while! The concept that you'll see is something that can only be found deep within the city. Though whether it will spread to other areas, let's find out! We're also going to see what's been going on with Quackity and Charlie! It's been awhile since there's been a chapter with them, so I decided to make a cool one! I really hope I wrote them well! Quackity is kind of hard for me to write, and I have no writing guide for Slimecicle, so I have to completely improvise his character. So I hope Slimecicle was written well!

Also I don't know Spanish very well, so I'm really sorry if it's bad! I had to use Google Translate. I tried my best! I'm from Canada, and I barely know how to speak French. :')

TW: Blood

TW: Gore (I think?)

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/wNdZBTTD>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Morning couldn't have come sooner for Quackity. With all the thundering outside, the moans, the shrieks, it was impossible to get even a wink of sleep. Miraculously all noise had ceased. The horde having moved on.

Though, knowing how much activity happens in this area, it won't be long until they come back. Could be in a few hours, a day at most?

With a tired, frustrated sigh, the young man got up from his sleeping bag. Sluggishly opened the curtains and looked outside. It was just as disgusting as he expected.

Blood and death littered the streets. Half-eaten carcasses of both animals and humans were scattered around all over the place. Strangely reminiscent of a parade, where people go crazy

in celebration for certain events. Then there's the mess that's left behind. Only this one had screams and death instead of life and joy.

The place always looked like this after hordes come through.

A few stragglers shambled below. One was missing a leg, crawling around on a bloody stump, while another was covered in stab wounds. A screwdriver sticking out of its back. Not too much of a threat. The pair could handle that.

Despite knowing how dangerous it is to be tired, Alexis could tell just how dire his and Charlie's food storage had become. Only three cans of vegetables, some gum, and a few saltine crackers were left.

Even the happy-go-lucky Charlie didn't seem to have slept so well. Alexis could see bags under his friend's eyes, and he had some pretty bad bedhead. The survivor yawned as he put on his glasses.

"I'll be honest, I can't think of a good pun for this morning. Those zombies kept me up all night." Charlie laughed weakly in an attempt to stay positive. It was obvious that neither of them had the energy for a supply-run today.

Unfortunately starvation waits for no one. Leaving the safe-house is just a risk they'll have to take if they want to keep eating. Doesn't help that winter is approaching fast. Perhaps a better hideout would be ideal too. Having to move from place to place with limited supplies wasn't easy. Finding somewhere to stockpile everything would be nice.

"Me neither, man.. *Mierda. Malditos zombies*. Makes me wonder what'll kill us first. Hunger, sleep-deprivation, or the literal fucking flesh-eaters." Quackity groaned in frustration. He rubbed his eyes in an effort to ease their discomfort. What the survivor would do for a decent night's rest. Hell knows, both of them need it.

"If it makes you feel any better, I think I found a good spot last night! Got it marked down and everything!" Charlie said, grabbing a map out of his backpack and showing it to Quackity. There's a little X drawn in pen over a convenience store. There's also a small sketch of a Minecraft slime next to it. "It's pretty close by too. Maybe it's worth a shot?"

"Hmmm. Well, alright. Sure, let's check it out, Charlie. Let's not stay out too long, exactly. We'll never know if another horde comes around, and I really think there's some kind of pattern going on." The increased activity just doesn't make sense. There's only one explanation Quackity can think of, and he's not even totally sure if he's correct. Maybe there's more survivors hiding out in this part of the city?

It would sort of make sense.. With a higher population, plenty of zombies are sure to follow.

...

The pinch of frost could be felt even with a nice layer of clothes. It's alarming to see how far the temperature has suddenly dropped recently. Seeing as it's already the end of the world,

Quackity wouldn't be surprised if a massive long-winter was also in store for the rest of humanity.

Ice and snow wasn't a very common thing in Mexico. Of course Alexis had seen it on TV, and in person while visiting friends outside the country, but it was still weather that he'll probably never get used to.

Charlie on the other hand, was handling the cold far better. His friend was even going as far as to throw snowballs at the wandering corpse he'd seen from the window that had screwdriver driven into its back.

"Hey, buddy! I guess there's *snow* way outta this one!" Charlie laughed merrily as the zombie that was shuffling towards him took a pack of snow to the face.

Quackity swore he heard a confused moan from the undead, but it was probably nothing. It's not like zombies could understand puns. Still, he chuckled a bit in amusement. Only Charlie could make a supply-run entertaining.

"You should tell them it's not *ice* to bite people, man." Doing a pun of his own, he looked back to see the other survivor's reaction.

"OH YOU GOTTEM!" The glasses-wearing brunette cackled, before promptly throwing another ball of snow into the zombie's face. Alexis then finished it off with a quick jab to the skull with his hunting knife.

"*Otro abajo*. Alright, let's keep going. Remember where the place is on the map, Slime?" He asked, hoping it was close. Quackity would rather not take any detours, or make any unexpected stops.

Perhaps spending so much time inside lately has made the survivor a bit of a recluse.

"Yeah! The convenience store should be ten minutes away, North of here! That's *convenient!*" Charlie smiled goofily. If he were anyone else, he'd probably have groaned at such a terrible pun. Quackity enjoys them though. There's a strange comfort in them.

"Great, the trip shouldn't take too long then, man." He let out a sigh of relief. Alexis wasn't aware of how truly hungry he was until now. Having to ration what little you have isn't easy. Hopefully the store hasn't been looted already.

Ten minutes came and went. Several zombies attempted to attack, but a bat and a knife dispatched them. Quite a few cars were left abandoned outside, so Quackity and Charlie searched them before entering the convenience store. Nothing but rotten groceries, old magazines, and other useless junk. All of them left behind from the day of the outbreak.

That's a day *nobody* wants to remember.

Inside the store wasn't much better at first. The frozen goods section reeked, and both survivors had to bury their faces in their scarves to avoid the smell. A few puns came from

Charlie to lighten the mood, but Quackity wasn't paying much attention. They really needed more food. A couple of protein bars and three cans of vegetables isn't going to cut it.

It was then that Quackity heard a gasp from his friend.

"Oh my god.."

Suddenly nervous, Alexis turned to look at Charlie, who had his back to him. He appeared to be staring at something.

"Slime? You okay?" Quackity approached slowly and cautiously.

"They have ring pops! I haven't seen these in so long!" Charlie turned around and in his hand were bags of candy. This particular one being a wearable ring with a giant candy gem on it. Most people suck on them for their sweetness and crunch them once they've shrunk enough.

"Feels like fucking years since I last saw those, man. Y'know, we probably shouldn't take them right now. It's not exactly a necessity."

"What do you *propose* we look for then?" Charlie asked with that goofy smile again. He knew full well what they both needed to grab. It was obvious that the brunette was simply using an opportunity to make a pun.

"Damn, I can't quite remember, Slime. I'll let you know if anything *rings* any bells." Alexis replied with a pun of his own. A smug expression on his face.

Seems like the trip is going well so far.

To the pair's luck, there was still quite a bit of packaged food intact. Charlie grabbed a small bag of uncooked rice, while Quackity grabbed two jars of peanut butter and honey.

A couple bags of jerky and dried beans were stuffed into their backpacks. Soup cans along with fruit and veggies were also placed inside, as well as water bottles. By the time they were finished their bags weighed heavily on their backs.

"Phew. I'm ready to blow this *popsicle* stand. Got everything you need, Quackity?" Charlie smiled, stuffing a ring pop into his jeans as he waited for Quackity to sling his backpack over his shoulders.

"Yep, as much as I'd love to hang around an abandoned store, we've got places to be." With a bit of a laugh, Alexis opened the door for the two of them, and stepped outside into the cold air.

It's strange..

Quackity didn't think he'd get over *it*, so soon. No, of course he's not over it. He'll never be, but having someone around again certainly helps..

He just hopes the same thing won't happen to Charlie.

When the both of them had exited the small building, the pair were surprised to see that it had begun snowing again. They must've been so engrossed in their scavenging that they didn't notice. It's heavy too.

Now they just needed to get back home. Maybe then, they can talk about finding somewhere else to go. With the threat of hordes coming though, this area isn't so safe anymore.

Unfortunately. After ten minutes of walking, a problem immediately became apparent.

They were lost.

“*¡Estúpido!* Fuck! Shit, Charlie I think we took a wrong turn..” More disappointed in himself than worried, Quackity cursed a few more times under his breath. Normally he was so good at paying attention to his surroundings.

Getting lost wasn't easy for him. Sure he'd only been in England for a year, but he'd been around the city enough to have a pretty good idea of where he was going. Plus he'd visited before the apocalypse.

“Okay! Well, let's backtrack then. I'm sure the safe house isn't too far.” Ever the optimist, Charlie reasoned. Backtracking wasn't a bad idea. Maybe if they turn back they'll wind up at the convenience store again. Quackity can get his bearings there.

“You're right, man. Alright, we'll backtrack. I just really want to get back before another fucking horde shows up.” The longer they stay out here, the more uneasy Alexis gets.

The pair switched directions, thankfully their footprints weren't covered up yet despite the increasingly heavy snow. They followed after them, and once the convenience store came into sight again, Quackity and Charlie tried to figure out how they'd strayed from their original path.

The snow was getting even worse, and there was a brief moment where Quackity wondered if they should go back inside the store for some kind of shelter. Before he could decide on what to do, a *scream* broke through the wind.

Stopping dead in their tracks, another piercing shriek sounded nearby. Suddenly Charlie bolted towards the sound, a concerned look on his face.

“S-Slime?!” Quackity swore again, chasing after his friend.


As he raced after him, some snow blew into his eyes. Momentarily blinding him. When his sight returned, he saw Charlie peering behind the corner of a wall in an alleyway. Puzzled, and slightly frustrated, Alexis was about to ask his friend what he was doing, when Charlie promptly shushed him.

“*Shhh. Look!*” A strange expression was on the brunette's face. It was a mix of what appeared to be fear, shock, and confusion. He then pointed at something around the corner.

Making sure he was concealed behind the wall, Quackity took a peek at what his friend had pointed at.

What the fuck?

The screaming from earlier had started up again. Much closer now. The pair saw someone. Another survivor. A middle-aged man was struggling against what looked like dark reddish ropes with thorns. More like a thick vine, but not like any vine either of them had ever seen.

And it was 

“Fuck is that thing..?” Quackity watched in baffled amazement, as the plant twisted and constricted the man in its grasp. The thorns cut into his skin as he cried out for help. In their horror, the pair could only watch.

“I don’t know..” Too terrified to even think of a pun, Charlie whispered as quiet as a mouse. Eyes glued to the unbelievable sight.

It was when the duo could hear the sounds of starved moaning that they knew there was nothing that could be done. Even if they weren’t completely stunned by this frightening scene, putting themselves between a captive survivor and a group of hungry corpses was a bad idea.

Bloodied, lumbering forms stumbled into view. They didn’t sprint, nor lunge. Approaching the survivor slowly. Whether this was because they weren’t raging from their hunger, or if they knew that their next meal couldn’t run away was unknown to the pair. In the end, it probably didn’t matter.

A sickening feeling was felt in Quackity’s stomach as a disturbing realization crossed his mind. *‘That.. thing, it’s fucking helping them.’* Alexis looked over at Slimecicle, and by the expression on his face, Charlie had realized that too.

The man was thrashing wildly, desperate to break free like a fly caught in a spider’s web. Screaming and protesting as the group of undead were close enough to grab. In the survivor’s fear, he looked around, clearly hoping to find something, anyone that could save him.

Quackity and Charlie froze when the man’s terrified eyes landed on *them*.

“H-Help! HELP ME!”

The stumbling group stopped in their tracks. Turning around, to stare at the pair who’d been rudely spying on them.

Oh shit.

Quackity looked at Charlie who’d gone as still as a statue. He grabbed his arm.

“*Run.*”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if Quackity and Charlie weren't written well! I tried my very best on them! I'll try my best to fix any problems I might find later! I also hope that the infected plants weren't silly. I've had that idea in my head since almost the beginning of this story! In fact, the little tiny plant called Bendy-Twig that likes to hide in Icarus's hair is one of them! Just a smaller, more docile form. I honestly meant to show them in the story much earlier, but I could never find a good time! I hope they're alright! If you guys enjoyed this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback!

Stitches and a Chorus.

Chapter Summary

Icarus feels strange again, while Tommy tries to treat his wound.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 113 guys! It was my birthday three days ago! Sorry this took awhile! I was having a lot of trouble figuring out how to end this, and I struggled with trying to introduce the Chorus. I feel like I've mentioned or hinted at the zombies having a hive-mind before, and there is one! It's called the Chorus, but I've only very recently thought of the name. Also, I've decided that the reason Icarus never really thought about it is because he'd been tuning it out to protect Tommy. Of course, there's no blocking out All Voice from his mind. I've also decided that zombies connect to it better while asleep, but due to Icky's desire to keep Tommy safe he'd been attempting to block it even when sleeping. Sorry if none of that makes sense! I can try to explain if anyone is curious!

Also! I think we're finally starting Icarus's education arc! Which means Tommy is going to try to teach him not to attack people! I've been excited for this! I hope you guys will enjoy it! :D

Sorry if this chapter isn't great though!! I got pretty stuck, and my memory is so bad. I hope you guys will like it still! I'll try my best to fix things later if I find any issues!! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! <https://discord.gg/ueD9KN8P>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Taking his warm-soft off was horrible.

Icarus hated it the first time, and he'll hate it again. His Tommy insists that he removes it though. The young man wishes he didn't have to.

Without his warm-soft, he's even colder. It's already so frigid.. like ice is embedding in his skin. It was warmer in the house. Icarus wanted to see Ghostbur. The evil Ranboo is in there most-likely, but he'll be good this time. No trying to eat the stupid fast-thing this time.. he promises.

If he does something wrong, he could get hurt again.

Tommy grabs a white box with red on it. He mutters some things, but it's hard to listen. The cold air is horrible. It feels like it's going to swallow him whole. He shivers uncontrollably. Eyes darting from his Familiar-Thing's box to the large bleeding wound on his chest.

His inside stuff is leaking out. It always drips, but never that much.. it's panicking, he can feel it. Icarus has never had an injury like this before. At least none he can remember.

"Icarus? Icky? Look, big man. I'm gonna have to do some stitches.. this looks really bad, I dunno if bandages will be enough." His Tommy says suddenly, breaking him away from his thoughts once again.

What are stitches?

"It might hurt, I'm really sorry, zombro."

What might hurt? Icarus doesn't see anything. No loud-sticks, no shiny-sharps. Still, he begins to tense up. Pain used to be more bearable, at least he thinks it had. Ever since his Tommy came around things have been hurting more.

He felt something soft push against his skin. That wasn't scary. Icarus looked down and saw a small white soft-thing touching the spot that the shiny-sharp went through. It was slightly wet, but it didn't bother him much.

"Gotta clean it first, big man." His Tommy said. Cleaning? Why would he be doing that? Was he dirty? It's just inside-stuff. That's normal. His Familiar-Thing shouldn't worry about that. Tommy then stopped, grabbing something from the white box.

"Kay.. hold still, Icky." Tommy looked unhappy. Worried. Though Icarus didn't know why. It's still hard to read emotions sometimes. Tommy makes so many different faces, and Icarus can't quite copy them. Moving his face is hard. It's hard for all Others.

Thankfully it was easy to sense emotions between Others. If only he could do that with his Familiar-Thing.

...

Icarus is getting that feeling again. The one that says he'd forgotten something.

Was it Bendy-Twig? Sometimes he forgets about the tiny Other. It's so shy after all. Though, Icarus doesn't think that's it.

The young man swears he can feel something prodding the back of his skull. It's so faint.

So quiet.

Tommy:-

Let me talk to him.. please.

What he hears is smaller than a whisper. Barely audible enough for him to make it out. Somehow it sounds sad.. who said that? Who is-

Actually, no. There is no whisper. Icarus heard nothing. In fact, everything is fine. There's no other voices except those he's supposed to hear, he feels perfect. No, better than that. The Other did so well yesterday. The All Voice was so proud, but now he needs to be still. He needs to let the inside-stuff heal the damage from the old Fast-Thing. It takes time. A day of rest, the loudest voice tells him. It will keep him safe.

Imaginary voices are not worth listening to.

Right?

“Y-Y..es..”

“Icky? I didn't say anything.. Are you okay, big man?” The boy pauses.. whatever he was doing, and looks at Icarus strangely.

Icarus nods. Yes. He's okay, everything is fine. Maybe.. maybe he should sleep. Sleeping sounds good right now. He should-

“I-Icky?” Tommy's hand is in his face. The boy's fingers make a loud sound and it causes him to jump. The noise was so sharp and sudden.

What.. what had he been thinking about again?

The bad-pain in his flesh lingers.

“C-Cold..” He shivers. It's hard to focus. Things are foggy. His eyes blink slowly. So tired.

“I.. I know, bro. I promise it won't take much longer.” His Familiar-Thing's face softened, but Icarus didn't pay it much mind. His inside-stuff wants him to rest. This pain was different from the one he got from the Loud-Stick. Tommy helped stop too much from escaping before, but..

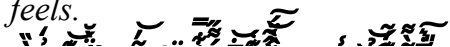
He's so tired..

His eyes close and things go dark for a while. He hears Tommy's voice as he fades out.

The cold becomes less intense.

Icarus isn't totally unconscious, he can distantly hear his Tommy's voice. It's gentle and calming. Could feel that soft thing against the spot that the shiny-sharp went through again.

*As he rests, the young man hears more voices. His kin are talking amongst each other. He's not used to hearing them after so long. Ever since he realized his Tommy was a new thing, therefore **not food**, Icarus had been tuning them out during times of sleep. Probably for the best. He doesn't want Others to come here. They don't see his Tommy like he does. Tommy may look like a Fast-Thing, but he's not. At least the All Voice seems to understand how he feels.*



*Familiar Things Important?
To Others?
We no harm?*

*Besides, As much as Icarus loves his family, and would love to speak with them, he'd much prefer being around them in person, rather than through the **Chorus**.*

The Chorus.. the thing that makes every Other understand. The translation of groans into words. Makes emotions easier to read. The place where the All Voice gives them direction.

He'll have to shut them out again.

Despite how hard things have been. Icarus still loves his precious Familiar-Thing. The young man would never let anything happen to the boy.

Even if his Tommy scares him sometimes..

Tommy had expected his brother's complaints about the cold again. Sadly, there wasn't much the boy could do about that. The large bleeding wound in his chest needed stitches.

Maybe he's insane for giving stitches to a zombie, but god, Tommy would shut anyone up if they dare accuse him of it.

If it isn't obvious from the absolute shit the brothers had gone through this week, he's done with making excuses. If he had to waste medical supplies, so fucking be it. Tommy *won't* lose Wil.

The boy wasn't about to go nuts with their remaining supplies though. Of course not. Techno's going to need a lot of recovery, and if anyone else gets injured then he needs to save what's left for everyone.

Grabbing the first-aid kit, Tommy placed it beside Icarus. The young survivor opened it which caused his brother to take a curious peek. The shivering zombie then gave him a nervous look. Clearly remembering how uncomfortable the bandages were before.

"Icarus? Icky? Look, big man. I'm gonna have to do some stitches.. this looks really bad, I dunno if bandages will be enough." Tommy tried his best to explain to the undead man what was going to happen, but he could tell that Icarus wasn't getting it. There's only so much that Icky can understand anyway. Tommy hoped that his brother knew that although this might hurt him, Tommy only meant to help.

Looking at Icarus's pale skin again was just as unsettling as it was the first time. The sickly veins, old and new scars littering his chest. The bandage from the basement incident was still there, worn and dirtied. He should probably have changed that earlier. A hint of guilt forms at the sight of it.

'Should've tried harder to protect you, big man..' Icarus wouldn't have gotten shot and stabbed if Tommy kept a better eye on him. Techno wouldn't have been bitten either.

It's a miracle that they're both still alive. Well, sort of alive in Icarus's case.

Still bleeding, the largest cause for concern was the hole above his abdomen. It's hard to believe that Icarus is still capable of walking when he had a machete go through his chest.

First things first. Tommy should attempt to clean the wound. Again, call him crazy. He's still going to do it. The boy dabbed a cotton ball into a bottle of rubbing alcohol. He then gently pressed it against the spot the blade went through. Internally, Tommy cringes at how quickly the white of the cotton turned to black.

Icarus was naturally puzzled by his little brother's actions. Letting out his signature confused groan.

"Gotta clean it first, big man." Tommy said reassuringly. Proceeding to grab a clean cotton ball and repeating. There's no real way for him to know if he's doing it correctly. After all, the man is a zombie. Still, the young survivor tried his best.

If there's ever a miracle in this world. A cure of some kind, Tommy has to make sure Wilbur is intact. God, he hoped the machete didn't damage any internal organs.. There's no way Wil could come back if he falls apart.

Now for the hard part. *Stitches*. Fuck, what if Icarus panics? Hasn't he been around enough sharp objects for one day?

Tommy thinks hard. Icarus is an odd one. Hell, zombies are fucking weird. Sometimes they act like they don't feel any pain, and then other times they'll be screaming and writhing. At least, that's what he'd seen in his zombified brother. The needle might freak the poor guy out.

Damn it. What should he-

"Y-Yes.."

Huh?

Having been so caught up in stressing about the stitches, Tommy hadn't noticed that faraway look in Icarus's eyes. His expression was a dreamy one. Normally that wouldn't bother him, but somehow this felt different than Icky's usual times of being spaced-out.

"Icky? I didn't say anything.. Are you okay, big man?" He asks in sudden concern. No one else was in the room. Well, at least not to Tommy's knowledge. Ghostbur might've come in while invisible, but Tommy doubts that. He was probably still chatting with Techno in the farmhouse. The boy swears to prime that he didn't speak. Who had Icarus been talking to?

When the survivor received no answer, his worry increased. Tommy would have rathered not having to snap his fingers in his undead brother's face, but there was little choice in the matter.

“C-Cold..”

...

Shortly after that, Icarus had fallen asleep. Perhaps that was for the best, even though the boy was still concerned. Tommy had learned from the night he got stuck in the shed with him, that Icarus slept like a log. (*Except for last night, of course.*)

Due to this knowledge, Tommy was hopeful that his zombified brother wouldn't feel too much pain while he stitches up his stab wound. The boy took advantage of his brother's sleep to head back into the house to grab some blankets. When he returned, the young survivor got to work with the needle. Thankfully, Icarus didn't stir and Tommy quickly finished with a bandage to the wound. He even replaced the old bandage on his shoulder.

Strange though. The bullet wound looked like it had.. healed a bit. Tommy didn't want to question that though, as his brain could only take so much chaos in one day.

“Thank Prime..” He mutters with a sigh. The zombie is still asleep. Shivering, but peaceful it seemed. Tommy puts his tattered shirt and coat back on, and makes a mental note to grab Icarus something better later. For now.. maybe he should let him sleep.

Grabbing a woolen blanket, Tommy places it over his brother. The cold twitches visibly decreased as soon as the warm material fell on him.

“I.. I know it's not the same as the house, big man. I just..” The boy's soft voice trailed off. A slight conundrum formed in his mind. Icarus is dangerous. The man bit his own twin after all, there's no arguing about that no matter how much Tommy wants to blame himself for yesterday.

Damn it.

Despite all his better judgment, Tommy makes a decision.

Wil isn't going to recover this way, if it's even actually possible. Wasting away in a shed, being lonely (*because god knows, Icarus is clingy as fuck*) and bored. His recent behavior has definitely been worrying, but surely it'll only get worse if Tommy lets him gather dust in a rickety garden shed.

No. This isn't going to make anything better.

Tommy picks up the first-aid kit. It's time he attempts to bring that idea he had a while ago into fruition. First, he needs to get Techno, Ghostbur, and Ranboo on board.

Not to mention plenty of food..

Icarus is going to get an *education*.

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I can't wait to start this arc! It's going to be a bit tricky to write, but I'll try my absolute best! I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter, and if I find any problems I'll fix them best as I can! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as feedback is greatly appreciated!

“He’s Different.”

Chapter Summary

Tommy talks to Techno about how they can help Icarus, while Ghostbur makes lunch.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 114 guys! I’m so glad I managed to finish another chapter so quickly. I remember when I use to post chapters daily, and I miss those times. In today’s chapter Tommy is going to have an important talk with Techno, and we get to see how Ghostbur is doing! This chapter is pretty dialogue heavy, which I tend to struggle with so I hope it’s okay and that you guys enjoy it! Also, for anyone who likes to theorize, pay close attention to the ending! I really hope you guys this chapter! :D

Also, remember that Tommy still believes Icarus is Wilbur, so it makes sense for him to refer to Icarus as Wilbur when he’s not around. Tommy isn’t perfect. So please don’t judge him for slipping up sometimes.

Here’s a link to the story’s discord if you’d like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It’s also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/ueD9KN8P>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Tommy came back inside the house, he immediately went to Techno’s temporary bedroom. Unsure if the injured warrior was resting or still talking to Ghostbur, Tommy knocked. Waiting for an answer.

Upon hearing a quiet “*Come in*,” Tommy then entered the room. Techno was sitting on the bed, instead of lying down previously. The boy looked at him questionably.

“Shouldn’t you be resting, King? Seriously, don’t think you should be moving too much.” Aware that he’s probably acting more like motherInnit again, Tommy gave him an expression that said: ‘*Lay down or I’ll punt you.*’

“Heh? Uh. Bruh, sorry.. just got tired of lyin’ down. Did you need somethin’ Theseus?” Acting as if caught in some kind of act, his brother got back under the covers. If Tommy didn’t know any better, it looked like Techno was thinking of leaving the game room.

Of course, if Techno really wants to, he can. Tommy won't stop him. It's just, shouldn't someone who had their arm removed hours ago be getting lots of bed rest?

"One: Stop calling me Theseus, big man. Two: We need to talk about.. Icarus." Tommy pauses over the zombie's name. Icarus won't know if he calls him Wilbur to other people, but Ghostbur will surely be confused if he hears it. He's glad that Techno was able to pick up on the fake name when it was first mentioned around him.

"Do.. do we have to?" A flash of shame fell over the man's eyes. Damn. Tommy isn't a psychic, but he has a feeling that Techno is blaming himself for getting bitten.

At one point, Tommy probably would've enjoyed the guilt his other brother was feeling. Not anymore though. They're all victims.

Perhaps in that case, Tommy shouldn't tell him that Wil got stabbed.. It'll just make him feel worse.

It was then that the boy explained his idea, to the best of his ability to the warrior. He'll admit, it's a crazy plan, but Icarus doesn't deserve to stay locked up forever. Techno looked confused, even seemed unconvinced.

"So.. you want to teach.. *Icarus*, how to be human? I dunno.. you've seen zombies. They don't.. y'know." The man trailed off. Somehow Tommy knew what he was trying to say.

Techno doesn't believe zombies are capable of getting better. (*The man probably doesn't have the heart to see his undead twin again, even if it was Wilbur who attacked him and not the other way around.*) That's a fair belief honestly. Tommy doesn't think so either. Wilbur though.. Maybe *he* can. Not completely, but enough to where he won't try to kill anyone that's not him. Get him to a point where they can communicate easier. Fuck, maybe the boy could teach him how to read and write?

Okay, slow down. He should probably start with solving that aggression before he even thinks about showing him books.

"Yeah, I know. They're like fucking toddlers. Shitty toddlers that can tear someone to pieces, but here's the thing, Big T. Wil- *Icarus* is different.. he's still in there, Big man."

Tommy had seen it enough times to know for sure.

There's still something alive left in that shell.

It's faint, weak even.. but it's there.

He knows Wilbur is still in there somewhere, and Tommy won't give up on him.

"I.. I know it's hard to believe, Techno. Trust me, I do. I swear to prime. He's different. It's small, it's so fucking small, but Wil remembers me--"

"I know.." Techno mumbled. Interrupting the boy despite the quietness. The injured warrior was no longer making eye-contact. Instead he looked at the ground.

It was disheartening to see how even the strongest of people are still vulnerable. The man was a legend, not just in Minecraft (*god Tommy wishes he could go back to those simpler times*) but as a zombie slayer too. Tommy remembers hearing tales of his brother from strangers and radios. Each feat more incredible than the last. The man had literally killed a thousand of those creatures.

Yet, not once in the time they've re-united has Techno brought any of that up. He'd been clouded in grief. Mourning for Wilbur.

Even legends can be human.

"He.. he knows your name. He didn't eat you, Theseus. Regular zombies, like, don't do that.. they'll rip apart anythin' that moves. I guess.. I guess I kinda hoped he'd remember me too."

Tommy wasn't sure what to do at this moment. Techno wasn't the type of person who enjoyed hugs or any physical contact, but Tommy still found himself awkwardly patting his good shoulder.

"Honestly, king. I would've done the same." He says with genuine words.

...

After a while of talking, thinking, and planning. The Warrior agreed with his idea. Although he suggested teaching the zombie in a relatively safer area in the house. Now the boy just needs to talk to Ghostbur and Ranboo. Tommy also noticed that Techno's bandages needed changing. So he took care of that. Making sure to apply what was necessary to the wound, keeping it clean so it'll heal.

Lunch time was approaching, and the pair could smell something delicious wafting into the room. Ghostbur must be cooking something.

"Remember not to move too much, Kay? I'll get it for you."

The boy was halfway through the door when he heard Techno's voice again.

"Uh.. thanks, Tommy."

Tommy didn't think the man was thanking him for just grabbing his lunch.

"You're welcome, king."

Ghostbur was in a good mood. Originally he was quite sad when he realized his twin thought he wasn't real, but after having a long conversation with Techno, he thinks he managed to clear things up!

The spirit also understands most people don't believe in ghosts, so he shouldn't blame his brother. Ghostbur has never met another ghost either, so it's fair to think they don't exist. Still, he tried his best to answer his twin's questions.

What also contributed to his good mood, was that Ghostbur found a bottle of olive oil! Thankfully it was unopened, and if the spectre remembered correctly, it should have a shelf-life of three years. So, how about he try to make homemade fries!

It was a bit difficult cutting the canned potatoes thinly enough to be fry-shaped, but that was alright. The spirit happily hummed as he sautéed them in a pan. Adding a little bit of salt and pepper to the mix, Ghostbur was excited to see his brothers' (*and Ranboo's*) reaction. He sincerely hoped they'd enjoy his homemade fries.

"Hey Ghostbro, what are you cooking? Smells pretty tastychamp."

Ghostbur jumped, then quickly laughed at himself. He was so lost into his cooking that he hadn't even heard his little brother enter the room. "Oh, hi Tommy! I found some cooking oil, so I thought I'd try making chips for lunch!"

Oh, and would you look at that? The fries are already done! Humming again, Ghostbur scoops them out of the pan and places them onto four plates. One for Tommy, Techno, Ranboo, and Icarus. The spirit also put a few into his pocket, for Friend to snack on later. "Here you go, Toms!"

"Pog! Been fucking ages, big man. I'll grab Techno's and bring it to him, Kay?"

"Alright!" Hmm. Now that he thinks about it, where is Icarus. Oh no.. did the spider get him last night? "Um, Tommy? You found Icarus, right? The spider didn't get him?"

Tommy looked confused for a second, which struck the spirit as strange.

"Spider? *Oh*. Yeah! Yeah, Ghostbro. I found Icky. He's okay, trust me. Though, uh. About Icarus, big man. I'm going to let him in the house more. Just keep an eye on him, some women have fallen in love with him, and it's making him all squirrely and shit."

"Oh no! Not the thieving women again! Did they steal his number?" Horrified, Ghostbur gasped. Those troublesome women that for some reason he'd never seen are at it again. Luckily he remembered the code word Tommy told him, in case of danger. "Among us! Sus!"

"Yeah, sus! But, anyway. If he starts to look squirrely, especially around Techno and Memory Boy, come get me, okay?"

Ghostbur wasn't sure why Icarus would get nervous around them. Techno is secretly a softie when you get to know him, and Ranboo is very nice! Though if Icarus is shy, then he won't judge, it would be rude to make him socialize with people when he's not ready to.

"Yeah, okay! I'm going to go give Ranboo his lunch too. I think he might be sleeping again, it's very quiet up there."

"He's probably writing in that journal of his. His memory book, he calls it." Tommy grabbed two plates of fresh fries, giving the ghost a smile before heading back to the game room. "Thanks Ghostbro!"

With more pep in his metaphorical step (*As Ghostbur much preferred floating slightly above the ground*) the spirit made his way out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

When Ghostbur arrived at his fellow amnesiac's room, he gave a gentle knock. Making sure not to disturb him if he was in fact asleep. When he didn't hear a sound, Ghostbur opened the door carefully.

He didn't want to leave the plate outside his door, what if Ranboo doesn't see it, and accidentally steps on it?

Upon very quietly entering the room, Ghostbur could see a figure under heavy blankets. Oh, Ranboo was asleep! Oops!

"Sorry if I wake you up, Ranboo! I'm just going to put your lunch on the nightstand, okay?" The spectre whispered just in case he wakes the sleeping boy, but also wanted to explain why he was in there just in case.

The spirit gently placed the plate onto his nightstand. Next to a small box of contacts he'd hadn't noticed before. and was about to leave when he noticed the shape in the bed was shivering terribly.

"Ranboo..? Are you okay? Do you need more blankets?" Momentarily forgetting that he should be quiet, and in his sudden concern, Ghostbur pulled the blanket down a bit to make sure his friend was alright.

Sighing in relief, Ranboo seemed fine. He looked a little paler than usual, and he probably shouldn't sleep with his eyes open like that. Hmm, are they supposed to be that dark? On top of that, he was still trembling. Though another blanket will fix that, surely!

"Don't worry, I'll get you another blanket! Oh! I mean.. I'll get you another blanket. Have a nice nap, Ranboo!"

There should be some more blankets in one of the closets.. he'll look for them! Maybe the spirit will find some warmer clothes too!

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I wonder how Icarus's upcoming education will go? Hopefully it'll work out lol! If you guys have any ideas for how Tommy can try to teach him things, let me know! I'd be happy to hear! Also, if anyone caught something strange in the ending, let me know your thoughts about it! Anyway, I hope you guys liked this chapter! I'll try to fix any problems I may find later, and please leave a comment if you can because I'd love some feedback!

Also sorry if I sound a little weird in the notes today, I'm having a lot of trouble focusing while writing this lol

Deer, and Sleepwalking.

Chapter Summary

Tommy goes hunting again, while Ranboo wakes up somewhere weird.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 115 guys! I'm so sorry for taking so long I was trying to finish writing another chapter and I got hit with really bad writer's block. Unfortunately the block is still there. I really hope it goes away soon! In today's chapter, Tommy goes hunting to prepare for Icky's education (*he's going to need a good supply of food after all!*) I hope I wrote him well, especially Ranboo! I've been really struggling with writing character dialogue lately, so I really hope it's okay!

Also, hmmm. I wonder what's going on with the memory boy? xD

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/apBR3yxb>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Breathing in the wintery air. Tommy steps out of the farmhouse. Before the boy can even think about teaching Icarus right from wrong, he needs to get him a decent supply of food.

Despite knowing how to hunt, Tommy wasn't a fan of it. The last two times he went searching for food, it took hours to catch one rabbit (*that Icarus ended up stealing*), and a dead rat.

As much as he wants to be hopeful he'll find something, the young survivor felt grim. He had his hunting knife and his backpack, he knew how to make rabbit traps. But honestly, Tommy would rather not be out in the cold again.

Phil could be out there.

Just thinking about his father makes his blood boil.

Tommy mutters a curse and keeps walking. He shakes his head to dispel the turmoil slowly building in his mind. Perhaps he should check out the forest again? The one that he and Ghostbur camped in.

He can't think of anywhere better to look anyway.

...

Somehow, Tommy's right back where he started. The only remnant of the campsite are the frozen ashes of forgotten cinders. It's hard to believe it's only been a few days since he'd been here last. It feels like weeks. No, *months*.

"WHY?! WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE JUST FUCKING DIED?!"

Guilty, unpleasant memories resurface. How *Wilbur* was struggling to speak to him. How he kept punching him over and over again until he swore he heard something crack.

It's ironic.

He left the woods angry and hateful. Now, he returns in order to find food for someone he previously wished was dead.

Now all Tommy wants is for Icarus to live. To be around long enough for some kind of cure to be made. He wants to have hope that his zombified brother can get better. He wants-

Tommy doesn't know what he wants.

His emotions are too complicated, and it's not like he can get therapy in the fucking zombie apocalypse.

'Just focus on hunting, don't get distracted, Big T.' Yeah, perhaps staying focused would be better. Trying to understand his own feelings won't bring his brother a meal.

In that case, Tommy began making traps. After managing to gather the necessary materials, all the boy needed to do was wait.

So wait, he did.

For about an hour.

'Could this get any shittier?' The young survivor thinks to himself as a few flakes of snow started floating down from the sky.

The bait he'd left for the rabbits had gone completely untouched. Dried apples weren't enough for them? Luck really needed to be on his side when it came to hunting, and just like the last two times, fortune did not favour him.

Another thirty minutes passed, and Tommy was about to give up when he heard a shriek from somewhere in the forest. A familiar feral scream that the boy knew well. Looks like he wasn't the only one hunting in the woods.

Zombies getting somewhat close to the farm was to be expected, though Tommy still hoped that wouldn't happen. Judging by the lack of echoing screeches it seemed to be just one corpse.

'This is my forest, bitch.'

Abandoning the trap he laid out, Tommy gripped his knife. The farmhouse was roughly fifteen-minutes away, and the boy simply did not feel comfortable having a flesh-eater (*Besides Icarus*) so close to home.

Following in the direction of the shriek, the young survivor crept behind bushes and foliage. Taking careful steps to avoid making noise. Wanting to get the jump on this thing before it could see him.

As he got closer and closer, Tommy could hear the sound of flesh being broken, torn off and eaten messily. Fuck. He knew that type of scream was familiar. It *caught* something. The boy can't believe that a zombie was having better luck at hunting than he was.

Then again, they have excellent hearing, and a very strong sense of smell. Not to mention nails so sharp they're almost claw-like, and dagger-like teeth.

When you forget about how dumb these things are, they're fucking *scary*.

Peering through a patch of leaves, the boy could see a figure hunched over what appeared to be.. a deer? Okay, maybe his luck wasn't so bad. Sure the corpse found the animal first, but Icarus probably won't be picky.

God, if Tommy's careful and makes sure to ration it, this could keep his brother fed for two months.

As he approached the corpse, knife poised to strike, he noticed that the zombie was missing an arm. Through the tears in its empty sleeve, he could make out clear signs of bites. Whatever took the creature's arm must've done so with their teeth, rather than ripping it off.

Momentarily Tommy thinks back to when his undead brother stumbled into his camp with a human arm. He really hoped the man *didn't* kill anyone while they were in the forest. Obviously that seemed unlikely now.

He tried not to think too hard about it.

Swallowing his sympathetic guilt, Tommy brought the knife through its head. It let out a raspy breath, and promptly slumped over. At least the fallen survivor will be out of its misery now.

"Sorry, I guess." The boy mumbled, stepping over the body to get a look at the freshly slain deer lying on the ground.

It was still mostly intact, save a part of its back that was torn into. Either way, still quite enough to feed Icarus. Now all the young survivor needs to do is skin it, and take it home.

Everything feels.. far away.

A sort of disconnection from something.

It's strange.

Surely nothing is wrong.

A feeling bubbles inside.

Soft buzzing noises into the ears.

Body swaying.

Falling down.

Stand up.

The air is glacial.

Icy pricks blossom against skin.

Uncontrollable shivering seizing control.

Keep walking.

Movement in the corner of an eye.

Fast.

Purposeful.

A forgotten desire. No, an abandoned instinct.

“-Boo?”

Chase it.

“-What are you-”

Taste it.

“Ranboo!”

Ranboo blinks.

“What the hell are you doing out here, Memory Boy? I thought you were a fucking corpse.”

Wait.. what?

The new survivor looks around, and realizes he's outside. Not just that, he's in a forest, with Tommy staring at him like he appeared out of thin air.

What.. what is he *doing* out here?

“T-Tommy? Where, uh, am I?” A little freaked out, the amnesiac hoped his friend might have an explanation. Although, judging by the equally confused expression on Tommy’s face, he most-likely had no clue either.

All at once, the cold seemed to hit him. His body wracked with shivers. Ranboo looked at his clothes, and found himself to be completely unprepared for this weather. Was he trying to freeze to death?

“You’re in the woods, while it’s snowing, at negative three degrees. Why the hell are you asking me, big man?!” The survivor looked at him like he was crazy, and honestly he probably was. Ranboo had no idea how he left the house, or why he left the house.

The last thing he can remember is trying to catch up on some sleep.

“I.. I think I was sleepwalking? Um, w-which way is home?” He would’ve asked Tommy why he was also outside, but noticed a large bloodied deer behind him. The blonde had a rope tied to it, and appeared to be trying to drag it back to the house.

His stomach growled rather loudly, and while that embarrassed him a bit, he wasn’t too worried about it. God, he hoped he hadn’t wandered too far away. What time is it? Definitely bright enough to still be daytime.

“Sleepwalking? *Fuck*. Guess I’m going to have to put a lock on your door then, Memory Boy. Seriously. Not trying to be a bitch, but that’s an easy way to turn into a Ranboo-Steak.” Tommy said in a slightly frustrated voice, but Ranboo felt it was due to concern. The other boy was right. What if he had walked into some zombies?

Ironically, he didn’t think a lock was a bad idea in that case.

“Yeah, maybe you should. I don’t uh, want to get eaten..” Nervously, Ranboo stayed close to Tommy. He’s glad that the survivor found him before something terrible could happen. Honestly, Ranboo isn’t sure if he’s extreme lucky or terribly unlucky.

“Come on, the house isn’t too far, big man. I need to butcher this thing anyway.” Tommy gestured to the deer. Had the blonde boy found his brother after he ran away last night? He’ll admit he forgot about that earlier. If that’s the case, then the deer is probably meant for him.

Eager to get out of this forest, the amnesiac followed after his friend. Maybe they can start a fire when they get back. It’s so cold out here, and Ranboo can hear his teeth chattering.

He holds himself for warmth. His mind continued to ponder as to how he woke up here. Ranboo recalls waking up in the city the first time.. had he been sleepwalking then too? Did he hit his head during the process? The boy wished more than ever to have answers for who he is.

“Y’know, I didn’t think you’d have black eyes, big man. I mean, I knew you wore contacts, obviously, but still.”

Oh. His eyes? Ranboo was surprised too. He doesn't recall ever seeing such dark irises. Of course, red and green eyes are far more unusual. The boy didn't even realize he was wearing contacts until he saw himself in the mirror shortly after he first arrived.

The boy was also surprised to see that his hair was dyed black and white. If it's the apocalypse, where would he have found the time to colour his hair?

"Yeah, um. I didn't think so either."

Honestly, he didn't want to think about that too much. As weird as it was, Ranboo didn't feel like it should be a cause for concern. He'd rather just think about getting back home.

He's still in his pajamas for goodness sake.

...

What could he have possibly been doing out here?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry I didn't write much in the notes, I honestly couldn't think of much to say today lol. I do hope you guys enjoy the chapter though! I'm sorry if Tommy and Ranboo weren't written very well or if things don't make sense, or there's a lot of grammar mistakes. I'll try my best to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did enjoy this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd really appreciate some feedback!

Author Announcement: I'm sorry in advance.

Hey guys.. I might take awhile to post again. Hopefully not two months like last time, but it might still be awhile. My dog is very sick.. she just started some treatment yesterday but it was extremely expensive, this was just to treat her fever and infection. She still has a tumour and something called pyometras, which is really bad. My mom and I can't really afford all this so I'm really scared. My mom and I are already struggling because the landlord is selling the house and rent prices in Canada are absolutely insane. I'm not really sure why I'm talking about this to be honest.. I guess I just wanted to apologize in advance if I take awhile to post a new chapter again.

If Tonks gets better I'll take this author's note down. I don't really like making these as I feel it will cause stress to readers somehow. I really hope she'll be okay. I'm sorry again if I take awhile. I promise I'm not abandoning MBK, I just need to focus on taking care of her right now..

Update: The vet says it's worse than they thought.. my mom is going to have her put to sleep in a few days. I'm so sorry everyone..

Staying and Education.

Chapter Summary

Icarus is surprised when Tommy lets him back inside the house, while Tommy gets started on trying to teach Icky things.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 116 guys! I'm really sorry I took awhile to post this.. it's been hard to do much of anything since my dog passed away. I miss her so much. I still have some really bad writer's block too, but I didn't want to keep you guys waiting longer. I'm honestly not sure if this chapter is all that good, so I'm sorry if it isn't! I tried my best. Writing a zombie getting an education is kind of hard lol. Plus I feel like I'm forgetting things which worries me a little. I hope this is at least a bit enjoyable though. If I find any errors or inconsistencies I'll try my best to fix them!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/wxasxpkj>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Icarus woke up again, he was confused.

Very confused.

The man was still so sleepy. His mind was still processing how he could have heard the Chorus again. Feeling the emotions and thoughts of Others when close to them is normal. It's too difficult to block them out. Though hearing and sensing them was more difficult with distance. An Other needed to sleep if they wanted to connect with the Chorus more easily.

With how long he'd been trying to block them out, Icarus almost forgot the Chorus even had a name.

It's not that his family's voices are unwelcome. Icarus deeply wishes he could be with both them and his Tommy, but as long as he looks like food to them, he'll always be in danger. Icarus had no choice but to block them out as hard as he could. If only the boy was everyone's Familiar-Thing..

The second reason the Other was confused, however, was because his Tommy was leading him out of the small house.

Is his precious Familiar-Thing taking him back into the warmth?

Icarus said to himself that he would be good if Tommy let him stay.. that he wouldn't try to kill the evil Ranboo. It's true.. he's still too scared of the bad Fast-Thing.

"Icky, come on. I'm gonna let you in the house, but you've got to listen to me, okay?"

Is.. is Tommy serious?

The young man was still tired, perhaps he was still asleep.

A few stray whispers fill his ears.

Block it out, block it out, block it out.

"T-T..omm..y..?" He groans. It's bad outside. Soft but terribly chilly white-things land on his face and in his eyes. So pretty, but it freezes to the touch.

As his Tommy leads him back into the house, he stumbles and struggles to move. The white on the ground is hard to traverse, but the boy tries to help him through it.

Soon his familiar-thing opened the moving-wall, and immediately Icarus felt a little better. It had been scary here a few times.. but the building still feels safe because Tommy is in it, and Ghostbur.

Though he deeply hopes he won't have to stay close to the evil Ranboo.

"HELLO? Guys, I'm letting Icky in the house, kay? Ghostbro, do you want to help out?" His Tommy calls out inside the warmth. He steps inside and sees soft-things.

He remembers these soft-things.. It made him feel comforted. Sitting and talking to Ghostbur while they were 'cleaning.' The young man still wasn't sure what that was, but it didn't matter much. Icarus still enjoyed that time with the kind Shiny-Thing.

Momentarily distracted, Icarus wobbled over to the softness. His Tommy had briefly left just for a moment. He could hear the boy speaking to someone, but the Other couldn't make it out.

A moan escapes his lips. He hears movement. Footsteps above. The Ranboo, most likely.

'No panic. Ranboo evil. Evil Ranboo.. but no upset Tommy..' Beginning to stress, Icarus tries to remind himself that if he does something wrong, Tommy will put him back in the cold, lonely building.

He promised to be good.

The man wants to keep his word even if it was only made to himself.

His Tommy comes back, and Icarus found himself being led into a different room. Had he been in this one before? No, surely not. Wait, yes. Yes he had. They're going down? Why downstairs?

Isn't this the place where the Ranboo gave him bad-pain? Where the loud-stick was?

Suddenly afraid, Icarus turns around to look at his Tommy. Worried that this was some kind of trick. Was his familiar-thing angry at him? Did the boy want to push him again?

"Icky? Icarus, calm down, big man. No one's going to hurt you, okay?" He feels the boy place a hand on his shoulder, and instinctively the man flinches. Inside stuff drips down his face. Body trembling from something other than chills, he holds himself tightly.

'No hurt.. no hurt..'

He mumbles the words but can't get them out.

"Shhh. Breathe.. do it with me. In and out, like this." His Tommy's face and body move strangely. Doing whatever it was, in time with his words. It's weird. He doesn't like it.

What is breathing?

His familiar-thing keeps doing it though.. so even if it's strange, maybe he should do it too. After all, if a group of Others fall off a building, he has to do it too.

Just do what his familiar-thing does.

In.. out.

In-

Retching took over, and Icarus found himself sputtering and coughing up a glob of black liquid. It splattered onto the floor, and Tommy took a few steps back. An expression of what he believed to be concern on his face.

He doesn't think he wants to try breathing again.

"Fuck.. I-I mean, that's fine. You're.. you're doing fine, Icky." Tommy pats lightly on his back. It makes him feel a little better, but only slightly.

Why are they down here?

"T-To..mmy..?" More inside stuff dribbles out as he repeats the boy's name. Somehow, Tommy seemed to understand what he was about to ask.

"Look, Icarus. I don't want you to stay in that shitty shed anymore. It's fucking depressing. You don't deserve to be trapped in there.."

So his Tommy really does want him around more..?

A feeling is felt. A good feeling. A soft joy at his familiar-thing's words. The muscles around his face twitch ever so slowly. A weak, but true smile attempts to form.

With this revelation, the young man almost forgot that he was a bit scared of his Tommy. Of the mistreatment from earlier.

Almost.

*"You can stay in the house with us, but you **can't** bite people. Seriously, big man. You **can't**. I.. I don't want to lose anyone else." Tommy's expression is hard to read at first, but then it shifts into a sort of sadness. "I know you don't like Ranboo. That's okay, you don't have to get along. Just DON'T hurt him, or anyone else.."*

Hurt?

When has Icarus ever hurt anything?

Icarus has never hurt anyone.

Well.. except his own kind in order to protect Tommy.

Intentionally causing pain, the young man would never do that.

As for the evil Ranboo..

"O-Okay.. no.. h-hu..rt.."

*At least, he'll **try** not to.*

Today was off to a bad start. Now it was past lunch and the boy had already found Ranboo sleepwalking in the snow, butchered a deer (*with advice from Techno*), accidentally caused Icarus to throw up, and now he's trying to teach the zombified man in question to understand that biting is wrong.

Honestly the boy was just hoping that whoever chaos will surely happen tomorrow, won't nearly be as crazy.

Wouldn't it be nice if something good happened for once? Tommy would kill for a vacation. Or some therapy. Hell, they all need it.

Imagine if he ran into Tubbo tomorrow. That would be incredible. Or Quackity? No, that would be unlikely. The man is probably back in Mexico.

Tommy hopes his international friends are faring better than he is. Without working cable and news stations, the boy has really no idea what is going on outside of the UK. There's still radios, but Tommy hadn't remembered to get one of those working. They don't cover places too far out of range.

At least Icky isn't freaking out about the basement anymore.

A noise came from up the stairs. The door opened. Judging by his brother's lack of instinctual aggression, it was most-likely Ghostbur.

"Hi, Tommy! Hi, Icarus! I thought I heard you calling for me, how can I help?" As cheerful as ever, Ghostbur smiled brightly at the pair. Expectedly ignoring the fresh puddle of blood on the floor.

"Yeah, thought now would be a good time to teach Icarus some stuff, Ghostbro." The boy explained. Aware that the spirit might be confused with his answer. "I'm thinking English, maybe reading and writing, even."

"Oh okay! I'd be happy to do what I can! I've wondered if English wasn't his first language. Icarus, what country are you from?"

Huh, Tommy was surprised at that. The young survivor honestly thought Ghostbur hadn't noticed the zombie's issues with speech. To hear the ghost assume Icarus was from another country and didn't know the language was honestly.. a little sad.

The spirit is literally incapable of seeing the undead for what they are. Sometimes Tommy forgets that.

'M not sure when I'll tell Ghostbur the whole truth.. I don't know how, but I have to eventually.'

Icarus, understandably, didn't answer his friend's question. The zombie tilted his head to the side and let out a small moan that sounded close to the spectre's name. Again, Tommy remembers how the undead man can sometimes behave so *human*.. his brother showing genuine fear and emotion during times of distress.

Why does he act so hollow sometimes?

Once again, Tommy wishes he could take a peek inside Wil's head.

...

To say Icarus's first home-schooling lesson was going badly.. would definitely be a lie.

In fact, it was going surprisingly well so far.

He had been happy to work with Ghostbur, and even seemed to make a bit of progress with his words. Though one half hour of learning can only do so much.

Hopefully it won't take weeks for him to start forming proper sentences.

"Okay, Icarus! Name this colour!" Ghostbur happily help up some of his blue, patiently waiting for the zombie to answer.

“B-B..lue..” Icarus mumbled. A tiny bit of blood leaked from his mouth as he said that. He poked Ghostbur’s blue, and it immediately started to darken and dissolve..

Yeah, Tommy still doesn’t have a clue as to what’s causing that. Having been told about the event from Ghostbur, it puzzled him. Just add it to the ever-growing list of things that don’t make sense to the boy. At least the cheerful ghost didn’t seem as bothered by it as before.

“Great job, Icarus! Now, what’s this called? Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll get it!” Ghostbur held up a toy car he had found somewhere in the attic. Tommy hadn’t gone up there yet. Honestly he forgot about the place. Perhaps he should check it out later if he remembers.

“M-Met..al.. w-whee..ls..!” Icarus said. A look of what Tommy believed was confidence on his bleeding face. Didn’t Ghostbur just tell him about cars? Well, he supposed Icarus isn’t entirely wrong.. cars are made of metal and have wheels. Still, the amount of certainty in the zombie was odd.

“Well, I was looking for car, but that answer is good too, Icarus!” The spirit said supportively. Clapping his hands in encouragement. While the ghost did believe English wasn’t Icarus’s first language, he also seemed to recognize that had some challenges. Perhaps in a better world, Ghostbur could’ve been a teacher? Or someone who worked with special needs individuals?

With his kindness and infinite patience, it’s actually kind of sweet watching him try to teach the zombie about colours, shapes, and other things. Of course, Icarus is definitely not a child, and while someone learning a new language might not have to learn things that a toddler should know, the boy does think starting with the basics would probably be best.

Icarus’s face held a small smile upon hearing that he did well. *“I-I.. s-sm..art..!”* He then looked over at Tommy, a spark of excitement in those black dripping eyes. *“T-To..mmy.. n-new.. w-wor..ds..”*

“I know, big man! You’re doing pogchamp, Icky. Keep it up!” The boy kept his tone lighthearted, but.. deep down he was feeling a little bit bad.

As much as Tommy tries to fight these thoughts, they’re hard to push back.

Tommy shouldn’t have to be doing this. Fuck, he should be going to school, hanging out with friends, messing with his family, and playing video games.

Not.. teaching a zombie how to be *human* again.

He shouldn’t have to be afraid that each day things will get exponentially worse.

Oh well.. the boy just has to keep reminding himself that complaining won’t change anything.

Maybe he should get started on teaching Icarus not to attack people. For Ghostbur’s sake, Tommy should probably do this part alone.

He also should've told Icarus not to bite Techno again.. but something times the boy that even mentioning his twin could cause him to snap.

That look on his face.. Tommy had never seen anyone look so scared before. If only the zombie could just tell him why.

Best to keep his brothers away from each other. It's not worth the risk.

"Thanks Ghostbro, really appreciate the help. I'll take it from here now, I need to teach Icky about ignoring steak filets." The young survivor tried to explain. Referring to when he told his ghostly brother that Icarus was '*sick*' and mistakenly believed Ranboo was meant for barbecuing.

"You're welcome, Tommy! I'll go talk to Techno then! I feel like he gets lonely in the game-room." The spectre got up, having been sitting on the floor with the zombie, and floated towards the stairs with a cheerful hum. "Don't forget that Ranboo isn't steak, okay Icarus? Bye bye!"

Then Ghostbur promptly left the basement. Icarus even gave him a little wave.

A little nervous now.. Tommy turns to look at the undead man. Icarus stared back, most-likely wondering what they were going to do next.

Taking a breath, trying to give himself some confidence. Tommy closed his eyes.

This won't be easy.

"Well, big man. Let's get the real lesson started."

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again if it wasn't good. If I find any problems later I'll try my best to fix them! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback. No pressure though! It just helps me with motivation! /genuine positive

“Trust no one.”

Chapter Summary

Quackity and Slimecicle find a camp, while Ranboo tries to help Tommy out with Icky.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 117 guys! Today we get to see what's going on with Quackity and Charlie again! I just want to remind though that I use a character guide to help me with writing things for the characters, and there's none on Charlie, so I'm really sorry again if he seems out-of-character or badly written! I hope you guys will enjoy this chapter despite any issues there may be! We also get to see how Ranboo is doing after that sleepwalking incident!

Also, I'm so so sorry for taking so long! I've been struggling with extreme writers block, and unfortunately this is last pre-written chapter I have written right now. If it's alright, maybe you guys could give me some ideas?

I'm also very tired right now so I'm sorry if there's a lot of mistakes. I'll try to fix them later. Also, I'm struggling for ideas right now, if anyone has any I'd appreciate suggestions in the comments! No worries if you don't though!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/sZtHdMTS>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

By the time the pair had stopped running. They were right outside the door to their safehouse. Just within the grasp of safety. They were so close.

Quackity had grown used to running since the apocalypse started. Yet his lungs still felt like they were dying from the pure amount of exertion. Charlie wasn't doing much better.

“W-We’ve still got company!” The brunette wrenched the door open for the other survivor to get inside. Once they both had entered, the duo frantically started barricading as fast as they could.

A small group had followed them. Originally there were more, but their clumsiness slowed the majority down. The stragglers that managed to keep running, however, were not so eager

to give up. Continuing to chase after them with loud shrieks of rage. Quackity could hear them rapidly approaching the door and beginning to scratch and bang against it.

“Slime, grab a hammer! I’ll get the nails!” It was just their luck that the safehouse they’d been residing in had prepared for such an emergency. Off in a battered old cupboard, were a box of nails. Near the door were some loose planks.

Grabbing the small box in a hurry, he almost threw them to his friend. Charlie immediately opened the box, and Quackity held up the boards so the other survivor could nail them to the door.

If Charlie had been in the mood, he probably would’ve said something along the lines of: “Nailed it!” Unfortunately now was absolutely not the time. Still deep into panic from what they’d witnessed, and from the corpses that chased them home. The pair were terrified, backing away from the entrance.

The undead on the other side continued to rage. They can hear the heads of the undead smacking against the wood. Eventually the door started to shake so violently, the pair ended up running upstairs.

Upon finding higher ground, the two survivors shoved whatever furniture they could find against the other door. They then quickly grabbed everything they could put in their bags as a crash came from below.

“¡*Mierda!* We need to get the fuck out of here, man! Go Charlie, go!” They planned for this, but god Quackity and Charlie hoped they wouldn’t have to use it.

The window. There’s a window they can escape from. It’s just low enough that they most likely won’t break any bones, but that thought still gives little comfort. A sprain or a twisted ankle would allow those flesh-eaters to get the jump on them before they’d get far.

It’s when the young men hear heavy thumps coming up the stairs that they threw fear to the wind.

“You first, pal!” Charlie allowed him to go ahead and basically gave him a push through the window. Once Quackity got to the ground safely, he gestured for the brunette to follow.

Slimecicle jumped next, and landed next to him. So far nothing seems sprained. Thank goodness for that, although they still have bigger problems. With another crash, the pair realized the undead had broken through the upstairs door. They needed to run as fast as they fucking can.

And so they did.

The two survivors kept moving, refusing to take the smallest of break as their bodies begged them to rest.

Even when they were sure that the flesh eaters were off their tail, they didn’t stop. By the time they collapsed the pair had found themselves in a small forested grove.

“A-Are.. you okay, Quackity?” Charlie asked, his voice coming out in heavy wheezes. Taking the moment of freedom to rest against a tree, while Quackity tried not to vomit. Neither of them were used to that much running. Of course the apocalypse has ways of keeping survivors fit, but the pair mostly went with stealth rather than fighting the undead head on.

“F-Fucking perfect.. thanks for asking, Slime..” Breathing heavily through battered lungs, Quackity answered sarcastically. What the hell had they both seen in that city? How are they even alive right now? “*Malditos zombis. hombre.*”

“Should.. probably check for bites, right?” Charlie suggested. That’s a good idea. They’d almost been swarmed a few times on the way back to the safehouse. Now, Quackity knows for sure that he wasn’t bitten or scratched, but Charlie doesn’t, and nor does Quackity know if his friend got away unscathed.

After taking a few minutes to drink some much deserved water. The duo began to check. It wasn’t fun having to roll up sleeves and pants in such cold weather, but luckily adrenaline made the negative temperature more bearable.

Thankfully, the pair didn’t appear to have any zombie-related injuries.

“So.. are we going to talk about what we fucking saw, man?” Having wanted to talk about their gruesome discovery since the moment they stumbled upon it, Quackity blurted the thought out.

“I.. I dunno. I’m still shaking like a *leaf*.” The brunette laughed nervously. “Uh, honestly, Quackity I have no clue what that was.. you saw that right? That *thing* was helping them?”

“I don’t know either, Slime. I’m just going to say this. We’re not going back to that city, simple. We’re going to stay as far away from that place as fucking possible.” Although he vehemently refuses to go back now, there’s a chance they’ll have to return for supplies in the future.

If they’re forced to wander into that damned city again, they’re sure as hell not going too deep. Not with killer plants and increasing amounts of horde activity.

“Well.. it’s a good thing I held onto my tent! It’s kind of for one person though, but I’m sure we can both make it work. *S’more* the merrier!” His friend said optimistically, but Alexis could tell that Charlie was still just as disturbed by that plant as he was.

...

As terrible as their supply-run had been, it had been a good idea to go. After Charlie set up his tent, the two got to work building a fire.

“Hey, Slime. Come look at this, man.” Quackity had noticed something while gathering branches near the tent. “Someone was here recently. Can’t tell how long for sure, but I found burnt tinder.”

“Huh, I guess that explains these. The brunette gave a silly grin as he held up two empty cream of potato cans. Neither of which they remembered carrying. “*Can* you believe that?”

Sure, he could believe it. The young man hadn’t seen another person other than Slimecicle in awhile. The man who was attacked by a fucked up vine doesn’t count.

Whether someone truly had been here recently or not, it doesn’t change the wariness he feels.

“Listen, Slime. Don’t forget what I told you. *Trust no one.*” He gestured to the scar through his left eye. Quackity had obtained it a month into the apocalypse, after coming across a seemingly friendly camp of survivors.

Initially they’d been kind. Welcoming him into their camp and insisting he stay for the night. Against his better judgement, the young man accepted. Turns out it was all a ploy to rob him. Taking advance of his lowered guard. For some reason, simply taking all his food and water wasn’t enough.

So they left a parting gift.

“I’m serious, Charlie. Don’t make the same mistake I did.” It had to be pure luck that he wasn’t murdered that night.

“I know, pal, but I’ll be fine! If anything happens I know you’ve got my back.” His friend patted his shoulder supportively. “Anyway, let’s get started on that fire!”

As Slimecicle began to flick out a lighter, Alexis wondered how the other survivor managed to make it this long. Charlie is a good soul, but he worries that the man’s happy-go-lucky outlook could get him killed.

Quackity doesn’t want to lose another friend.

It hurt enough when he lost *Schlatt*.

Ranboo honestly had no idea what he was doing outside in the snow. The boy could’ve frozen to death, been attacked by the undead, or stepped on a bear trap.

When he returned to the safety of his room, he put on some regular clothes. As comfortable as pyjamas are, he’d rather not wear them the whole day. His pet frog sat comfortably on the windowsill, taking in the scenery it seemed. Ranboo gave the little amphibian an affectionate pat before grabbing the mysteriously placed plate of fries on his dresser.

After eating his assumed lunch, Ranboo went downstairs to see what the rest of the house is up to. Hopefully nothing as crazy as sleepwalking in negative temperatures.

However when the amnesiac heard a crashing noise downstairs, he realized he might’ve jinxed something.

“ICKY! You can’t eat the fucking flash cards, it took me twenty minutes to make those!”

Tommy’s voice boomed from below. Ranboo was surprised, and understandably nervous.. recalling all the previous (*and very recent*) incidents regarding the zombie being in the house he knew that this could not end well.

However.. If Tommy is trying to teach Icarus not to hurt people, who else would be better to help with that? If he stopped seeing Ranboo as a meal, then surely he won’t hurt anyone else either.

Ranboo was nervous, but he stood behind the door. “Hey, uh. Tommy? Do you, um, need help?”

“Nope, everything’s just fucking peachy!” The survivor boy yells. It’s not long before he hears angry footfalls coming up the stairs.

Tommy emerged looking just as angry as Ranboo expected, judging by his tone.

“Can’t believe.. he- Icarus ate my fucking flash cards! What the fuck?!” Tommy was flabbergasted, and the amnesiac could understand why. Icarus ate cards? Those are nowhere near related to meat. If anything, wouldn’t it be more vegetarian since paper comes from plants?

Ranboo isn’t sure to be honest, though it probably doesn’t matter.

The blonde boy held up make-shift flash cards drawn with pencil crayon. Tearing and bite marks littered the poor papers. The pictures were.. of people. Generic people of course, not survivors, but still. Icarus could tell that the pictures were of humans?

“Should’ve fucking expected this, memory boy. It’s not the first time I caught Icky eating cards. I saw him eat one when Ghostbur was trying to teach him Go Fish, but I worked hard on this shit!” His friend said in exasperation. Running a hand over his face.

“I could, um. Help you make more? I know Icarus doesn’t uh, like me. At all, but I still like, want to help.” Ranboo has absolutely no idea if he’s good at art. It’s one of the many things that his amnesia made him forget.

“Ugh, I’ll take all the help I can get, big man. I knew teaching him not to eat people would be hell, but fuck. This is all I have to work with and shit.”

Suddenly a crashing noise is heard below.

“FUCK! Icky! What did I say about climbing the stairs?!” Tommy promptly ran back downstairs, closing the door behind him. A pang of sympathy hit Ranboo, as he could hear the survivor lecturing his zombified brother.

Tommy definitely needs some help.

Maybe making new cards will take some stress off him? Ghostbur probably has something he can use.

Ranboo turned around, heading back upstairs to see if the cheerful spirit was in his room. Best to ask first before simply taking things, but unless the ghost was invisible, his room was empty. Perhaps he was in the game room with his twin?

Proceeding to the game room, Ranboo made his way back down and knocked on the door. Making sure it was gentle in case the recovering occupant was asleep.

“*Come in!*” He heard a cheerful voice say from the other side.

The boy opened the door to find.. Ghostbur braiding his twin’s hair? Is that something twins do? To be honest maybe it’s better to focus on that rather than the very obvious missing arm that the warrior now has. *Don’t stare, don’t stare.*

“Hey, you’re that Ranboo guy, right? How’s the ‘*remembering*’ thing going?”

Did Ghostbur tell him about that?

“It’s, uh.. going fine, um, you feeling okay? Mr Technoblade?”

Even without the sympathy he feels for Techno being bitten by his own twin brother, talking to him was not easier. Ranboo kind of got the feeling that the young man wasn’t much for socializing either.

“Feelin’ fine I guess. Could be better. Did you need somethin’?” The pink-haired man asked with one brow raised. Ranboo was surprised at how nonchalant Techno could be. Though, that’s probably a good thing considering his injury.

“Yeah.. um, Ghostbur? Do you have any pencil crayons I can uh, borrow?”

“Of course! I think I left them upstairs with Friend! I’ll get them for you!” The spirit happily said, ceasing the braiding of his twin’s hair. Rather humorously, he floated through the ceiling rather than leaving and taking the stairs.

Sometimes he really wonders if all of this is just some bizarre dream. A world full of flesh-eating zombies, and a cheerful ghost that also somehow exists. The boy does have amnesia after all, it’s possible he hit his head too hard falling.

Ranboo shakes his head. The circumstances are crazy but he already accepted this insanity. He’s grateful to this odd family for letting him stay.

“Here you go! This pack has a lot of colours I think you might enjoy, Ranboo! I recommend the blue ones first!” Ghostbur floated back down, next to Techno. Handing a carton of pencil crayons to Ranboo. Unsurprisingly, the boy realized that nearly half of them were blue. He decided not to question it.

“Thanks. I’ll uh, give them back when I’m done, Ghostbur.” Hopefully the new survivor wouldn’t need them for long. He’d feel bad if he wore out his friend’s pencils. Getting more wouldn’t be easy.

“You’re welcome! Oh, and I’m very glad you’re feeling better Ranboo! You looked a little sick earlier when I brought your lunch. It was a bit worrying I’d say!”

Now, Ranboo was just about halfway through the door when he heard that. The ghost’s words caused him to pause.

...

Ghostbur wasn’t wrong. Ranboo was feeling sick earlier. A pounding headache, nausea, and chills. That’s why he went back to sleep.. something told the amnesiac that he’d feel better if he got some rest. Is that why he had been sleepwalking?

It’s strange.. he feels perfectly fine now. Even when the boy woke up in the snow he was relatively okay. His nausea subsided, the migraine had dissipated. Ranboo was cold, but that was understandable due to the temperature.

“Oh, um. Sorry I worried you, Ghostbur. Thanks for lunch, it was uh, good.” Ranboo awkwardly thanked the spirit. Earning an odd look from the warrior while Ghostbur simply smiled.

As the boy left to go bring pencil crayons for Tommy, he tried not to think too hard about the early morning incident.

Instead he’ll just make a note of it in his memory book later.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Quackity and Charlie’s part was really fun to write, and I can’t believe how close they are to meeting up with Tommy and the others! I hope you guys found Tommy’s impatience with Icky funny too. Icarus can and will eat things he shouldn’t lol! Anyway, I’ll try my best to push through this writers block so I can write more chapters! I really hope I can get some more writing done. I feel bad taking so long. Sorry if this one isn’t great though! I promise I’ll try to fix any problems I may find later! If you guys did enjoy this chapter, please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback! :D

A found Friend.

Chapter Summary

Icarus tries to learn, while Quackity finds someone he missed.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 118 guys! Sorry again for taking awhile! I'm glad it wasn't a month at least! I can't believe this story's second anniversary is on September 25th! I really got to write more chapters to make up for the small amount I posted this year. Sorry for the major writer's block. On the bright-side! I have a clear plan on what to do for these next few chapters! I will say this one is kind of short, but luckily something very exciting happens at the end! I really hope you guys will like it! :D

Also sorry again if I wrote Charlie bad! I did get some help from a friend with his dialogue, so hopefully that made it better!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/4ZHNQN96>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Learning things is fun.

Even if they're hard to understand.

Being out of the cold place was already doing wonders for the Other.

Icarus can't quite remember what was bothering him earlier. Too distracted by Ghostbur teaching him new words. Preoccupied with making his Tommy happy.

He's behaving. No evil Ranboos are being attacked. No Fast-Things being eaten. Icarus is being good, right? Tommy won't make him go back?

Not back in the lonely cold..

Tommy didn't seem happy when he chewed on the paper-things though. Icarus felt bad. He didn't mean to break them. Whatever they were. The pictures were nice, but they looked like food. Fast-Thing shaped. Tommy said not to hurt, but these ones aren't real. At least, he thinks they aren't real. Can't feel pain if they're paper-things.

Sometimes it just feels nice to chew on things anyway.

Still, his Familiar-Thing doesn't seem to appreciate chewing as much as Icarus does.

The boy had gone upstairs. Icarus could hear him talking to something. The voice is easily recognizable. It's the Ranboo.

Icarus tries to push the fear away.

'Tommy said no hurt Ranboo. No hurt Ranboo. Bad Ranboo, but no hurt..'

Beginning to feel anxious, the Other waited for the boy to come back. Trying to focus on his Tommy's voice. It was still comforting.. despite the anger earlier. The shouting.. pushing. Pain-

No, no. Icarus doesn't want to think about that. Please no. A hurt in his flesh.

Panicked watery breaths.

He doesn't like the way that feels.

Icarus lifts his shirt a bit. The hurt is covered. Just like the pain from the loud-stick.

Something tells him that's a good thing, even if the covering feels uncomfortable.

The Other hears heavy sounds again. Tommy is coming back down. His familiar-thing still looks unhappy, but he has new paper-things now. Icarus will try his best not to chew on them again.

"You better not fucking eat these, Big man." Tommy sighed, sitting back on the cold floor, and placing a few paper-things with strange squiggly lines in front of him.

"S-S..orry." Icarus mumbled apologetically, avoiding eye contact slightly. He's not sure what embarrassment is.. but that word seems to be floating in the back of his mind.

"It- It's fine. Really, I don't care, big man." His Familiar-Thing said, flipping the paper-things over so that they showed pictures. "Here, take a look at these, Icky."

Leaning forward, Icarus looked at the new objects. He carefully picked one up, he looked at the colours on it. It looked pretty.

"Alright. Here's what we're gonna do, Kay? You getting a good look at 'em?" The boy pointed to the paper-things on the floor and the one in his hand.

"Y-Y..es..?" The young man stared at the paper-things. There was an almost familiar shape on it. Oh. It looks like his Tommy a bit.

"Turn it around."

Icarus turned it around to see squiggles again. What are these?

...

This was too confusing. His Tommy seems to think that the squiggly lines mean something, but Icarus can't understand. They're just lines.

Icarus was being told to make certain noises when looking at the lines, and the pictures. It was like the boy thought there was a connection between the paper-things and mysterious squiggles.

Yet he can't see it. He has no idea what Tommy wants him to do.

"Be patient, big T. Be patient." Tommy held his head in his hands. Icarus got the feeling that he wasn't talking to the Other. Had he upset him again?

"T-Tom..my.. m-mad..?" He asked quietly, slightly worried.

"No, I'm not mad. I just.. fuck. I knew this wouldn't be easy an' shit, but I just. I really, really hoped.." His Familiar-Thing trailed off, shaking his head. "It doesn't matter. We need to keep trying."

"W-Why..? W..why w-want..?" Still confused, Icarus tried to ask why his Tommy wanted him to do.. whatever this was.

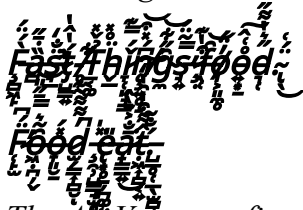
Tommy sighed again. This time he looked sad, which in turn, made Icarus sad too.

"I want to help you. Okay? I-" Tommy struggled to say. "Icky, you can't read. You can't write, and you eat people like they're a five-star fucking buffet! I don't want that for you, I don't.."

Icarus doesn't understand. What is reading? What is writing?

Tommy already told him not to eat 'people', but he still didn't know what 'people' were. If the paper-things with pictures of fast-things are these 'people' he speaks of.. that wouldn't make any sense.

Fast-Things are, and always will be food.



The All Voice confirms.

There's no reason to doubt their word.

A small fire crackled as the falling snow began to subside. Relief washed over Quackity. He sighs, breath visible in the cold.

It's hard to believe it's really daytime. The heavy clouds dulling the skies. Times like these, makes the survivor wonder if the world is growing as icy as the bodies that tread upon it.

"Snap, crackle, *POP!*" Charlie on the other hand, seemed to recover from the city's horrific sight pretty quickly. That, or the pun-lover was doing a great job of hiding his feelings.

When a delicious smell wafted in Alexis's direction, he abandoned his brooding, and was surprised to see his friend making.. popcorn of all things. It wasn't the usual way since they of course couldn't use a microwave, so Charlie was using a pan with a lid. The fire's gentle flames acting as a stove.

It's incredible how the scent of something so simple can distract from the most gruesome of sights.

But even popcorn can't keep the increasing dread from spilling through cracks.

Things are just getting worse.

Frequent horde nights, temperatures dropping lower and lower, groups of survivors repeatedly reported missing on the radio stations, now there's infected plants?

What's next, zombie bears? Infected pigeons?

And still, no sign of Wilbur..

Even Tommy has yet to be seen. God, he hopes the kid is okay if he's still alive somewhere. The boy was a menace, but Quackity loved him like a brother. It was hard picturing him in a world like this. Cold, desolate, and unforgiving.

-“Big Q, popcorn's done! Hope you don't find it too *corny*.” Charlie said, once again pulling the other survivor out of his thoughts.

At first due to his mood having been somewhat soured, he nearly said: ‘*Right now, popcorn is the least of my fucking concerns.*’

“Well, as long as it doesn't come to life and leave me to be eaten alive, I guess I'll have some.” Quackity replied instead. Not the most positive of responses.. but at least he wasn't outright rude to his only friend.

For once, Charlie's smile began to slightly slip. Beginning to laugh nervously. “Y-Yeah! Guess we should *corn*-gratulate ourselves for our luck, right?”

There was an uneasy moment of silence as Alexis stared into the flames.

“Hey.. I think I saw a farm close by on my map! I think this trail leads to it. We should check it out, and- and if there's trouble we can handle it! Couple of pro gamers like us, we could totally get there! Maybe even, I dunno, have a real place to stay for a while!” In an attempt to focus on the positive, Charlie perked up again. It was something that Quackity admired about the pun-lover. How someone can still be happy-go-lucky in a world this bleak.

Unfortunately, as a realist, Alexis wasn't so keen on his friend's suggestion.

"Slime, remember what I said? '*Trust no one*'? People came through here recently. Most-likely to that farm on the map." Being the voice of reason, Quackity had to insist.

"I-I know! Just thought it would be a good place to check out? I don't mind sharing a tent, Big Q, but you can't say it's in-*tent*-ional. Besides, Sticking to these woods is gonna be our death at this rate. The temperature is only going to get lower, and hey, even if the farm isn't better, it's gotta be, what, a thousand times more interesting? It could have some supplies and stuff too!" Charlie seemed to waver for a moment, but he renewed his resolve. Flashing a confident smile.

"Look, if you really want to check it out, be my guest. Hell, I'll come with you, but it doesn't mean I have to like it." Damn it. It's hard to say no to that face. His companion had the charm of a Labrador Retriever.

"Great! I'm positive this will be fine! Let's go, Quackity!"

...

Trudging through deep snow once again, the pair made a mental note to remember the path back to the campsite should they need to retreat. Alexis would have much preferred staying close to the warm embers of the fire, but it was too late to retract his agreement.

He pulled his beanie back over his ears. The frost having chilled them considerably. While keeping one's ears covered isn't the best idea in most zombie apocalypse scenarios, it wasn't too dangerous in the one that the world was unfortunately stuck in. With the painfully loud screams and shrieks that the undead make it would be very easy to hear them coming.

Charlie, as usual, was goofy and care-free. Talking about how much he wanted to go sledding after crossing a hill. To making bread puns as they passed through a field of snow-tipped wheat.

Once the sight of a farmhouse came into view, Charlie began shouting excitedly. Running towards it. "Ohhh, now we're talking! Look at this place, Q!"

"*j'Espérame!* Hold the fuck on!" Practically charging after his friend, Quackity nearly tumbled over.

"HOLY SHIT!" Charlie stopped running. The brunette staring at something as Alexis caught up.

"S-Slime, what the fuck, man?! What are you-" Frustrated and momentarily winded, the young man was ready to give his companion a lecture. The only thing stopping him from doing so was the incredible display right in front of his eyes.

"The house.. has power. It has goddamn POWER! WOOOO!" Charlie was bouncing off the ground, cheering before the more reserved survivor could stop him.

The house indeed had power. There were lights on inside. Glorious light. Electricity, god the pair hadn't been around electricity in what felt like years, and while Quackity wanted to celebrate with him he knew that power meant one thing.

“Shush! Slime, people are going to fucking hear you-”

And hear they did.

Time almost froze when the survivors saw a shadow move past the boarded window's heavy curtains. A twinge of panic flared up in Quackity when he heard the front door's knob begin to turn. The scar over his eye suddenly reminding him of past encounters.

Then time sped back to normal when a familiar head of golden hair peeked through. Someone he never thought he'd see again. Not the person that the young man originally came to this country to see, but close enough.

“B-Big.. *Big Q?*”

He's not a sensitive person. He'd been so fucking strong during this whole apocalypse bullshit but when Alexis sees the boy's tired yet wide blue eyes, he immediately drops his tough persona and rushes towards him. Giving him a tight hug.

“*T-Tommy?*”

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I can't believe Dap Duo is meeting up with the main group! I've been looking forward to this for months but I had no idea how to write it. I hope I'll do a good job for the next one! Also, sorry if there's any errors or anything in this chapter. I was so excited to post it I haven't had time to really look it over, I'll try my best to fix them if I find any! If you guys enjoyed this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

A Worthless Journey.

Chapter Summary

Quackity's fears come true, while Icarus sees something new.

Alternative summary: *Icarus comes out of the closet.* xD

Chapter Notes

Chapter 119 guys! I've been waiting for Quackity to see Zombie!Wilbur/Icarus for months but we're finally here! I'm nervous but very excited to write where this goes! I also want to say, that my good friend Fanta helped me with this chapter! Specifically with Quackity's reaction! He's a very talented writer, and I'm so grateful that he helped with this! I kind of speed-wrote this after the new Sorry boys video came out, so sorry if it looks rushed!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/4ZHNQN96>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity couldn't believe it. The boy he was holding, hugging him back and shaking. It's really Tommy. From their time apart Tommy had grown taller. His hair was longer and unkempt, his blue eyes were weary, as if the kid had seen the end hundreds of times. Tommy even had his green bandana still wrapped around his neck. Behind the recent stitches and discolouration, he could recognize that fabric anywhere.

"I.. I thought I'd never fucking- god. B-Big Q!"

The hug he was giving wasn't nearly as tight as the one he'd been receiving. Through all the death, through all the horrors Quackity had seen.. finally, he found someone that he truly called a friend.

It seems Tommy was thinking the same thing.

"W-Where did you- how did you- Is this real? This isn't an illusion or some shit?" Tommy let go of him, but appeared to hesitate for a moment. Alexis wasn't judging, he would've done the same.

“It’s real, buddy. And as much as I’d love to keep hugging you, I think we should go inside, yeah?” The survivor cracked a wide grin. Filled with a hope that he thought was nearly extinguished.

“O-Of course! Come in, please!” The joy in his eyes shined like sunlight reflecting off water. The boy opened the door fully, allowing him and a quiet, but clearly happy Charlie inside.

He found Tommy. The ridiculous, chaotic child who made the young man laugh so hard that his stomach would hurt sometimes. Someone he was happy to call a friend. A person in this forsaken world that he can trust.

And if.. if Tommy is alive, then what about Wilbur?

...

Upon entering, and being seated onto the coziest sofa ever invented. Tommy (*after a swift yet humorous introduction by Charlie*) eagerly waited to hear everything the two other survivors had to say.

“Well, after watching this lunatic kill a zombie with a fucking clock, we’ve been partners ever since.” Quackity recalled his first meeting with Charlie gladly. Due to that nasty bout of flu he was almost sure he hallucinated the pun-lover’s weapon that day. However, he was quite shockingly proven wrong.

“You could say I had some great *timing!*” Charlie laughed. Earning a groan from Tommy. Though, it was pretty obvious from the look on his face that the kid enjoyed it.

“Hell, big man. I haven’t been in the city for fucking.. two months. You were there all that time?”

“Exactly, and believe me, Tommy. I wouldn’t recommend it. With the raiders and the fucking zombies all over the place, the whole area is a death trap.”

“Don’t forget about the plants, Q! That was something I’d pay to never see again!”

“Plants?”

“Oh shit, yeah. You’re not going to believe this, Tommy, but listen to this.” Quackity proceeded to tell the boy everything about the horrific encounter.

At first, Tommy didn’t really believe it. Laughing it off, and claiming their accounts were bullshit. Although as the story went on, the more disturbed the young survivor looked.

“F-Fucking.. infected plants? They’ve got plants helping them now? That can’t be possible..” Expectedly, the blonde boy was quiet for a moment. Seemingly thinking this over. A mixed expression of concern, fear, and intrigue on his face.

Understandably the topic was quickly changed.

“Hey, uh.. I meant to ask, but why’d you come here anyway, Big Q? I thought you’d be back in Mexico or some shit.” Tommy inquired with one brow raised in bewilderment.

“Yeah.. about that. Well. I actually came the day the apocalypse hit. Great fucking coincidence, right? But I.. I came to see Wil.” Quackity paused for a moment, honestly afraid to ask the question he’d been dying to know for a year.

“Is.. is he here?”

As soon as the young man dropped the name of his closest friend, Tommy went pale. His widened blue eyes darted from the floor to a nearby door. The boy’s mannerisms became jumpy, anxious. However, Quackity didn’t catch that. Simply focusing on his grim face.

“Big Q.. I-”

The kid’s expression was enough of an answer. Tommy didn’t need to continue.

Alexis’s face went blank, as he felt nothing for a moment. Silently he excused himself. Getting up from the softness of the sofa. Earning concerned words from Charlie and Tommy who probably wanted him to stay.

A walk in the woods is what he needs. Maybe if he stays out long enough he’ll freeze to death. He should’ve expected this. Of course Wilbur hadn’t made it. The fact that Tommy was alive was incredible luck in itself, there’s no way the universe would be so generous to spare both of them.

Before the survivor could go anywhere, he felt a shaking hand grab his.

“D-Don’t leave, big man.. You only just got here.” A trembling voice begged him to stay. But he felt too hollow to listen.

“Let go of my fucking hand!” Emotions that were threatening to spill escaped for a moment as he wrenched his hand away. Guilt hit him just as fast. This is Wilbur’s little brother. What Tommy is going through has to be much worse. “I’m.. I’m sorry Tommy.”-

“I-If you really want to see him.. he’s.. in the basement. I’ll show you, Big Q. Just don’t leave..”

...

Despite the frigid air, and the gentle warmth of the farmhouse, a bead of sweat ran down Alexis’s face. It didn’t take a genius to know something was terribly wrong. Tommy’s tone, expression, and whole demeanour took a turn upon hearing Wilbur’s name. Quackity was already scrambling to think of what he’d find in the basement.

Would he find the man he wished to see as a corpse? Perhaps stricken by illness and on his deathbed? Would the survivor find Wil alive and physically healthy, but raving mad?

Or would he find something *worse*?

Tommy carefully stepped down the stairs first. His footsteps creaking the wood, Alexis could tell he was holding his breath.

There was a rustling noise somewhere below. The sound of fingers rummaging through papers. Then the sound of a door closing. For a moment a spark of hope lit up in his heart. Wilbur was always reading, writing, doing something involving the written word. It was one of the things Quackity.. liked about him.

Underneath his old carefree self. Alexis had dreams of becoming a lawyer. Wilbur was someone that he could connect with on an intellectual level, and he was always grateful for that.

However, when the pair reached the bottom of the staircase. The hardened survivor didn't see a familiar face nestled in a corner with a book, or in front of sprawled out papers with a look of deep thought.

He.. didn't see anyone.

"Buddy, I thought you said Wil was down here." Quackity looked back at the boy with a quizzical face. Even Tommy looked puzzled. Still anxious and jittery, but confused nonetheless.

"He's.. supposed to be. Fuck. Where'd he go?" Tommy began to look around, becoming more frustrated than concerned now.

It was then that the two survivors heard a raspy gasp from within what appeared to be some sort of metal closet. Before Quackity could ask what the fuck was going on the doors opened. Out fell a tall figure.

The impact caused a bit of dust to spread in the air, and due to the fallen shape's stillness, Quackity almost thought it was some sort of.. life-sized doll. Then as he peered closer, he realized that this wasn't any sort of mannequin.

Dirty brown curls, a stained sweater with clear tearing on the back. Just barely covering soaked bandages. The visible skin of their hand was chalk-white. Finger nails darkened and claw-like. Blackened veins spreading up to the knuckles.

Instinctively Quackity unsheathed his hunting knife, and Tommy immediately pulled him away.

"B-Big Q! No!"-

The figure who'd been lying face first on the old concrete, shot their head up at the sound of the blade, empty voids stared into fearful eyes when Alexis felt his fingers slip. The knife dropping to the ground and out of reach.

He took a step back.

"No. No, no, no, *no*.."

That face.

The way those curls used to slightly cover one eye and bounce back away when he turned. That playful grin that made the young man feel spellbound. And those eyes. Those warm chocolate eyes that reminded him of the cinnamon in his family's kitchen.

The figure staring back at him was tarnished. Damaged, and broken by something inhuman. An otherworldly concoction that should not exist.

The man he... *Dared to love, was gone.* The man that laid on the floor was not... He wasn't Wilbur. He wasn't. His Wilbur was warm, full of life, and always had his nose in a damn book. This wasn't his bookworm, his storywriter and intelligent eye.

This was a fucking zombie.

Icarus was alone again. Looking at the squiggles and pictures. His Tommy said they mean things, but how? All he sees is nothing-lines. He likes the pictures though. The colours are nice, and the Other quickly realized he can make his own colours if holds a small-stick.

He tried to make an image using the sticks. Drawing, a distant word calls to him. Drawing.. he's drawing. Icarus tries to draw himself. His Familiar-Thing, and Ghostbur.

Maybe a tiny Evil-Ranboo too.. but only because his Tommy might ask him to include the food.

While he drew, Icarus hummed. It was out of tune, and pretty unrecognizable, but he didn't know or care too much about it. With each finished drawing he signed it with inside-stuff. To let Others and Fast-Things know he made it.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted that weird thing that the Ranboo was inside before. Being the curious Other that he was, Icky dropped the small-sticks and stumbled over to it. Trying not to think of the.. loud-stick that gave him the bad-pain last time he saw the tall box.

Circle shapes are on the moving-walls. The things Fast-Things use to keep his kin out. He's still figuring those out. Sometimes they move, and other times they don't.

Tiny movement was felt in his hair. Bendy-Twig reminded him of the time that it helped make an unmoving circle-shape move again. Bendy-Twig hasn't done it since.

Icarus figures it's a very shy little Other.

Placing a hand on the shape, he thinks hard about how to make it move. Why won't the moving-wall open?

With a frustrated growl he pulls on it. Then somehow, it opened. The metal of it caught his fingers a little, it hurt! He growls again.

He hates bad-pain.

The Other senses a faint nod of approval. Even All Voice agrees. Bad-Pain is bad.

Icarus steps inside. It's dark. Suddenly he wants to leave. He bumps into something. Bad-pain again, in his head this time. Moving-walls close. Oh no. Trapped. Scared.

There's light through a crack, which distracts him for a moment. Shiny. Shiny-Thing. Others love shiny. When he tries to touch it, it moves over his hand. Can't catch it.

There's voices. Who's there? Tommy's voice. Tommy will get him out. There's another voice though.. The Evil-Ranboo? No. Doesn't sound like it. Icarus tries to smell. It's harder in this tall box.

Movement, trying to escape. The moving-walls are opening! But he's falling. Hard ground. That's okay. Tommy is back. Icarus even got out of the strange thing by himself.

There was another sound. His Familiar-Thing is yelling. Something is wrong. Something is-

...

A Fast-Thing.

Fast-Thing face.

Different Fast-Thing in house. Instinct says kill, eat, but Tommy said no. Icarus won't go back to the shed..

Icarus wants to- wants to..

...

Pretty..

What is this?

He can't look away. It's..

A Pretty-Thing.

But what's a Pretty-Thing?

Is it like a shiny thing?

Can he keep it? Hold it?

Tommy won't take it away, right? It would make him sad if that happened, even though he's still not sure what this is.

He's never seen a pretty-thing before.

*There's a feeling. A good feeling. **Happy.***

Good. So good.

Smile.. Smiling is hard for his kind, but he tries. Icarus tries his best.

It backs away, but he tries to reach for it.

Sad now.

Please don't go away.

Did the Other do something wrong?

No, no.. he wants to keep it. Come back.

The Pretty-Thing yells and screams, it runs. Icarus can't seem to think of why. All he can do is reach out helplessly.

His Tommy goes after it.

"P-Pretty.. Th..ing.."

Stay.

Please stay..

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it isn't good, especially the beginning dialogue. I tried my best but I really struggled. I'll try my best to fix any problems I may later if I see any! If you guys did like this chapter, please leave a comment as I'd really appreciate some feedback! :D

Also, I want to clear things up for the future. Icarus having a crush on Quackity was originally a joke, but it was just so funny I had to make it canon. Don't worry, it's a very innocent crush! Nothing weird at all lol. Icky just thinks he's pretty and wants to hold his hand, and give him flowers. Quackity isn't interested lol. (However the reason Icky likes him is because Wilbur liked him. So I guess some slight past TNTDuo xD)

A Piece of Life.

Chapter Summary

Quackity doesn't know how to cope with his recent discovery.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 120 guys! Sorry this one took a few days, but I'm glad it hasn't been a week! Today we're continuing off of last chapter. Quackity seems to be having a hard time, let's hope it gets better for him lol! Also, my good friend Fanta helped me with this again! He helped with the grammar and punctuation, and some other things! I think it's called Beta-Reading? I think that's basically what he did! He's incredibly talented at writing! So here's a shoutout! :D

Also, I hope the part with Techno wasn't insensitive.. I can delete that part if it's a problem! I just have a feeling that he wouldn't want to mope around all day. I don't know.. I still miss the real Techno so much.

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/gZam8BCZ>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This couldn't be real. It couldn't be.

Alexis ran up the stairs, into the living room and out the front door. The sound of Tommy screaming for him to come back, along with Charlie's worried shouts were drowned out by his own heartbeat.

The survivor only stopped running once he slammed into a fence. So blinded by furious tears that he couldn't see the post sticking out of the ground, knocking him backwards into the snow.

Head now spinning, Quackity rolls over to his side. Whether his lunch from earlier simply wasn't agreeing with him, or the weight of his emotions were too much to handle, Alexis was overcome with a sudden nausea.

When he tries to force himself back up, he instead doubles over and vomits. It was all just too much for him to take.

The face from the basement keeps flashing in his mind as if to cruelly taunt him. When he last saw Wilbur's face it was healthy and vibrant. Alive.

Not.. dripping with blood and so sickly he almost... Almost didn't recognize him. He stumbles to the side, sitting in snow beside his own fucking puke. Quiet sobs heave from his chest as he hugs his knees.

How did everything go so wrong? Quackity thought he may have repressed the day of the outbreak, because that event is just so fogged up in his brain. One moment, he was texting Wilbur, acting like he wasn't even there so he could surprise him. The texts were happy, just the two of them goofing off. Maybe the messages could have gotten a little.. flirty, even if jokingly.

Now the survivor is crying in a heap of snow. Almost wishing he could sink into it and disappear forever. He barely felt the cold water seeping into his clothes through how hard he was sobbing.

He had lost Schlatt in the city, and now he'd lost Wilbur out here. Why'd he keep losing people?

He hears snow crunching nearby, but he doesn't move. Alexis wasn't able to stave off the unbearable feeling of loss. Grief is the only thing coursing through him now, and it makes him wish he could melt along with the snow on his back.

"B-Big Q? Hey?" Tommy's voice breaks the silence, ringing in his ears.

"What Tommy?" He responds coldly, like the biting air around them.

"Please come inside...? Please?" The boy asks.

"Quackity, you can't stay out here." For the one of the first times, Quackity hears Charlie speak seriously and solemnly.

He looks up through his tears, pain in his eyes. "I want to freeze, Charlie. He's gone. Wil's gone."

"Quackity? Big Q? Look at me, man.. please." Tommy placed a hand on the weeping survivor's shoulder. Quackity felt the urge to smack it away again.. but he couldn't bring himself to. There was no strength left in him.

"J-Just go away.." Quackity muttered weakly, yet when his two friends began to hoist him up, he didn't protest.

"Not a chance, man." Charlie shook his head. Determined to get the heartbroken man out of the cold. Taking his right-arm while Tommy grabbed the left. "We're a team."

"Big man.. I know it's hard. Trust me, I was alone for two fucking months.. I don't know how I managed to keep going. Maybe it was spite or some shit?" Tommy gently spoke, his voice quiet, but clear as the three of them travelled through the frost.

...

Soon Quackity found himself back inside, this time with a blanket wrapped around him and a cup of water in his hands. He was sitting in front of a warm fireplace.

Tears continue to stream down his face as he watches the flames dance.

There were voices behind him, hushed and distressed. Some were familiar, while one was unrecognizable. Alexis probably should've asked earlier if Tommy had company, but at the moment he doesn't care.

Nothing matters.

"An' I thought I didn't take it well. Gotta say. This is not lookin' too good. Wasn't expecting to see this after gettin' out of bed. SMH." Someone says in a deep, monotone voice. An apathetic air surrounding it.

"Aren't you upset that, uh.. Tommy brought him back inside? Like, um.. I mean, y'know?" The voice he doesn't recognize asks. Honestly, Alexis isn't really listening, he just keeps staring at the fire.

"I.. uh. Bruh. Look, I just kinda want to retire from all this zombie stuff." The first replies. *"Could be the painkillers talkin' though. Yeah. Painkillers or somethin."*

"Hey, not to interrupt or anything, but I need a hand grabbing some of our things outside. Can anybody be a gamer and help?" Charlie spoke up, joining in on whatever pointless conversation was going on in the background.

"I would, but I only got one, so.."

"OH YOU GOTTEM- Oh, Uh.. sorry man." The pun-lover apologizes, but for what, Quackity has no clue, nor did he really care.

He then hears footsteps enter the room.

"Alright gang.. I just had a talk with Ghostbro. He knows what's going on, sort of.. we'll cross that fucking bridge when we get to it. For now let's- wait. Tech, why aren't you in bed?" Tommy was talking now, having come back to the living room.

"Heh? I'm not in bed? Weird. I didn't notice." A sarcastic, yet slightly amused tone answered the boy.

"Techno. Bed. NOW, big man." Tommy demands rather seriously.

Kind of similar to an angry parent. If Quackity wasn't so upset, he'd probably laugh at this.

"Bruh, lame. Lose one limb, and suddenly I'm grounded." More footsteps were heard, until abruptly stopping. *"Hey, uh.. listen, take it easy with Quackity, alright? Keep an eye on him. Don't let him make the same sorta mistake I did, Theseus."*

Hearing his name being mentioned like he wasn't even there irked the young man, yet he didn't have the strength to lash out.

"Hey.. Big Q, talk to me." Once again there's a hand on Alexis's shoulder, Tommy's, judging by the voice.

"There's nothing to fucking talk about." He grumbled. "Wil's dead.. he's a goddamn zombie, and nothing's gonna bring him back."

Speaking of the devil; there was a loud thumping from below, followed by a crash. Tommy winced, but otherwise stayed at Q's side. The heartbroken survivor could easily imagine what was going on down there. A bloodied, broken form dragging itself up the stairs one step at a time. Wanting to be let out, only for the beast to lose its footing.

"Listen to me, big man.. I know it's impossible to believe but, Wilby... There's a piece of him still in there, I know it. He's still there, Big Q." Tommy says, taking a deep breath.

"Everyone fucking says that, Tommy.." Bitterly, the survivor mumbles.

There's always someone who thinks a loved-one is still there, but time and time again people pay the price for it. Quackity simply hoped none of his friends would be that naive. Guess he thought wrong.

"King, I wouldn't lie to you." Hands gently turn Alexis around, and while he didn't want to look at the boy, he still managed to make eye-contact.

Tommy's expression was... sincere.

"Wil.. remembers my name."

Tears still fresh on his face, Quackity follows behind Tommy as the pair descend the staircase.

There is a silent determination coming from the boy, nerves steeled. The way he walked ahead of Alexis, gave him the feeling that Tommy was trying to protect him.

Inside he felt pathetic, he's not supposed to be this fucking weak. The man doesn't need a kid to keep him safe. Yet at the same time, he wishes that Tommy and Charlie left him to waste away in the snow.

As the wood creaks with their steps, Tommy whispers. Quietly explaining why Wil- the zombie was here, that it could attack if they're not careful, but Quackity is only half-listening.

"He.. uh, doesn't like to be called Wilbur. I-It's a long story.. just let me get his attention first, Big Q." Tommy explains, and the heartbroken survivor simply nods. *"I'll go on ahead."*

Sure enough, a few moments later, there's the familiar and gut-wrenching sound of watery breathing. Clumsy, awkward footsteps as a figure lumbers around nearby.

Quackity can hear Tommy's voice... Talking to that, thing. While a piece of him wonders how the child could speak to a flesh-eating corpse without immediately being bitten, he's too broken to question it.

Perhaps Tommy is damaged too, in some way. Considering the young survivor believes his dead brother can remember, even say his name.

The undead are incapable of recognizing loved ones.

But Alexis has to hear it to believe it. That's why he let Tommy bring him back down, however pointless it may be.

"Alright... You can come out now, 'kay?" When the boy comes back into view, a nervous expression is on his face.

Quackity let himself be led back to the room he saw him- *it*, in. And there, sitting in a corner of the basement; a messy-haired brunette, its bleeding eyes looking up to meet his own.

Oh, Wilbur...

A new wave of despair washes over him. That face... It truly is the man he longs to see. The soft shape of his eyes, the slight tilt of his head as if deep in thought. Even with the infection so evident in his body, Alexis could see traces of the person the zombie once was.

"I-It um, it's kinda hard to believe an' shit, isn't it? I've been trying to teach him not to bite, and I'll be honest, Big Q. There've been some.. incidents, b-but see? He's not doing anything!.." Again Tommy speaks, and Quackity still isn't listening. *"Also, he likes to be called Icarus, or Icky.. it's a long fucking story-"*

He's too focused on Wilbur. The innocent look on his pale face, it's what the undead are well known for. The unassuming nature they seem to have, before of course becoming unreasonably violent. Take away the solid black eyes, the dark veins and blood; They'd look nearly identical to normal people. From the back or from a distance, you really can't tell the difference.

Somehow, Tommy appears to be telling the truth... Wil hasn't made any moves, not even a growl. It unsettled Alexis more than it comforted him. These things either attack with an eerie calmness or with extreme rage, and so far, this corpse is doing neither.

"W-Wil..?" Quackity had to ask.

Would the bleeding figure in front of him recognize his own name? Could it truly be him?

The barest trace of a frown appears on the zombie's face. It was almost completely unnoticeable and only there for a moment, but the survivor managed to catch it.

"Q.." A glob of black liquid dribbled from his lips.

A letter.

A single letter, that meant so much for him to hear.

Alexis turns his head to look at Tommy, wanting confirmation that what he just heard is real.

The boy's eyes were wide, a mix of shock, confusion, and even hope on his face. "Did he just-?"

With that reply, Quackity knew it wasn't his imagination.

Tommy wasn't delusional.

There's still *some* life, in the person he lost.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I worked really hard on it, but I'm sorry if it wasn't good! I'm still trying to figure out Quackity and Charlie's personality! I'll try my best to fix anything if I find problems later! I can't really think of much to say in the end notes for this chapter, but I hope you guys liked it! If you guys did enjoy it, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! It's very important!

Pretty-Things and Tears.

Chapter Summary

Icarus remembers another name, while Tommy tries to keep Quackity from completely snapping.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 121 guys! Sorry this one took a little longer! I was kind of worried it wasn't good so I was nervous to post it. Today we have another Tommy, Quackity, and Icarus chapter! It's pretty angsty, so I really hope you guys will like it! Unfortunately due to something I've got planned I don't think I'll be able to actually show Quackity meeting Ghostbur.. but I promise I'll make it up sometime! Maybe in the form of a short story! Also my good friend Fanta helped me with the dialogue towards the end, which I greatly appreciate! He's so awesome!

Also! I have some important news that I'm going to be sharing soon. I'm a little worried about it, but at the same time I'm excited? I hope you guys will be excited too! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/mTVjUpze>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Pretty-Thing is gone and so is his Tommy. While that saddens the Other, he can't help but still feel.. good.

"P-Pre..tty..?" The smile still hasn't left his face. Icarus touches it with his hand. Accidentally wiping more inside-stuff around. The corners are lifted, he's happy. If the young man knew more words, he most-likely would've described himself as: Joyous or Elated.

At the same time however. Icarus is confused.. What is this feeling? It's not a bad feeling, he likes it for sure, but what is it? The Other has never felt anything like this before.

It slightly reminds him of the nice feeling he gets from making his Familiar-Thing happy, but it's not the same.

Could it be that.. the Pretty-Thing is also a Familiar-Thing? Could Others have more than one?

Icarus isn't sure.

Something inside says it may be possible.

Wait..

Hasn't he wondered about that before?

Yes, there was the-

Pink. A sense of fear. The taste of flesh. Bad feelings.

Then it was gone. Forgotten.

His head feels dizzy.

Some pain again.

Remembering things is hard.

He'll think about the Pretty-Thing instead. Icarus wants to see it again.

The Other remembers seeing green-ground things outside. Hard to spot through the cold-white, but they were there. He liked them. Maybe Icarus could give them to it?

Yes. That sounds like a good idea.

With a tiny grin and a few wobbles, Icarus shambles towards the stairs. Stairs are hard, but he wants to find the ground-things. Outside. Need to go outside.

Must make Pretty-Thing smile.

One step up. Another step. More, more.

Slip-

Pain. Loud noises, crashing to hard ground.

Icarus simply groans in disappointment. Stairs don't like Others very much. Unfair. He can't grab the ground-things for the Pretty-Thing if he can't go outside.

There's an encouraging tug in his curls. Bendy-Twig thinks he can do it.

The young man fumbles for a moment. Getting back to his feet. Then he tries again.

One step-

Moving-Wall opens.

Uh oh.

Moving away from stairs. Tommy said no climbing. Icarus doesn't want to get in trouble.

Tommy and the Pretty-Thing are coming down.

New feeling. What is this? Words, where are words? Staring at ground. Retreating to a corner.

He hears Tommy speaking to the Pretty-Thing as they come down. Strange feelings.

Shyness.

Something tells him he's.. shy.

But what is shyness?

Tommy came down first, which made him feel calmer.

"T-Tomm..y..?" Icarus wanted to ask what was going on. Why is there a pretty-thing here? What is shyness?

"Icky, there's someone here who wants to meet you. He uh.. look, zombro. I know you're not Wilbur.. but- "Fuck, how do I explain this?"

Icarus waited for his Tommy to continue, but he didn't like where this was going. He's not Wilbur. There is no Wilbur.

"I.. n-not.. w-" He tries to remind his precious familiar-thing, but the boy cut him off.

"I know, just.. Please, let him call you that. For a bit, okay? Not too long. I'm sorry, big man. I know you don't like it, but I don't want him to leave.." Blue eyes wide, Tommy pleads.

He wants to say no.

But he can't.

"O-Ok..ay.."

Warm arms wrap around. Safety. Tommy's hugging him. Icarus feels a little better, but the sad confusion still remains. He watches his Familiar-Thing move out of sight, and then-

Pretty.

Pretty-Thing is back.

There's no ground-things to give it. What should he do?

The Pretty-Thing looks at him, and that strange feeling hits the other again with full-force. For a moment Icarus looks away. Too.. pretty. What is this? Why does he feel the shyness?

"W-Wil..?"

Oh.

Icarus sees Tommy standing nearby, and the boy gives him what the Other believes is a sad look. He's not sure though. Tommy's face and movements can be hard to read.

When the young man looks back at the Pretty-Thing, gazing into his eyes. Icarus feels something calling out from somewhere distant.. A name.

Qua-ck-ity?

Too hard to say out loud.. but he knows another name.

A name. Another name!

Is it the Pretty-Thing's name?

“Q..?”

“Q..?”

The slowly growing puddle of blood was staining the concrete. Icarus sat in his corner, averting his gaze uncomfortably as Quackity stood in a stunned silence.

Tension was so thick in the room that it could be cut with a knife.

“B-Big Q..? Are you okay?” A troubled voice came from Tommy. He considered gently shaking the survivor to get some sort of reaction, but thought better of it.

His worries dramatically increased when a broken sob came from his friend.

“*Lo siento mi hermoso..*” Quackity sunk to his knees, covering his face with his hands. Body shaking as tears mixed with the blood on the floor.

Tommy was a little taken aback. His Spanish wasn't good, he only knew a few words. Though, judging by the heartbroken survivor's clear expression of grief, the boy suspected whatever Quackity had said was private and personal.

He always suspected there was something going on between Wil and Q. Feelings that didn't get a chance to be revealed.

“Quackity.. let's go back upstairs, come on.” The boy placed a hand on his friend's shoulder, trying to ease him out of the room. While Icarus was thankfully not hostile (*the fact that he seemed to remember Quackity was insane in itself*) Tommy didn't want to risk leaving him here with the zombie.

“No.. just fucking leave me here..” Quackity refused in a low voice. His form sinking further to the ground.

“Q-Q..?” Icarus didn’t seem to understand what was going on. The zombie’s dark eyes darted between the sobbing mess in front of him, and back to Tommy questioningly. He then proceeded to poke the crying man.

It seemed innocent enough, but Tommy took that as a cue to leave. So against Quackity’s wishes, he tried to force him to his feet. Though he was met with immediate resistance. Tensions escalated rapidly. Tommy tried to drag the man out of the basement.

Letting go of his friend upon arriving upstairs, Tommy was suddenly punched square in the jaw. He fell back from the force, shooting a terrified look at Quackity and moving a trembling hand to his face.

“Shit! Big Q, I-I’m tryin-trying to help you!” Having accidentally bit his lip from the attack, red beaded down his chin as tears formed in his eyes. He... He never expected Q to punch him.

“Help me? *Help me?! OVER A YEAR, TOMMY! A FUCKING YEAR I SPENT LOOKING FOR YOU BOTH!*” Quackity shouted through tears. He opened his mouth to yell again only to be disrupted by crashing from below. Stopping to stare at the door he was dragged out of with fear and heartache.

The commotion must be worrying Icarus.

“T-Tommy, everything I- fuck! I was FINALLY ready.. I was going to tell him.. then the fucking end of the world happened and- DAMN IT! All of it, all of it was for nothing!” The man sank to the ground again, this time banging his fists against the wooden floorboards.

Another loud noise is heard from downstairs. Followed by an inhuman scream.

“I-If you think that *thing* is Wilbur, then you’ve lost your fucking mind! I can’t believe- you should’ve put a knife through his fucking skull! Keeping him here like this is an insult!” Quackity continued to sob.

“An insult- AN INSULT?! How dare you, bitch! You don’t know the shit I’ve been through! You don’t get to decide that! I *LOST MY BROTHER!*” Tommy grabbed his old friend’s shoulders almost angrily, forcing himself and the other to make eye-contact.

The suddenness taking Quackity by surprise, and snapping him out of his spiral. Tommy had to shove down his own roiling emotions to try and help his friend, and it was painful for him to even try. He knew he had to, though.

“Now, SHUT UP, and I-listen to me. King. It wasn’t for nothing!” Tommy tried to argue, his voice shaking with anxiety. “I’m still here.. an’ Wil, he’s still here. I know he looks like a fucking mess, but it’s him, I s-swear to prime!”

The man stared at him with wide eyes.

“He.. he knows both our names, big man. Not just that, but he saved my life, twice.. Wil’s not perfect.. he *bit* Techno for fuck’s sake. I had to- I *had* to..” Tommy didn’t want to think about

the amateur amputation he had to perform. He began to sink to his knees, with tears blurring his vision. Begging the man to listen. "Please.. he's trying. He's confused, but he's trying so fucking hard!"

"Please don't leave..! I-I'm sorry for dragging you up, k-king, I-" Tommy's turn to sob came next, but when a pair of arms wrapped around him, he nearly flinched. "I-I des-deserved that p-punch, bu-but I'm so fucking sorry,"

"I-I'm so sorry.." Quackity muttered as he pulled the boy close, letting out a shaky breath. "I'm so sorry, buddy.."

Guilt seeped into every pore as he realized the weight of his actions. Punching Tommy was... So out of line, and now the kid was even more fragile and likely terrified of him. He wiped away his own tears with his shoulder, only wanting to keep his arms around the boy.

"I'm sorry too.." The young survivor hugged him back. He didn't want to let go. Terrified that if he did, Quackity would disappear before his very eyes. Hit him again? He didn't know... He was scared.

"Don't... Don't be sorry Tommy, okay? Hitting you was-wasn't okay, I'm sorry," Alexis replied, holding the boy through his shudders.

The two kind of held each other for a while. Silence broken by occasional tearful breaths and sobs. The pair could hear the sound of a door creaking open every now and then. Ranboo or Techno most likely checking on them while simultaneously trying to give them space.

"I-I.. I know you loved Wilby.. and I wasn't sure- I'm *STILL* not sure if you're ready, but there's someone here who'd love to see you, king."

"Y-Yeah..? Who?" The survivor wiped his eyes with his sleeve.

A faint smile appeared on the boy's red face.

"You'll.. you'll know him when you see him."

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't good though! I promise I'll try my best to fix any problems there might be if I find any! I don't really have much to say for these end notes, but I hope you guys liked this chapter! If you did, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! It really helps me with motivation!

The next time I post, it'll be an important announcement! :D

Author's Update: Time-Skip!

Chapter Summary

Not a chapter! Just an announcement for an idea!

Hey guys! I wanted to let you guys know that there's a month time-skip for the next chapter. I hope that's alright! I know some of you wanted to see Quackity meeting Ghostbur, and I promise I'll write a future short-story about that! I'm just feeling kind of overwhelmed. Because it's almost been two years since this story was created, I want to try furthering the plot stuff! For example, Techno is healed enough to move around the farm, Icarus is able to talk more and is less aggressive towards people who aren't Tommy, (Mostly because he likes staying in the house and doesn't want to get kicked back in the shed) and with supplies finally running low the group will have to head back to the city.

If they go to the city, I'll be able to write more about the zombies, slowly unravel some of the secrets in the story (hopefully if I remember) catch up on Tubbo if he's still alive. (He is lol, and the reason is funny)

Anyway. I'm not sure if I wrote all this right, because I don't want to spoil everything. But I hope you guys won't mind me doing a fine-skip! I know a lot can happen in a month, but I really want to start advancing the plot!

If this upsets anyone though, I can delete this announcement and think of something else instead! I'm willing to take suggestions as well! And if I forget anything important, please let me know! My memory is very poor, so if there's any inconsistencies I'd like to fix them!

31 Days Later. (2nd Anniversary!)

Chapter Summary

A month has passed and things seem well, however it dawns on the group that their food supply is low.

Chapter Notes

Happy 2nd Anniversary everyone! It's chapter 122, and I figured posting the time-skip chapter today would be a great idea! Sorry it took awhile! Today we see how everyone's been doing now that a month has passed. This chapter is pretty lighthearted and comedic. I even added some little references to the new Sorry Boys video!

Unfortunately a blizzard has come and supplies are running low for the group! Oh and I want to thank my good friends Fanta and Mellohi! I was really struggling with the dialogue (especially Charlie and Techno) and the grammar stuff in this chapter and they really helped with that! They're incredible writers and I can't thank them enough for their help!! Sorry if these notes are kind of chaotic, I'm just excited lol. (Also I hope that this chapter isn't insensitive at all, writing characters with missing limbs is still new to me. Honestly I bet Techno would still be an incredible fighter whether he has two arms or one! He's still the Blood God!) Anyway, I really hope you guys enjoy this chapter and Happy Second Anniversary everyone!! :D

There's also a beautifully drawn short comic that was I had commissioned by TakuHasFallen based on Quackity and Icarus's first meeting! If you you guys would like to see it, please click on the link to the story's discord server!
<https://discord.gg/rQJ2XMTk>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

With the coming of a blizzard, winter had truly arrived. For the past week the group had scarcely left the farm.

Pushing a braid over his shoulder while watching the snowy fields, Techno checked for any break in the storm through frosted windows. Thankfully, he still had two of his eyes. The past month had introduced a biting chill and a snowy barricade. The first major snowfall when Quackity and Charlie showed up was an indication of the weather to come.

A lot has happened within the past thirty-one days. For one, the warrior was finally off bed-rest, and while having one arm is something he's still getting used to, he was eager to help around.

With the fantastic amounts of supplies now beginning to dwindle, the group needed all the help they could get.

As far as Techno was aware, Tommy was out hunting again. Hunting in the bitter and biting cold. Wil- *Icarus's* food was running low. Was the man worried though?

Not particularly.

Tommy had already proven his resourcefulness to him when the child literally saved his life. Besides, Quackity tagged along for the trip.

Ghostbur and Ranboo were in the kitchen making dinner for the group. Judging by the smell, they settled on rice and winter squash. While the winter crops outside unfortunately yielded much less than was hoped, the farm managed to get a few decent vegetables grown.

As for Icarus and Charlie. From the sounds of it, they were-

Talking about hotdogs?

Techno could hear Icarus's voice from the game-room or well, now a makeshift classroom. "*H-Hot..dog tasty? G-good?*" he was saying. Techno peered in through the doorway, raising an eyebrow in amusement.

Charlie was gesticulating wildly as he spoke, "Yeah! My friends and I sold them all over. Y'know, my mom was a hotdog, I was a hotdog. I even have a special spork just for the hotdogs!" The man was rambling absolute nonsense, but the zombie seemed invested. Staring up at him from his messy little reading corner.

At some point during Charlie's hotdog rant, Icarus had started laughing. A zombie laughing. It sounded more like he was choking. Techno would've thought he'd hit his head if it wasn't for the fact that the zombie had noticeably been improving. Though, Techno does kind of wish he was the one making him laugh at all.

The undead man was still.. afraid of his twin, but not as intensely as before. Techno's aware he's not the only one that Icarus didn't like, though. Ranboo, of all people, happened to be on that list. The zombie did recently become more comfortable with the shy teen, well, if you'd call reverting to hissing and growling instead of just straight attacking as "*comfortable*." That's an improvement, at least.

"*Y-You.. iss.. f-funny-thing!*" A glob of black liquid dribbled past his lips as he breathed, which he then dabbed a finger into. A grotesque activity he'd picked up since his "*homeschooling*" started. The group learned that the zombie enjoyed drawing and painting. Usually using his own blood to do so.

Tommy wasn't exactly a big fan of that. For obvious reasons of course.

Actually, now that he thinks about it. The warrior remembered seeing crudely formed images back in the deeper parts of multiple cities

For dangerous and mindless flesh-eaters, the undead were pretty enigmatic.

“Hey, and y’know what else is good, man? Spaghetti bolognese! Mmmmm yum!” Charlie said, causing another odd laughing fit from his zombified twin. Techno wasn’t sure what was so funny about hot dogs and spaghetti. He was more of a bacon cheeseburger, or baked potato guy himself. Though he was glad to see the man enjoying himself.

“*Spa.. g-gh.. b-bolo..*” Wil- Icarus tried to repeat, only to find it too tricky. The barest trace of a frown forming on his face. “*T-Too.. hard.. C-Charlie-Thing..*”

“Aw, don’t sweat it, you’re doing great! Here, I’ll show you how to draw it.”

Techno smiled, then walked out. Deciding to leave them to it. Maybe he could read until Tommy comes back, or dinner is ready. There was a cozy armchair near the crackling fireplace. Wouldn’t be a bad place to reread *The Art of War*.

Just as he was about to settle down for some reading, Charlie came in with a wobbling Icarus. Huh, guess their little art session wasn’t very long.

“*T-Tired.. Charlie..*” The zombie slurred. Blackened eyes half open and glazed, fluttering in a bout of drowsiness.

“I know, pal. Think about the bolognese. We can draw more later!” Charlie led Icarus to the fireplace, sitting him down in front of the warm flames. He grabbed a pillow and gently nudged the zombie to his side where a soft comforting texture was placed.

“*W-Warm..*” His twin mumbled.. the light from the fireplace making the bags under his bleeding eyes more pronounced. He looked so very tired, and from Techno’s experience the undead tended to be more sluggish in colder temperatures. Drawn to a warmth that renders them docile. “*S-Safe.. dark..*”

Icarus spent a lot of his time sleeping these days. Usually dozing off by the fireplace or tucked in various warm corners of the house. Only awake for a few hours at most. When the zombie wasn’t asleep he usually had speaking and reading lessons in the game room. Or he would trail after Tommy and Charlie like a puppy. Techno swore he caught the undead man occasionally spying on Quackity. Only to clumsily stumble away when noticed.

“I guess you could say you’re really *fired-up* for a nap!” Charlie softly laughed, placing a woollen quilt from the couch over Icarus, who promptly buried himself under it. His twitching form steadily going still. Huh. If Techno didn’t know any better, Charlie could be a great babysitter. Not that he thinks Icarus is a child or anything.

“Hey, T? Think Q and Tommy will be back soon? I’ve got some ideas for the next supply run in the city, I’d like to shoot by them.” The glasses-wearing man said with a grin. “I mean, I’d ask this guy over here, but I don’t think he’d have any ideas.”

As if knowing that Charlie was talking about him. There was a small moan from under the blankets.

“Bruh, didn’t you say there were, like, living plants in the city or somethin’?” Techno recalled the discussion last month, detailing everything that the newcomers went through

before finding the farm. “‘Cuz that just seems like a disaster waiting to happen. You remember what you told us happened the last time you got involved with those things, right?”

“Well yeah, ‘course I remember! I was shaking like a *leaf*, but if we’re running out of food there’s really no other place to look, right? Unless you got ideas.” Charlie looked slightly unsure now.

“Well, just so happens I do. When.. *Phil*, and I, would run out of food, we’d forage for it. We’d go fishing too, if the water seemed safe enough. Ghostbur knows how to forage at least, and Tommy’s out hunting. It’s also more than likely that there are more farmhouses nearby. We could use a map to find our way around and go looking through them to see if there’s anything we could scavenge there.”

“Foraging and fishing, huh. I suppose those are some good ideas. And looking for other farmhouses? Yeah, maybe. I dunno. I mean, it doesn’t hurt to ask though, right?” Charlie hummed, thinking about those suggestions.

“Guess not. Just.. be careful, if ya decide to go that route. Dangerous, ya’know-”

The conversation was soon interrupted by a happy, wispy voice coming from the kitchen. “Dinner’s ready! Come and get it, everyone!”

“Oh fuck yeah, I’m starving!” Charlie eagerly got up. Only Charlie could be excited for something as bland as white rice. Though considering the current food situation, Techno shouldn’t really complain.

“*F-Food? E-Eat.. time?*” Icarus’s nap was ultimately short lived as he began to get up too. His blanket falling away to reveal curious yet tired eyes. Luckily he was paused by a hand on his chest.

“No can do, bud. You had dinner an hour ago, remember?” Charlie hushed. Gently pushing the zombie back into a lying position and readjusting his pillow. The survivor covering him back up with the quilt. “Besides, you need your sleep, Icky!”

“*O-Okay.. I.. go s-sleep..*” Icarus promptly snuggled back under the blanket. His onyx eyes slowly closing as he watched the flames.

...

Several steaming bowls sat on the dinner table. White rice and baked winter squash. Techno had to admit. The squash wasn’t so bad, the taste was similar to sweet potatoes in his opinion. Although the rice was pretty bland without sauce and other ingredients.

But who is he to complain when the food supply is short. Ranboo seemed to share the same sentiments, while Charlie wolfed it down with a plastic spork he’d found the other day.

Ghostbur happily hummed, with his plush sheep at his side. Friend, he calls it.

It’s kind of weird, but he always got an odd vibe from that old thing. Not in any threatening capacity, but more like it’s watching the group. A crazy thing to think, one might say. But

Techno was starting to expect the impossible considering he went from tearing down zombies with an axe to living with one, as well as a literal ghost version of said zombie.

“Friend says we should all pitch in on the housework while Toms and Quackity aren’t home! How about we do some dusting, Ranboo?” The chipper spirit said with his usual cheerful smile.

“Uh. Yeah, I could like, do some dusting.” Ranboo looked up from his meal.

“Oh! Me next, what do you want me to do, man?” Charlie eagerly volunteered himself. Having already finished his own dinner, both bowls emptied.

“Hmmm. How about you and Techie tidy up the living-room? You never know if we might have guests! I’d love if the house would sparkle for them!” Ghostbur happily suggested.

“Alright! Sounds good!” Slimecicle got up and stuffed the spork into his pocket, quickly leaving the room.

“Guess I can do that, or somethin’..” The warrior shrugged. He’d rather do something a bit more.. interesting? With his usual duties of surveying the area for unusual weather activity disrupting their crops, the young man has been a bit restless.

Tommy, and Ghostbur even, have been pushing him to rest since the incident. It bothered him honestly, but at the same time Techno couldn’t blame them for being worried. The man lost his hand and wrist, so, essentially an entire arm..

And while he does have some hopes of one day retiring from all this apocalypse nonsense (*truly, this was an adventure of a lifetime, and he’s ready to relax for once*) he doesn’t want to be treated as weak or useless because he’s an amputee.

Legends don’t exactly take vacations.

Sighing to himself. Techno walked back into the living room. Charlie was holding a broom while Icarus still lay tiredly on the floor. Although, he now had a dustpan in his hand. It seems he’d stumbled upon some sort of.. makeshift hockey game? With Charlie using a broom as the hockey stick and the pan as the goal.

“G-Go.. C-Charlie..” The zombie attempted to cheer despite his exhaustion.

“Watch me score!” The odd survivor swung the broom. Not having expected the warrior to enter so soon, Techno immediately ducked as the broom nearly hit him over the head. “OH SHI-”

“Bruh.” Techno simply crossed his arm, and shook his head.

“W-Wow..” Icarus’s eyes were much wider now. Either out of shock by Techno’s dodging, or by how close Charlie came to hitting the man.

“H-Hey, you know why hockey players are so good at making new friends? T-They know how to break the *ice* real quick!” Charlie laughed nervously while slowly backing away.

Luckily for Charlie, Tommy and Quackity wrenched the door open. Having returned from their hunt.

“HELLO?!” Tommy shouted unnecessarily loudly.

Techno wasn't too bothered. The boy seemed much happier lately, even despite the food situation. It brings the man comfort knowing that his little brother's spirits had been lifting.

“Fuck, buddy. Don't need to yell so loud, I'm right fucking next to you!” Quackity shook off a blanket of snow that had gathered over his shoulders. Kicking his boots on the welcome mat.

“Can't help it, big man. We found a shit ton of wild onions! Hell, what about that rabbit you caught? That was fucking pog!”

...

With the whole group home, and settling down. It soon became apparent that a couple of onions and a rabbit for Icarus isn't going to cut it. Even with the rice and squash, it looks like the group may have to start rationing.

Before the storm came there were reports on the radio of the frequent hordes beginning to thin out. With more scavengers taking advantage of that, stories eerily similar to Quackity and Charlie's began to sprang up.

As expected, many survivors have been advised to give populated areas a wide berth. While less zombie activity due to the declining temperature is a godsend, it doesn't mean the cities are anywhere near safe.

So the question is.. if searching nearby for food proves to be fruitless, should they take the risk of heading to the city once there's a break in the blizzard?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I can't believe we've made it this far. Two years! I can't believe it! Thank you everyone who stuck by even when writer's block got ahold of me. You guys are the best and your support means so much to me! I hope I can write even more this year and eventually start the sequel! If there's any problems with this chapter though, please let me know and I'll try my best to fix them! If you guys liked this time-skip chapter please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! It's very important to me!

And again, Thanks Fanta and Mellohi, and Happy Second Anniversary everyone!! :D <3

City Seeking

Chapter Summary

Having made a decision, it's time for a group to head back into the city.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 123 guys! Sorry this one took so long! I got super stuck on a specific part of the chapter, and I had no idea how to get past it! Thank goodness I managed to though, with some help from friends! Today's chapter has Tommy, Quackity, Charlie, and Ranboo heading to the city for supplies! I wonder if anything will go wrong in the future? xD

Special Thanks: Also I want to thank my good friend Mellohi for plushes help with this chapter! I struggled a lot with dialogue and details for this one, moss added so many great additions that made the environment feel more alive! Plush also helped with editing the grammar and punctuation. Mellohi is very talented and without plushes help this chapter would've taken a lot longer! (Note, directly from Mellohi: in case of any confusion, i do use (most!) neopronouns (the ones here are specifically plush/moss) if anyone was wonderin;P)

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/HhnYkBvn>

Oh, also. It does get pretty dark later in this chapter. I'm not sure how to tag it, but I'll try. Sorry if it's really upsetting! TW: Heavily implied child death? (Remains left from the Outbreak)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy woke to a patch of sunlight on his face. Pulling his blanket over his eyes, he groaned. Was it morning already?

Last night, Techno called an emergency meeting about the increasingly dire food situation. It drained the young survivor of his energy. While Tommy understood that they needed much more, it had taken him and Quackity a long while just to find the little bit that they did.

He's not used to finding food for so many people. When it was just Ghostbur and himself, a rabbit and some onions could last them a long while.

Rolling over, the boy checked his watch. 9:45 AM.

With a sigh, Tommy pulls down the covers. He's not looking forward to the next group meeting. It's supposed to happen whenever Techno returns from surveying the area. Hopefully the man would bring back some good news.

At least the sunshine offered a brief respite from the reoccurring snowfall.

Tommy heard the front door opening and closing. Based on the whoevers footfall it was, someone was coming inside.

Stretching, the boy raised out of bed to get dressed. Donning his heavy winter clothing, followed by a trip to the bathroom to brush his teeth, he was ready for the day.

Just as he was about to leave, Tommy spotted some black stains on his bedroom carpet. Icarus must've gotten lonely during the night and came in here to sleep near the boy. Where was he now, though?

Tommy looked around for a couple seconds before spotting something at the edge of his bed. Rolling his eyes in exasperation, he crouched onto his knees and leaned down.

There he is.

Icarus had indeed come in during the night. Tommy's zombified brother was bundled up in a poorly made blanket cocoon, fast asleep. This was new development to be sure, Tommy doesn't believe he's ever seen Icarus actually climbing under his or anyone else's bed before, but it isn't exactly surprising.

Tommy snorted, crossing his arms on the floor and laying his head atop them.

The sound must have been louder than he had realized, because Icarus promptly startled awake.

"Mm.. T-Toms..?" Sounded from the undead blanket lump. It stretched, revealing pale, veiny arms and a tired face. *"W-Wake.. up?"*

"Morning, Icky. You'd be right, time to get up!" Tommy laughed a little as he reached to pull Icarus out of his bizarre little sleeping spot. As the zombie finally managed to get his legs out from under the bed, Tommy helped him up to his feet. "How'd you sleep, big man?"

"S-Sleep.. good," he said, a small smile gracing his face. The zombie wobbled toward the dresser, pulling it open to grab one of Tommy's sweaters. Icarus seemed to like his sweaters specifically. Then again, there weren't many that Icarus himself owned. Tommy came up to help him put it on. He could see that the zombie had grabbed one of the grey-ish blue ones this time.

Tommy hummed in thought as he began to assist the zombie trying to put his head through the right hole.

"I've been meaning to ask, Zombro. You know what dreams are, right? Do you have any?"

Icarus's face scrunched up slightly in thought, as if trying to make sense of an internal conundrum that puzzled him. His head finally popped through the sweater, and his hair was now obviously mussed.

"V-Voices."

Tommy paused, immediately curious. "Voices? What voices? Can you recognize any of 'em?"

The zombie's face scrunched expression dropped into a weak frown, conflicted. Even without visible pupils, the survivor could sense that his brother's gaze was shifting nervously. *"H-Hard to.. talk. T-They- I.."*

Icarus's brows furrowed, his frown deepening. While he has been making progress relearning to speak and understand english, the zombie often got frustrated whenever he failed to communicate what it is he wanted to say. Tommy couldn't blame him, really. Communication issues are always frustrating, whether you know a language or not.

"N-No know.. No k-know.. how tell.. voices. C-Chor.. us.." Icarus trailed off.

Voices. Chorus?

While what the zombie had managed to get out was.. interesting, Tommy decided that he'd focus on that another time. Icarus looked disturbed by it, so it'd be better to calm him down and pick the conversation up later.

Although Tommy was curious about the dream, and what kind of "*chorus*" Icarus dreamed about, maybe he ought to not even ask later. He wasn't sure if the zombie would even want to talk about it. Ignoring the communication issues he had just trying to describe it, it seemed more like a nightmare than just a regular dream. Something to approach carefully then, Tommy decided.

"T-Talk hard.. you.. s-speak bad- no.. no." The ichor dripping from Icarus's eyes began to spill more quickly as he spoke, clearly upset.

"S-Stupid.. I-I stupid.." The zombie uttered dejectedly, balling his fists as he shook.

Tommy patted his back, before slowly starting a rhythm with rubbing circles into his back, shushing him quietly.

"It's okay. It's okay. Calm down, take your time. You're not stupid. You're learning, Zombro, and you're doing poggers, I swear."

It worked, thankfully. Icarus always seemed to enjoy having his back rubbed, afterall. The zombie began to doze off, eyes bleary and lidded. Tommy felt guilty, pulling the zombie from the nap he so clearly was falling into, but it's 10:00 AM, Icarus had already been up and really, they just can't sleep all day. *No matter how pleasant an idea it seemed.*

Unfortunately, today was going to be rather busy. Though Tommy still rather lacked the energy for it, gathering more food was important. May as well get the day over with.

...

After making sure Icarus was safely downstairs and in the game room, Tommy breathed a sigh of relief.

Hmm. Voices and a chorus. Tommy still wondered where that could come from. Had the zombie meant it as in a song's chorus? Or maybe he meant it as a name?

He'd focus on it later.

As Tommy came back around to the living room, he realized Techno was stood in the living room.

"Bruh, took you long enough, Theseus. I've been up since 5:30 searchin' the area." Techno walked toward Tommy, where the boy now stood in the doorway. He was supposed to have gotten up earlier, the boy now recalls. He rolls his shoulders and cocks his head in annoyance.

"Yeah, yeah, big man, I know, I know, but I needed my be-a-u-ty sleep, ya' know? How will the women fall in love with me if I'm fuckin' exhausted all the time? Because let me tell ya', Big T, that shit does not look good!" Tommy jokes. If the boy was entirely honest with himself, he wasn't too impressed with himself either. He truly had intended to wake up earlier, but he had been positively sagging from the day before. The boy didn't exactly have an alarm to wake him up.

"Listen Tommy, I'm glad you're happy. I know you can take care of yourself and the farm, but this food situation? It's not lookin' too good. I know you know that."

Tommy twisted his hands together tightly, wincing. Though he'd not ever admit it, he looked rather small now, even with his natural height, though his posture didn't do him any favors. "Yeah, uh. I do know.. sorry, king."

Straightening himself up, the boy clapped his hands together lightly, as if to distract from their conversation.

"Did you, er, find anything outside at least? Maybe we missed something?" He laughed awkwardly at the end, cringed, then blinked away his expression.

"There's nothin' Theseus.. I found two farm houses close together, but they'd been burned to the ground. Nothin' salvageable left."

Nothing left? Shit..

Tommy briefly thought about what would have happened to the farmhouses and their previous occupants, but shook his head and relinquished the thought quickly. Best not to dwell on it.

Techno crossed his arms. "All the closest fishing spots are frozen over as well. Hate to say it, but it looks like the city is the next best option."

And at that exact moment, Quackity happened to be walking out of the kitchen. Stopping in his tracks.

As Techno was talking, it just so happened that Quackity walked in from the kitchen and caught the tail end of his sentence.

Please tell me he did not just fucking say we should go to the city. Charlie and I already told you guys it's an absolute nightmare back there." The short man shook his head in disbelief. "Just because the radios said the hordes were thinning out before the storm doesn't make it anywhere near safe!"

Someone else walks into the room and hears what they're talking about, this time being Charlie who came in from the game room.

"Aw man. Was really hoping your ideas would work out, Techno! Good thing I still remember those spots I saw before, right?"

"Yeah, I know," Techno grumbled. The pinkette rubbed a hand down his face, clearly frustrated. Likely drained from his unsuccessful search as well, Tommy thinks. The boy couldn't blame him.

"Look, regardless of the danger, we don't exactly have much of a choice. There's not enough supply to last us much longer, and the danger of going won't matter anyway if we all just die of starvation. Some of us need to go. I'd go myself if I could. But we won't survive till Spring at this point if no one takes the risk, understood?"

"Aye aye, Cap'n. We'll be fine as long as we've got my trusty spork!" Charlie grinned widely, though it faded upon him receiving odd looks from the rest. "And, uh, my map."

Tommy shuffled over towards the brunette, bumping his shoulder against his, then looked toward Techno and grinned. "We got it, Big T. Guess we oughta get everything ready, aye? Big Q, you comin' with?"

Quackity crossed his arms and narrowed his eyes at the group. Eventually, his frown deepened. "Fuck." He threw his hands up in exasperation. "Fuck! Fine! But, we'd better be really fuckin' careful. I am not in a mood to deal with those damn plants again." The scarred man let out a huff and stomped out of the room.

"Great. You should all start preparin' to leave then. The sooner, the better. The sun won't wait for you. Ghostbur and I'll take care of the place." Techno smirked in amusement before walking away. Of course he found that funny.

"Watch out for Icarus, then! He can be a pretty feisty guy when he's not *dead tired*!" Tommy grinned. The boy then snorted when he heard Quackity groan at that from the other room.

"Right, that reminds me." Techno stopped right at the doorway, appearing to have ignored Tommy's joke. Bastard. "Bring Ranboo with you as well. Hardly seen the kid leave the house since I got here. Guy needs some sunlight, could get mistaken for a zombie or somethin' if he's not careful."

No shit, Tommy thought. He still remembers first having found the other boy, sleepwalking in the snow. From a distance, he certainly looked like one of the undead, if maybe a lot less.. bloody. It didn't scare Tommy, of course. Nothing could scare the Tommyinnit. But it did bring some, well, concern, we'll call it.

Wait.

Wouldn't it be a bad idea then? To bring Ranboo with him when he could be mistaken for a zombie, especially if they end up coming across anyone?

Nevermind. It'd probably be fine. They're a group of four now.

Surely nothing can go wrong if there's four of them.

For the first time in months, Tommy was finally in a group. The last time seemed so far away now. It had been just him, Wilbur and Tubbo. Man.

Now though, it was him, Quackity, Charlie and Ranboo, the latter of the group having been very easily peer-pressured into joining.

Quackity was proclaimed the most responsible, which Tommy made a comment about and was promptly ignored for, which, fuck them. The scarred man also had the most extensive knowledge about how to survive in the city. So, based on these factors, he was made the unofficial leader of the party. Tommy doesn't actually mind though. The mad had a... comforting presence, as a leader. He would never say that out loud, of course.

The quartet were making great time as well. They've already reached the forest, and Tommy can see the remnants of his abandoned campsite. Looking closer even revealed a few old cans of food.

It feels odd. He'd spend two months in the woods after Wilbur's death, met Ghostbur, then Icarus. It felt like all of that only happened a few days ago, and yet felt so many years away.

"Um.. are you, uh, sure you guys want me to come with you? I don't really know how to fight." Ranboo wrung his hands nervously.

"Four is better than three, Memory Boy! Besides, Tech would probably say some shit like, *'Bruh, you'll live longer if you have experience'*." Tommy said, putting on his best Techno impression, which wasn't very good. Still, he tried. He did get a snicker out of Charlie, at least.

"Tommy's right. You won't get anywhere in this fucked up world without knowing a few things, man. No offense, but I'm impressed you escaped with your life after you woke up in that rubble." Quackity appraised.

In the month that they had all spent together, everyone had already shared their own stories.

“Well, um.. I kind of just kept running?” said the amnesiac, in a questioning tone. “I just uh, didn’t stop until I found the farm.”

“I remember that day, big man. Can’t believe Icky’s taken you off his menu. Thought it would never happen!” Tommy teased the other boy, playfully checking him with an elbow.

From there, the group kept a steady chatter. Quackity tries to keep everyone focused on the mission at hand, but does divulge his own stories of good times spent before the apocalypse. He even ends up spilling his feelings for Wilbur before the man had died.

So far things seemed to be going smoothly. It only took them an hour to reach the city.

Just as the broadcasts had predicted, zombie activity had, in fact, decreased.

It’s quiet.

Too quiet.

Only a few stragglers were shuffling about. The group was far enough to not be recognized by any. Zombies didn’t have particularly good vision, fortunately. Perhaps there’s more deeper in, but the group had no desire to find out for themselves.

Don’t go too far. Stick together. Get what we need. Leave.

That’s the plan. Simple, efficient, and to the point.

“Okay, Slime. You’ve got the map. Where are we headed?” Quackity asked, voice low in a bit to avoid the nearby undead’s attention.

Charlie quickly pulled a crumbled map from his jean pockets, carefully smoothing it out.

“Well, there’s a Tesco about ten minutes from here! Though, if ya want to play it safe, there’s also a mini mart a bit farther! Probably about fifteen minutes.”

Quackity hummed, sliding a hand over his chin in thought. “There’s probably more food in Tesco, plus it’s closer. The mini mart would be safer though..” The man looked over at Tommy and Ranboo.

“Oh! Umm.” Ranboo bit his lip. “I don’t know. The, uh, the food mart?” Tommy knew he’d prefer the less risky option. It made sense. Ranboo had never really done this before, at least as far as he could remember. Tommy didn’t think it mattered too much though. Regardless of whichever place they choose, the group can only bring back so much, limited amounts of carrying space. It’s mostly going to be a luck of the draw situation, that the store they choose hasn’t been completely raided or has some food that hasn’t expired already, as far as Tommy’s concerned.

“Yeah, let’s go the longer route. Zombitches seem to love big buildings for some fucking reason. Better to be safe than sorry.”

With the decision made, the boys carefully trudged through the snowy street, weapons held tightly as they pressed to the sides of the buildings surrounding them.

None of them wanted to admit it, but after a month of relative safety, the group was anxious. But, a rumble from their stomachs quickly reminded them of their mission.

...

Tommy and the others stopped in front of a rundown house. Snow was beginning to fall again, and they didn't want to get caught in it if it picked up too quickly, so they went to the porch.

There was some hope that this place would have some supplies worth picking up. Maybe whoever had lived here had left medicine, canned food, or anything else that would be useful. If they got lucky enough, they might find enough in just the old residences that they could head back early without having to go all the way to the mini mart.

Ranboo was the first to walk inside, but he paused at the door.

"Ay, Ranboo? Big man, what's up?" Tommy asked.

"Oh god.." Ranboo was staring at something. His face as white as a ghost. Eyes wide in horror. "L-Look. T-There were-"

Tommy pushed the stuttering, horrified boy to the side, peering in through the doorway to see what had frightened the other boy.

From the looks of it, the house must have been used as a daycare before the outbreak. In the front room, various toys were scattered around the floor, colourful wallpaper featuring animated cartoon animals covering every visible wall, and there seemed to be what looked like sectioned off activity areas.

Probably cute, back in its prime.

It wasn't anymore.

Now, it was just ominous. If not for how clearly abandoned it looked, then certainly it was the faded stains on the walls and floor, very clearly having been blood, though if the room was full of kids, it'd be even more disturbing to think about what could have happened for it to have been sprayed so high up. If it weren't the stains that made it so horrifying, then certainly it was the bones on the stained and rotten wooden floorboards, small in size yet not broken off, clearly the size a child's bones should be.

The barricades that had been on the doors and windows painted a good idea as to why it looked like this, however, if one didn't put two and two together before.

The sight was grim.

The group was quiet as they all walked in. They all looked at each other, various levels of distraught clear across their faces, before slowly separating to explore.

After a minute of not really finding anything, Tommy looked over at the others. He realized that Ranboo was extremely still, crouched down over one of the kiddie tables with a hand covering his mouth.

Tommy walked up to him.

“Ranboo? What’s wrong, big man?” The blond looked over the taller boy’s shoulder, squinting down at what looked like..

Paper?

Oh. No. These were notes.

Notes written in crayon. Misspelled, essentially chicken scratch. It took a good minute to get a general understanding of what it said.

‘Teacher said not to let strangers in, but she’s been gone for days. We’re hungry. We’re scared.. Why is it so loud outside? I want to go home..’

Looking as if he were about to vomit, Ranboo abruptly stood and ran off into one of the other rooms.

Tommy stared at the door he had gone through for a minute, before looking back down at the note. He didn’t bother trying to read the others.

The apocalypse doesn't spare anyone. Ranboo would have needed to learn that sooner or later.

Ranboo should learn that now, sooner than later.

“*Joder.. esos pobres niños..*” Quackity, who’d come over to see what happened, held his head in his hands, before slapping his cheeks and huffing. “L-Let’s just, fucking. Let’s give Ranboo some time. He’ll be okay. Techno told me to bring some old radios he found in our bags before we left. They’re a bit staticky, but at least they fucking work.”

“I can stay with him. You two go on ahead, we can meet up here again later!” Charlie said, somehow remaining optimistic despite the less than cheerful home they’ve all found themselves in.

I’ll keep him company! You two go ahead to the mini mart, we’ll follow behind once he’s calmed down,” Charlie said. Tommy wasn’t sure how the man could maintain such a cheery disposition all the time, but he was glad for it.

“Really, Slime? That’s actually not a bad fucking idea.. yeah, Tommy and I’ll go to the minimart. It shouldn’t be that much further away now.” Quackity was about to head out, with Tommy close behind when suddenly they were both stopped.

“Yeah.. yeah, we’ll do that. C’mon Tommy, it shouldn’t be that much further now.”

“Oh! Wait!” Charlie called to the two. He rummaged in his pockets for a second, pulling out a spork covered in zombie blood. “Take my lucky spork! It’ll keep both of you safe!”

“Uh, yeah, I’m.. I think I’m good, Slime. Thank you. Tommy?” Quackity declined.

“I guess?” Tommy said incredulously. “Could be useful, I suppose. Thanks?”

With that awkward exchange thankfully over, Tommy and Quackity left the house, walking into the freshly fallen snow.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I really struggled in some parts, so I’m sorry if it’s kind of noticeable. (Sorry if I sound weird, I’m really sleepy at the time of writing these notes lol) I can try to fix things if I notice anything wrong later! I hope I wrote Techno and Charlie okay too. They’re hard to write, Charlie especially since I don’t have a guide! Anyway though, I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! If you guys liked it, please leave a comment as I’d really love some feedback! :D

And Mellohi, thanks again for the help!! It was amazing!! :’D <3

Clingyduo Reunited.

Chapter Summary

Quackity and Tommy search a mini-mart only to find it's not empty.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 124 guys! Sorry this one took so long, I was really unconfident with the dialogue, and it made me really stuck. Tubbo and Charlie are so hard to write. I really hope wrote them okay! I'll try my best not to take so long again! I want to post more this year! I can't think of much to say for these chapter notes today, but wow! Tommy and Tubbo are finally meeting again after three months! I hope you guys are excited! :D

Special Thanks: I want to thank Mellohi again for its help with the editing and dialogue! I was seriously stuck with this chapter, and it would've taken even longer for me to post it if it weren't for myrphs help! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/Ps9bdvpz>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity missed this..

Not going to the city, absolutely not.

He missed being around friends. While it's not the best way to spend time together, at least he can rely on others again.

Hell, his whole journey feels like a fever dream. A year of fighting to survive, being betrayed by people he thought he could trust, losing those dear to him. It all seemed to accumulate into.. *this*.

A month on a farm with running water, friends, electricity. A fucking ghost, and a zombie who won't eat anyone. Both being that of his hermoso.

Despite being so cold to the touch, there was a gentle warmth from the spirit. As if it's the embodiment of a caring hug. Quackity remembers talking to Ghostbur for what felt like hours after being introduced. There were certain topics he needed to avoid (*Tommy having*

explained how Wil's ghost sees the world,) but beyond those, Quackity was able to finally speak his mind.

He told the spectre how he'd felt, and while Ghostbur said his feelings were completely platonic, he said that "*Alivebur*" felt the same way Quackity did.

Then there was Icarus. A being that he would have once referred to as Wilbur's empty shell. It took a few weeks to get used to seeing him like that. All bloodied and zombified. For something that's supposed to tear people apart, he was strangely gentle. Always following after people like a puppy. Even without visible pupils in those blackened eyes there was a shimmer of innocent curiosity that wouldn't fade. He seemed so wary of strangers, and hated Ranboo with a passion for whatever reason. It wasn't until Tommy told him about the shooting incident that the scarred survivor understood why.

'Course, Alexis didn't blame the kid. It was self-defence. Wil would've bit someone had the boy not fired at him.

Getting stabbed by his own father however, that was not something Quackity could easily forgive. He remembered the times Wilbur would vent about Philza's absence.

Is it crazy to say that part of him thinks one day this will all be over? That someday, people can walk through streets without weapons strapped to their belts?

That perhaps those lost to the never-ending hordes could be returned?

Maybe, just maybe.. he can see his hermoso again?

It's weird.

Why does he feel so emotional all of a sudden?

"Hey? Big Q? You alright, big man?" Tommy asked, bringing the scarred man out of his thoughts.

Oh.

Something wet slid down his face, Alexis hadn't noticed he'd been crying..

"Fuck.. uh, yeah.. I'm fine, buddy. Let's just keep going." Wiping away the tears, Quackity trudged on ahead with a confused and possibly concerned Tommy following closely behind.

After several minutes of awkward silence between the two, they found themselves in front of the mini-mart on Charlie's map.

The mini mart was surprisingly intact. The windows were boarded up with sheets hung over top. However, it appears to have been done haphazardly. As though done in a rush.

"Holy shit, Big Q. I think someone might be living in there. Another fucking survivor." Tommy exclaimed, walking up to the boards to inspect them. Eyes glimmering with what Quackity believed was hope.

It's easy to forget Tommy is still a kid sometimes. Alexis knows he had to mature quickly in order to survive in this forsaken world. But in moments like these, or in times he lets his guard down, Tommy is still the same chaotic child Quackity knew.

"Or someone raided the place. *Mierda*.. it's probably already picked clean." Might be pessimistic to say that, but the scarred man is just trying to be realistic. Though, whether a survivor lived in the place or raided it, it's likely all of the food's already been picked through.

"Doesn't hurt to take a look though, right?"

"Guess not.. okay, let's go." Quackity didn't want to extinguish that spark of hope. Besides, Tommy could be right. Someone might be here. If so, hopefully they aren't violent.

'I'd rather not almost lose a fucking eye again.' Bitter thoughts cross his mind as he remembers waking up to a knife against his face, and people rummaging through his belongings.

With hesitance, they walk in, closing the door behind them to keep out the cool air.

It's dark. Quiet.

Maybe no one is here after all?

The pair grab their flashlights, and start carefully searching the aisles. So far there were a few candy bars. Actually, quite a few. Alexis was surprised no one had eaten these yet. He quickly pockets them, and walks further down while Tommy does the same.

On the ground were tons of empty cans of food, bags of chips and jerky. Yep, someone had definitely been living here for a while. Hell, there's even animal bones amongst the other trash. Perhaps the former resident used to hunt nearby?

Tucked in a corner shelf were a few variety cans of food, thankfully not empty like the ones scattered around the floor. With a small relieved grin Quackity stuffed them into his bag.

It's not much but it's something at least. There might still be more food left to be found.

Then the sudden noise of a toy car's horn from some corner of the store startled Quackity. His hand went to his heart, which was now beating rather rapidly.

Tommy nearly swore, but caught himself last second.

Only a moment after, they heard a voice. Faint, too small to hear.

The pair looked at each other. Too freaked out to question the noise they'd just heard. Wordlessly wondering if they should check it out. Tommy seemed interested, but Quackity saw how he jumped before.

The boy gave him a look that said: *'I'm gonna check it out, you coming with me?'* Nodding his head towards a door at the back of the room.

'Hell yeah.' The young man nodded back. Unsheathing a hunting knife from his belt. Ready in case of a fight.

They crept towards the back of the store. Stepping as silently as possible and carefully pulling the door open. The duo peered inside-

Oh shit.

In the middle of the room was a small pile of bodies lying on the floor. An easily forgiven mistake if a person thought these were regular corpses at first glance. Though the bleeding faces and dark veins were a dead give away for their true nature.

A deceptive and cruel one at that.

The small shapes weren't breathing, but Quackity and Tommy knew they weren't fully dead. They're sleeping.

They need to get the fuck out of this minimart before they wake the children up. Then grab Ranboo and Charlie, and get home. They'll just have to search for food another time. It's better than waking up the zombie-equivalent of a fire alarm.

Movement in the dark alerted the survivors to a larger shape. Their undead babysitter perhaps, but they don't really care. What matters is leaving before a small horde breaks out.

Oh fuck. It's moving, it's not asleep. It's-

"Big T?"

Tommy could hardly believe his eyes. Had it not been for the sleeping undead children on the ground he would've pulled Tubbo into the biggest hug ever. He wasn't even capable of questioning whatever the fuck was going on. Why Tubbo was alive, why these kids hadn't been responsible for a skeleton with Tubbo's clothes. It just didn't matter.

"T-Tubs..?" Tommy whispered. Tears brimming from the corners of his eyes. His best-friend who he hadn't seen in three months was alive and well.

Okay, maybe not entirely well, judging by the makeshift crutch laying beside him, but he's alive! Tubbo's alive!

Carefully, the other boy got up from the ground. Watching his steps to avoid stepping on the little monsters, before following Tommy and a very surprised yet silent Quackity out of the back room.

"Boss man, I can't describe how happy I am to see you-" Now that they weren't in immediate danger of waking the zombified children, Tommy cut him off as he pulled his best-friend into a hug.

“H-How the fuck are you alive?! It’s been three fucking months, and- and the damn horde activity?! How?” Tears were springing from the boy’s eyes. It just felt so impossible.. and yet, here Tubbo was.

“It’s- well, it’s a long story..” Tubbo said.

And a *long* story it surely was.

By the time his best friend had finished telling him everything. The zombie children were up and about. Cautiously watching the two newcomers with guarded interest. Tubbo told them all about his time in that bizarre compound, the passing and madness of his two companions, then finally the befriending of the residents inside this store.

After Tubbo had finished, Tommy told him of his own experience in a short but detailed recount, before coming back to some of the things Tubbo mentioned before.

"So let me get this straight, big man. You believe that Dream is up to something? Like, what, he's evil or something? I know Wilbur was paranoid about the guy before but honestly he was going off the deep end at the time. Are you absolutely sure? You're not.. you know." Tommy grimaced. "Losing your rocker too, are you?"

Tubbo huffed, crossing his arms.

“It's more of an assumption, on my part. I'm not losing my mind, and I don't know what happened with Wilbur, and it's unfortunate to hear what I *have* heard about him, but these are just my own thoughts based on what I've seen and heard from the guy personally. And, in all fairness, forcing BBH and Skeppy to give up all their supplies would be a death sentence for many survivors. His treatment towards Skeppy certainly gave off red flags.”

“Yeah.. no shit, Tubbs.” Tommy ran a hand through his hair, trying to understand everything.

“Sounds like something a raider would do.” Quackity spoke up. “Do you remember anything else about the compound? The living conditions?”

“Actually, now that you mention it, sir. The conditions were hardly abysmal.. but certainly not ideal. Many people, including me, had to sleep outside in tents.” Tubbo seemed to think for a moment. His face scrunched up deep in thought.

“Dream always had people out searching for food and medicine, at the time I was under the impression that he was stockpiling the compound for winter, but I never actually saw where most of it went. People were hungry, and even though we *supposedly* had the food to spare, they never got enough.”

“Uh.. are we becoming conspiracy theorists or some shit?” Thinking back to all of the things Wilbur did during what Tommy had believed to be a psychotic break, he recalls his brother furiously scribbling in a journal. The late night mutterings, “*missing survivors gone without a trace*” and “*it's all connected to that green bastard.*”

"I guess? I dunno, man. Let's just focus on what's important here. Tubbo, got any food we can take?"

"Yep! On one condition, of course. I'll give you two some food, if, and only if, you let me and Micheal come along."

"Course you can come, big T! Y'know, it's pretty funny an' shit that you managed to make friends with uh.." Tommy looked around, spotting the little faces peeking from the dark again. It was creepy as hell, but if Tubbo managed to stay with these guys for a while then there's probably nothing to worry about. "These kids.. I would've called you fucking mad if I wasn't keeping Wil at home too."

"Great! The rest of the children should be fine here, I reckon. Micheal is the only one who really follows me around. I'll pack our things." Tubbo gave a nod of affirmation, disappearing into the back room. A tiny shape followed after him, which Tommy presumed was Michael.

"Fuck, man. Look, are we gonna have to turn the farm into a hotel at this point? Does it even have any fucking space left for them?" Quackity's words sounded pretty negative, but Tommy could tell that the scarred survivor was just being realistic.

In truth.. the boy doesn't think so. There aren't many rooms left in the house to sleep in, and plus this would mean there'd be more mouths to feed, as well as another zombie to take care of.. (*Hopefully child zombies are easier than adult zombies in terms of taking care of them*) but Tommy can't say no. Tubbo is his best friend! He'll figure something out, just like he always does.

"I know it's not great Big Q, but I'll get things sorted. Trust me. I caught Icky under my bed this morning. So he's fine in my room. You and Charlie got yours. Ghostbro takes the attic sometimes when he's not sharing his with Techno. Ranboo's got one too." Tommy listed. "There's also the couches, and the pullout bed in the game room. I'm sure we can handle two more people. Let's just focus on getting food, king."

Quackity looked uncertain, but ultimately didn't argue. By the time Tubbo returned he had a backpack stuffed with supplies over his shoulders. Holding his hand, was a shy little boy who couldn't be more than four or six. A small dirtied name-tag stuck to his striped shirt. *Michael*, it said. He even had a backpack of his own.

"Don't forget to say goodbye to your friends, Michael. It could be awhile before you see them again." Tubbo said softly to the child, who promptly waddled over to his undead buddies.

He let out a tiny squeak. Pouncing on them, and soon the little monsters were all hugging and play wrestling with each other. Similar to the way puppies would harmlessly fight.

Once goodbyes were said, and Tubbo did a brief check to make sure there was some sweets left for the kids. The duo turned quartet exited the mini mart. Greeted by the familiar chill of winter.

It's kind of funny, really.

Tommy was not at all expecting to bring his best-friend home today. Much less another zombie. Hopefully Icarus will get along with the kid. Maybe it'll even make his undead brother happy? It's a sweet thought.

There's that feeling again. A warmth in his chest. The one that tells him everything is going to be okay.

Things have been going so well this past month even with the food shortages. The boy could hardly believe it.

He found Tubbo, and even more importantly.. he's alive.

The boy is just so happy..

"Hey..-"

If the group can get enough food to last until spring, surely everything will continue to go smoothly.

"Tom..?-"

They just have to keep going, one step at a time.

"HEY! Are you good, man?" Quackity said. His scarred face scrunched up in concern. "You haven't fucking said anything for the past six minutes."

"Huh? What? Oh.. yeah, yeah I'm pogchamp! I mean, we fucking found Tubbo an' shit, course I'm good!" Tommy said, slightly embarrassed at having been caught lost in thought. Maybe that was a dumb move. While the city is very quiet today, it doesn't mean he should let his guard down.

"I'm just gonna say this, I'm glad you found Tubbo. Really, I fucking am, but you need to *pay attention*. We're looking at the possibility of starvation here. Let's just meet up with Slime and Ranboo, and finish our supply run." The man sighed, not wanting to give any lectures right now.

"Oh, uh.. right. Sorry, Big Q." The beaming smile he'd been wearing since they'd left the mini-mart disappeared. Maybe he's being dramatic, but Quackity's words were a metaphorical punch in the face.

Reminding him of when Quackity *did* punch him just a month ago.

Thankfully Tubbo spoke next.

"He's not wrong, boss man. I'm delighted to see you too, but if the situation is truly so dire then we should probably focus on that." Tubbo said calmly. He'd been walking a little behind the pair, as he wanted to keep a close eye on the little zombie boy who was eyeing the snowy

street curiously. A reassuring smile appeared on his best friend's face though. "We'll have more time to properly catch up later, I reckon."

"Oh, I really fucking hope so, Tubbs." Tommy's grin returned. He just couldn't wait to show him around the farm, introduce him to Ghostbur. The boy is sure Wil would've been relieved to know his little brother's friend is safe. Fuck, the game room! He's so excited to show Tubbo the game room.

Halfway back to the meeting point though, Quackity's radio suddenly came to life. The group's mood quickly darkened when a frantic voice came through.

"Q? Uh, big problems. Something's up with Ranboo. He was acting really weird, and now he's gone! I don't know where the fuck he went!" Charlie spoke through the radio. His tone was rather lighthearted, but Tommy could sense the clear uneasiness underneath. Slimecicle is really freaked out.

Damn it.

They better get back to that house quick.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again for taking so long and sorry if it's not good! These plot heavy chapters are fun but very difficult. So they unfortunately might take longer than the more lighthearted chapters, and trust me things are going to get rough soon! Lots of angst and drama headed our way lol! I wonder what's up with Ranboo? Anyway, I really hope you guys liked this chapter! I'll try my best to fix any problems I may find later, and if you guys did enjoy it then please leave a comment! Feedback is very important to me! :D

The Missing Amnesiac.

Chapter Summary

Quackity, Tommy, and Charlie search for Ranboo in the city.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 125 guys! I'm sorry it almost took a month again to post! These more plot-heavy chapters have been very difficult to write, but I'm trying my best to do it quickly! I was really worried the chapter wasn't any good so that's why it took so long. I hope this will be worth the wait though! Also, I'm sorry if the characters don't sound like themselves, Charlie and Tubbo are so hard to write dialogue for. But I tried my best!

The chapter after this is luckily already in the works, and it'll reveal something I've been planning for quite awhile now! :D

Also thanks so much to my new friend Toastea who helped beta-read and edit this chapter! This chapter would've taken much longer if they didn't help me out. Also thanks to Mellohi for trying to help as well despite being busy! Any help is appreciated!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/azWwKVgU>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Something always seemed to go wrong, didn't it?

It's times like these where he wondered if he'd incurred the wrath of some random, angry god.

"Weird? Gone? What?! Okay, okay, slow down. What happened?" Quackity spoke into the radio. Eyebrows furrowing, his face scrunched up in concern for his friend.

"I dunno! Ranboo was throwing up, stress I think. Then all of a sudden he started seizing. I panicked, and went looking for a first-aid kit, and when I came back to the bathroom he was gone! The-the window was open, and.. and uh.." Charlie's voice faltered.

"Slime? *What* did you see?" The survivor's voice was low and careful, allowing the frantic man to explain. However, Alexis already didn't like where this was going.

“Blood, zombie blood. It was all around the window, and the floor. Q.. zombies aren’t smart enough to open windows but do you think one got him? Dragged him out, maybe?”

“I don’t fucking know, but hold tight. We’re on our way.” He switched his radio off and cursed under his breath. He groaned, facepalming. Of *course* something went wrong. Just his luck that this happened during their first trip back to the city in a month.

Behind him, Tommy and Tubbo were talking, clearly just as concerned. In the blonde’s hand was a map, which he was showing to his best friend. Meanwhile the small, zombified child holding the newcomer’s hand was completely unbothered. Noticing Quackity’s stare, it proceeded to give him a very un-childlike snarl.

Creepy little kid...

“Tubbster, things could get shitty out here... go down this path, through the forest. You’ll find our farm. It’s literally so pogchamp, you can’t miss it. We’ll meet you and Small M there, ‘kay?”

“Yep, I got it. It would be safer for Michael that way. Zombies won’t hurt him, but I still worry I guess,” Tubbo replied. He stopped to carry the small boy, who had been gesturing and mumbling the word ‘up’ since he heard his name. “Stay safe, you guys.”

“You too, man.”

“Yeah, stay safe, Big T.”

Once they bid their temporary farewells, the duo headed back to the meeting spot. The snow was getting thicker, and Quackity had a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach.

The city was huge. Full of twists and turns, wandering undead, and even raiders.

Alexis glanced up to the sky as he pondered what to do.

The break in the snowstorm wasn’t lasting.

It was an awful thing to think about, hell. To even consider it, made the scarred man feel a little sick, but.. if they couldn’t find Ranboo soon, then they’ll either stay the night in the city, or leave him behind.

Turning to look at Tommy, who had a troubled frown, it was easy to see that the boy had similar thoughts.

...

When the house was in their sight, the boys rapidly headed inside. Shaking snow off their clothes and boots. On a couch, in the corner of the room, sat Charlie, who looked extremely worried. Upon seeing his friends however, he noticeably perked up.

“You’re back! Thank god, I was worried you two would disappear on me too! I swear I only took my eyes off of him for a minute but he’s just-he’s gone! I’m scared, like really scared.”

Getting up from the couch, and walking up to the pair, Charlie was visibly anxious, twiddling his thumbs nervously. "He hasn't answered his radio either!"

"Hey, hey! Take a deep breath, everything's gonna be fine, man. You said the window was open, right? Zombie blood around it?" Alexis asked, allowing the brunette to lead him and Tommy into the bathroom. Peering inside the small washroom, Charlie gestured to the aforementioned window. Lo and behold, it was open, with black stains littering the glass and wood.

"Y-Yeah.. I mean, maybe it was already like that before we got here, but I'm actually really worried about him. Okay? He has no clue what he's doing out here. He's just a kid. I should have been paying closer attention to him. This is all my fault." While Charlie was right in that he should have paid more attention, the scarred survivor isn't going to say it. Pointing fingers wasn't going to solve anything.

"Look, big man, you can't be blaming yourself for every little thing that happens. Memory Boy's smart, he may be uh.. *survival-challenged*, but he's not stupid. So, let's just take a second to keep calm and think things through. We'll find him, I promise."

"Okay you're right... okay, alright. He's not dumb. We can find him. We just gotta work together and stay calm. I know, Tommy, I'm sorry I just-this is just all freaking me out. Alright, what do we do now?"

"We'll check around the back." As the unofficial leader, Quackity took control of the conversation. "People don't just fucking disappear, Ranboo can't have gone far."

"Good plan, Big Q. Let's find Ranboob." Tommy nodded in agreement, while Charlie began to calm down, visibly shaking.

With a decision made, the small group exited the townhouse and took a look around. To their relief, there were signs of previous activity in the small alleyway. Fresh footprints were leading away from the open window.

They followed the prints that appeared to be heading North. This could be a problem as the North would take them further into the city...

As they headed for the backyard, there was a crash of white, and a sudden "SHIT!"

"Fucking snow! It's cold as hell!" Tommy yelled in frustration, a thick layer of snow covering him head to toe. Following this was a momentary silence between the trio, neither of them expected something so comedic to happen during what could be a very grim search.

Charlie immediately burst out laughing, holding his stomach as if it hurt to breathe.

"Wow, this weather outside is un-*brr*-lieveable, right Tommy?" He said between giggles, earning a scowl from the blonde survivor.

Quackity stifled back a chuckle. As funny as it was, this is a serious situation. Drawing attention to themselves would be a dumb move even if they weren't actively searching for

someone.

“Guys, keep your voices down. Don’t wake the entire fucking city.” He said as a stern reminder.

There were a few more giggles and swears, but they soon regained their focus on the task ahead. Reaching the back of the abandoned house, Tommy seemed to notice something, calling Charlie and Quackity over as he bent down to pick it up.

“Guys? Hey, look!” The boy held up a black radio. “Memory Boy must’ve dropped it. Damn it. This whole trip is getting shittier and shittier.”

“Crap. That explains why he wasn’t answering, but he-he’s gonna need a radio out here!” Slimecicle panicked, understanding the danger.

“Stay calm, man. We’ll find him. Unless he’s got fucking super speed that we don’t know about, he can’t have gone far.” Alexis reasoned.

“Yeah.. yeah! You’re right, Q! We’ll find Ranboo, and be home in time for dinner! Man, I’m starving!”

“Same, king. I’m as hungry as fucking Icky right now.” Tommy agreed with a playful smirk. He paused for a moment though, seemingly pondering something. “Huh. I wonder how Techno’s babysitting gig is going.”

Well, Quackity would love to imagine the ridiculousness of that very real scenario, unfortunately, he and the others have an amnesiac to find.

Getting back on track, the boys cut between various yards and empty alleyways. There wasn’t anything of note besides the footprints. They could’ve belonged to anyone or anything really, but it was the only lead they had to work with.

Jumping over a fence into another lonely backyard, the trio noticed large, badly formed shapes near a broken backdoor. Nothing threatening at first, until they saw two small figures in tattered winter clothes crouched behind them.

The small figures let out surprised squeaks, dropping whatever it was they were doing and fleeing inside. Zombie kids again. While Quackity didn’t catch their faces, he had a feeling they might’ve been from the mini-mart. Hence, their choice to run and probably not alert any other undead... made more sense.

“Boys, seriously. Look at this.” The youngest survivor laughed as he pointed to the bizarre shapes. On Tommy’s closer inspection.. they appeared to be snow men?

Or more accurately, *snow zombies*. Aside from the deadly plants. That’s a new one. Sort of, anyway. Tommy thought he might’ve seen similarly shaped lumps a few times last winter. This was, however, his first time catching zombies in the act of building snowmen.

Geez. Take away the hunger for flesh, occasional explosive rage, then their teeth and nails, the zombies would almost seem harmless-

"Shit, get down!" Tommy interrupted, crouching down and gesturing to the others to do the same. Instinctively, the scarred survivor listened.

"Wait, what--"

"Charlie, shhh!" The blonde boy hushed, slowly pointing to one of the neighbouring houses. Peering at them from a rotted deck was a middle-aged woman with a missing ear, there was a look of faint bewilderment on her bloodied face.

"Y'think she can see us?" Charlie whispered.

"I think so.. probably too far to make out what we are though. Thank Prime for that."

"Mierda, I think there's more." Alexis spied some movement past broken windows. Too dark inside to see for sure, but knowing how zombies prefer to hunt in groups, he was certain his eyes weren't tricking him.

Sure enough, a few other zombies shuffled out the door and past the woman. One of them stumbled, causing the others to comically fall over like sad, pathetic bowling pins.

Annnnd that's when Charlie burst out laughing, causing the undead to immediately stare in their direction. Their apathetic faces switched to looks of fury, quickly snarling in anger. Upon realizing what he'd just done, the survivor covered his mouth.

"Charlie, you bitch! There goes our cover!" Tommy groaned as all three of them began to run. The sounds of aggressive snarls following after them.

"I'm sorry! I-It just came out of me!"

"Apologize later, man! Not a good fucking time!"

The trio jumped over the fences they previously crossed, thankfully getting a bit of distance between themselves and the zombies. Most of the flesh-eaters fell on their faces in their pursuit of food, screaming in anger at their inability to keep up.

In their efforts to get away, they hadn't really decided on a direction. In hindsight, they probably should've ran home, but Ranboo was still missing.

On the verge of collapsing from exhaustion, the boys stopped to rest in a small wooded park. The shrieks of the undead having faded away told the small group that they were safe now. Tommy swore under his breath.

"Don't.. EVER.. do that shit again, Charlie." The young survivor wheezed, pausing to get some air, before giving the apologetic brunette a lecture.

"L-Look, we can play the fucking.. blame game later.. we still have to find Ran- *Ranboo*?"

"Huh? Do you see him or--"

Alexis shushed his friends, raising a hand in a '*follow me*' gesture. Tommy and Charlie looked at each other in confusion but followed the scarred man, trailing behind him.

Stopping behind a bush, Quackity pointed to a snow-covered bench. They could only see the back of it.. but they spotted a figure resting there. With a familiar head of *black and white* hair.

“HEY! Ran-bitch, what the fuck are you doing?!” Shocked, and understandably frustrated, Tommy promptly marched over to the bench.

Quackity simply facepalmed and cursed. Don't get him wrong, he's relieved that finding the boy didn't take too long, but damn. He ran off, in a zombie-infested city to go sit in a park? That kid is going to get himself killed.

“Ran? Ranboo? Hey what- *HOLY*”

As the trio approached the bench, they found that the figure was indeed Ranboo.

Or.

Perhaps they should say his *corpse*.

As the bleeding figure would rather growl hungrily, than say hello.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I know this left on a pretty big plot twist, but this is just the beginning of the twists yet to come! (Also please remember that this story will have a happy ending, so even if something bad happens to a character, they'll be okay in the end!) I'm really excited for what's coming soon and I hope you guys are too! I can't think of much to say in these end notes today, but I really hope you guys liked this chapter! Sorry if it wasn't good though, and sorry it was shorter! I can try to fix things later if I find any problems! If you guys did enjoy it, please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! It really helps with inspiration and motivation! :D

What are you?

Chapter Summary

The group deals with a startling realization.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 126 guys! I hope you all had a wonderful holiday and a great New Years! I'm sorry it took a month again to post! I really don't have any excuses.. I was just really struggling with the ending for this one. I still think it's not great. I hope you guys will enjoy it though and that this chapter will be worth the wait! Also, the plot twist of this chapter has been planned for about a year or two now. I swear it wasn't me trying to retcon anything. This was genuinely planned. I hope I executed it well. I'm really worried to be honest. :D

Special Thanks: Thanks Milky for helping me with extra details and for beta-reading! I really appreciated it!! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/SWGVFbA4>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy's eyes widened in fear. How. How could this happen in such a short amount of time? It hasn't been an hour since Ranboo went missing. It usually takes at least an hour for an infected corpse to rise.

The shock of it all is what's keeping the young survivor from breaking down.

"S-Spork him! Spork him, Tommy!" Charlie was shouting as Ranboo's snarling form attempted to rip into Quackity. Only being held back by the pun-lover himself.

"Wha-what?! I-I can't just-" The boy panicked. He hadn't lost someone to the zombie virus since Wil. Ranboo was an odd guy, but he meant well. Fuck, he was the first person he met after two months of loneliness, he can't kill him!

"TOMMY! Fucking help me!" Quackity shouted, struggling to keep the zombie from sinking its fangs into his arms.

Shit, shit, shit! Tommy doesn't know what he's doing but the next thing he knows is that Ranboo is being sucker punched. Not to mention his fist now hurts like hell. The zombie fell over backwards into a heap. Twitching and convulsing.

"How.. how the fuck did he turn so fast?"

"I dunno.. god. Ran, I'm so sorry.."

Ranboo seemed to be in a daze. Maybe he hit his head on something in the fall, but the impact made him roll onto his side, hiding his face from view. Twitching and shivering violently. The group winced as they heard a retching noise. Then a small river of black spilled into the pure white snow.

"What the hell am I gonna tell Ghostbro and Tech..?" With the shock beginning to die away, tears formed in the corner of his eyes. Sensing his companions sympathetic gaze Tommy roughly rubbed his face with his sleeve. "S-So are we just going to leave him here or-"

But before Tommy could get an answer, something unusual happened.

"D-Don't.. feel so g-good.." A weak raspy voice came from the snow. Another spout of coughing and retching was heard, before the figure rolled onto their back. Revealing their face.

"¿*Qué carajo...*? What the fuck?" Quackity beat Tommy to the swears this time.

"Ugh my head.." The (*zombified?*) amnesiac groaned. His head in his hands like someone hungover. The boy's face was still bloody, but he didn't seem to either notice or care. In fact he looked relatively normal now, which was mind blowing to say the least.. "W-What happened..?"

What followed was about a minute of stunned silence.

"G-Guys? Um, w-why are you looking at me like that?" Ranboo said cluelessly, as if he literally weren't trying to fucking eat them a few minutes ago.

"Take your jacket off." Tommy says suddenly.

"W-What?" Ranboo stared at Tommy with wide eyes, almost like he didn't understand what the teen said.

"Just fucking do it, Memory Bitch!" Tommy shouted. He couldn't temper the rage. Perhaps it was fear, perhaps betrayal. It was hard to parse through in this moment.

"Hey, buddy! Calm down-" Charlie tried to say, but was interrupted by Tommy shouting.

"I'M NOT GONNA FUCKING CALM DOWN, CHARLIE!"

"O-Okay! I-I'll do it!" Ranboo said quickly, taking off his jacket like it burned him and leaving him shivering in the cold.

“Take your shirt off, *zombie*.” Quackity unsheathed a knife. His eyes narrowing like a predator. He wasn’t messing around.

In a panic, Ranboo threw off his shirt as well. The group took a step back when they spotted numerous faded cuts and scratches. It looks a bit similar to all the scars Wilbur has, but significantly less intense. In that case they could be from zombies... but at the same time, they could be from anything.

The rage was so intense that it could melt snow. Tommy knows what he saw, they all saw it.

Bleeding eyes, blood dribbling from a fanged mouth, (*how the fuck did he never notice those before?*) the corpse-like pallor, the completely black sclera. The survivor was throwing up black blood for god’s sake!

Traces of it are still smudged on his face..

Why does he look so normal now?

“Where the fuck is *it*, Ranboo.” Tommy searched every bit of visible skin, but there was no goddamn bite. None, just healed lacerations and other old wounds.

“W-Where’s what-“

“WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU?!” The blonde shrieked.

“Tommy! Let me handle this man, please. You’ll attract a horde.” Alexis said, getting between the.. freak and the boy. Carrying his knife defensively, just in case.

“B-But he’s a fucking-“

Quackity gave him a look that signified that his friend wasn’t playing. Angrily, Tommy backed away. Sitting under a tree and observing how this was going to go down.

...

“So you want us to believe that you were just sleep-walking? Really, man? ‘Cause that sounds pretty fucking hard to believe.” Quackity asked, incredulously.

“L-Look, I don’t know what to tell you all, okay? I don’t remember how I got here, I-I don’t remember leaving the house. Last thing I do remember was throwing up in the toilet.. and- and I’ve slept-walked before! It happened last week I think.. Tommy found me wandering in the snow last month. R-Right?”

“Yeah, I remember that. I thought you were a fucking zombie, and I think you still *are* one. Some fucked up, half-zombie half-human shit or something.” Tommy said bitterly. Lagging slightly behind the others.

“Wait, guys! Wait! What we saw was real, we know that right?” Charlie piped up.

There’s a collective “Mhm” from the group aside from Ranboo.

“But he’s normal now.. so wouldn’t that mean he’s... partially immune or something?” Charlie continued.

“P-Partially immune? But how? I thought that was impossible...” The thing muttered. As if its question mattered.

“Well, how else are you talking and breathing right now? Icky’s a pretty good guy for a zombie, but I don’t think any of us have heard him having full conversations. Plus he throws up when he breathes too hard.”

“Y’know what? I think you’re right, Slime. We know zombies. Been fighting them for over a fucking year, and Ranboo’s not one. Anymore anyway...” As the unofficial leader. Quackity took charge again. Unfortunately making a very good point.

Tommy didn’t like it at all, but Ranboo *did* seem normal now.

Doesn’t stop the boy from feeling any less betrayed though. Of course Memory-Boy had no fucking clue. He was... whatever the hell he is! A bad memory Tommy can believe, but forgetting that he apparently becomes a zombie sometimes is just ridiculous.

“Fine. But we’re quarantining him when we get back.”

Ranboo didn’t look pleased about this, but Alexis and Charlie nodded in agreement.

For everyone’s safety Ranboo was told to walk ahead of the group. He shivered and coughed into his sleeves as Tommy stared daggers into his back.

‘You were a fucking threat this whole time, and I let you stay in MY home, with MY brothers.’ The blonde boy’s anger was festering the whole walk back. Ranboo isn’t Icarus. If the fucked up amnesiac had gone into zombie-mode while he and the others were asleep they could’ve been killed. Or worse, *bitten*.

So far the only person other than Tommy who seemed to regard Ranboo with suspicion was Quackity. Charlie kept trying to talk to the freak like he was normal. Whether that was out of kindness or stupidity was unknown.

By the time they arrived back at the farm it was starting to get dark and Tommy could no longer contain his rage. He immediately let his rage be known. With a raised fist he grabbed his so-called ‘friend’ by the collar of his shirt. Ranboo’s feet slid slightly, not quite off the ground due to the lanky proportions of the... freak, but off-kilter.

“Woah! What the hell, man?!” Quackity took a step forward like he was about to intervene but paused, unsure of Tommy’s intentions.

“Whoa-! Tommy, man, chill out-!” Charlie protested. Pun definitely unintended this time.

“You two. Get. Inside. *Now*. Make sure Tubbo and his kid are there.” Tommy growled. His teeth were clenched so tight with barely contained violence that the teen could almost hear them squeaking in his skull.

Quackity and Charlie looked at each other, a grim expression on both their faces. They didn't want to leave Tommy with Ranboo, that much was clear. But they also knew the futility of trying to argue with him in this state. They slowly made their way to the house.

"H-Hey, um. I-I didn't know, I swear... really I-" Ranboo tried only to be interrupted.

"BULLSHIT YOU DIDN'T KNOW!" Tommy could barely suppress the urge to smash this thing to pieces. "You lived with us, in *my* fucking home for a month, and you didn't know?! I don't know where the hell you're hiding that bite but you're not fooling me, bitch!"

Before the liar could say anything Tommy threw him in the old bloodied shed. Dark stains having long rotted into the wood.

With a slightly unhinged grin, Tommy reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a key. He'd found it a few weeks ago, but hadn't had a reason to use it until now.

Was this cruel?

Actually, nevermind. The boy doesn't care. Why should he give a damn about someone who could've killed them all?

Distantly he thinks about Wilbur and...

No.

No.

Tommy is *not* being a hypocrite. Wilbur- *Icarus* is different. He's made mistakes but he can be reasoned with.

Aside from him and those weird undead kids in that store, the young survivor had never met any zombies who won't kill.

Ranboo already tried to spill their blood anyway.

"W-What are you doing? Don't- don't lock me in here! Tommy, I'm sorry!" The bastard tried to plead but the blood on his face was still fresh.

"You're being quarantined, bitch!" Tommy turned the key, locking Ranboo inside despite his frantic pleading. Panicked thumping against the door doing nothing to stop the furious survivor. "You're staying in there whether you FUCKING like it or not!"

Ranboo continued to beg even as Tommy trudged back inside the house, but the sound soon died away.

When he opened the front door, he was met with an uncomfortable silence as Charlie sat nervously next to a very confused looking Icarus. Quackity was also in the room, seemingly making himself busy. Reading (*or pretending*) to read one of his old law books.

“T-Tommy? W-Why... yell? Ang...ry n-noise.” His zombified brother asked innocently. A splotch of pink and blue paint on his cheeks and clothes.

“Angry? Yeah, big man. I’m fucking pissed. Don’t worry ‘bout it, Icky. It’s got nothing to do with you. Besides, even if it did, I can’t stay mad at you for long.” Tommy feigns a smile for the zombie’s sake. He’d been doing so well lately, and the last thing the boy wants to do is stress his brother out.

“N-No... stay m-mad... yeah!” Icarus faintly smiled back. *“I-I good... while... you a-away...-“*

“He’s lyin’ Theseus.” A frustrated voice then came from the kitchen. Techno’s head popped through the door. His clothes were covered in more paint than Icarus’s. As if he got into a fight with an eccentric artist. Tommy can even spy several different colours in his older brother’s hair. “Told ya babysitting isn’t my thing.”

“No...! P-Pink-Thi...ng... lie. I... tell... truth...!” The zombie gasped rather comically. His face attempting to shift into a pout.

"Bruh." There was a pause. "I think my shirt would disagree."

“Uh... are we gonna talk about Ran-“ Charlie tries to say until Tommy shoots him a glare. “I-I mean, are we gonna talk about dinner? I’m starving!”

There was an awkward silence for the moment. One that the young survivor hoped Techno wouldn’t catch up on.

“I wouldn’t worry too much about it. Ghostbur’s makin’ a lot of food right now.” The warrior replied matter of factly. A brow raised as if curious. “Y’know, we weren’t expecting the guests.”

Guests?

What guests?

Tommy nearly slapped himself when he remembered Tubbo should be here.

“Oh shit! I forgot, I’ll- I’ll be right back!” Tommy quickly scrambled to search the house, leaving Charlie and Techno behind, his anger momentarily forgotten.

“I-I come... t-too...!” Icarus piped up after him, only to trip over his own two feet.

In such a hurry to see his best-friend he couldn’t see the way Techno suspiciously eyed him.

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Once again I'm so sorry for the wait, and I'm sorry if Ranboo's fate seems like a retcon. I was genuinely planning on him being kind of "odd" for a long time now. I wouldn't exactly call him immune, or a full zombie either. I just wasn't sure how to write the reveal. But don't worry! There is a reason why he's like this, and it'll be explained later! Anyway, I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! I'll try to fix any problems I find if I come across them! If you guys liked this chapter please leave a comment as I'd love some feedback! :D

Our Best Shot.

Chapter Summary

Techno finds Ranboo crying in Icky's old shed and thinks it's cringe.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 127 guys! I'm so sorry it took me another month.. I really don't have any excuses. Just writer's block again. I'm sorry guys. Today's chapter is going to be kind of short too. I really tried my best.. I hope it'll be worth the wait. On the bright-side Chapter 128 should be out a lot sooner! I've got a really good head start on it! Anyway, I'll try my best to fix any problems there may be if I find any! I'm not sure if the dialogue is too good but I tried! :D

Special thanks to Milky and Toastea for helping me with extra details and for beta-reading! I really appreciate the help!

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/b5CxCABH>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Calling Techno perceptive would be accurate. A useful trait he's had since childhood. Whether it be spotting something much faster than his peers, or detecting things others might miss.

So when Tommy gave Charlie a death glare upon mentioning Ranboo's name, along with the unusually timid behaviour of the farm's resident jokester, it was obvious that bad blood was forming within the group.

A particularly foul kind of hatred, the warrior assumed. He hasn't seen his little brother this angry since Phil showed up again, begging for shelter before the snowstorm hit.

Now, the question is: what the hell happened during their supply run? Surely the amnesiac couldn't have done anything too terrible. Did he seem like a bit of a lost cause? Yeah, kind of.. but that's the whole reason Techno suggested he be brought along. The kid could get some experience. Learn how to survive instead of being cooped up inside all day.

The fact that the amputee didn't even see the boy come inside with the rest of the group is worrying as well. He's not sure if the blizzard could start up again.

He was about to go outside to take a look, when Charlie suddenly said, "He's in the shed. Uh.. you might want to bring him dinner, 'cause I don't think Tommy's going to let him in any time soon."

In the shed, huh?

That's unusual.

Best he go take a look then.

"Think I'll check on him first." With a nod, Techno grabs his winter coat. He opens the door and steps outside before Tommy could come back.

A chilly breeze hit him the moment he left. The young warrior shivers slightly, but is honestly not too bothered by it. What does bother him is the sight of fresh, bloodied handprints on the shed's door window.

Icarus hasn't been in there for weeks. Hell, his zombified twin actively refuses to go in there.

The presence of dark blood, the location of Ranboo, everyone's odd behaviour at the mention of the kid's name...

Now, call him crazy. But Techno thinks he has an idea of what's going on here.

"Bruh..." Techno says to the air, "Chat, tell me he's not immune."

And of course, there's no response.

Not since after he was bit.

"Still givin' me the silent treatment?" The man mumbles to himself. He hadn't heard from the voices in awhile. A blessing, yes, but he does miss them sometimes. In a weird love/hate relationship sort of way. "Fine. You do you, I guess."

Sighing, he trudges over to the shed. He peers through the window, and sure enough Ranboo is inside. Hugging his knees and shaking. Sobbing alone in the dark.

In an attempt to not startle the boy, Techno knocks gently on the door. Only for Ranboo to flinch.

Well, that backfired.

"Hey. Uh. You should come inside before you freeze to death. Seems like a pretty lame way to go, in my opinion."

It takes a minute, but Ranboo shows his tearful face. Puffy black eyes (*he'll pretend he didn't notice that,*) looking back at him. "Y-You're not going to.. yell at me too?"

Dark smudges surrounded his mouth and the area around his tear ducts. Stained, but not old. Too dark to be human. His suspicions seem to be correct so far.

That's zombie blood.

'So he's immune. That's just great.' Internally the man groans, but tries not to show his annoyance at the whole situation.

"Not unless you forgot to bring back supplies." Techno says. A bit of a lighthearted joke, or he tries at least. The warrior doesn't really know how to handle this kind of stuff. Comforting someone who was crying? Yikes..

Ranboo doesn't seem to take it quite so well, as he proceeds to bury his head in his arms.

"Look, uh... why don't you tell me what's goin' on? I won't freak out. Promise."

"A-Are you sure? I-I really don't want to live in this shed... and Tommy... I think he hates me." The boy sniffles.

"Course I'm sure. I offered." While for most it might seem cold, Techno really is trying his best here. He isn't exactly born with the natural talent to comfort those in distress.

"Okay... w-we were in the city and..." Ranboo pauses, clearly struggling to think of how to explain everything. But Techno is a patient person, and could wait if needed.

The tale in which Ranboo told is more than simply unusual. To hear that the boy seemingly turned and tried to bite Quackity is not something Techno expected at all. Although, his idea that the amnesiac must be immune is apparently correct.

"So... you're immune. Or partly immune, or whatever. Okay. Good to know." Unsure of exactly what to say, Technoblade crosses an arm. Taking a moment to think.

"Y-Yeah.. I might be. I'm still me... I-I swear I didn't know! T-There's no bite-marks.. I checked!" Perhaps out of desperation to prove his innocence, Ranboo lifts up his blood-caked sweater, and pulls up his tattered sleeves. His shaking grows worse as he's obviously freezing, which was rather pitiful. Poor kid.

"Listen, it's uh. It's gonna be okay. Maybe." Feeling guilty for what his brother did to the boy, Techno takes off his winter coat and gives it to the amnesiac, placing it around his shoulders. "We're goin' back inside. I'll talk to Theseus. Besides, there's somethin' I should've told him earlier."

Ranboo wipes his eyes, with a look of gratefulness in his tearful eyes upon receiving some much needed warmth. "T-Thank you... are-you sure he won't um.. try to throw me out?"

"Oh, he will, but don't worry. I'll make sure he listens to me. If he doesn't, I'll just tell Ghostbur." The man says with a smirk. He may not have two arms, but he's still got other tricks. His little brother can't stand upsetting the cheerful spirit.

...

The tall boy stands nervously behind him as they re-enter the house. With the sound of an extra pair of footsteps, Quackity and Charlie jerked up in alarm. They look at each other in unease, then back at the seemingly immune amnesiac.

“*Mierda...* Tommy’s not going to like this.”

And like it he does not, because the moment his younger brother notices Ranboo he explodes into another one of his screaming rages.

“What the FUCK are you doing in here, zombitch! GET OUT!” Behind him is his old friend Tubbo, but Techno doesn’t really pay that much mind. So what if this wrecks their reunion? They have bigger problems to sort out.

“Anyways.” Techno says, as if he didn’t hear that. Much to Tommy’s annoyance. “We need to have a chat. All of us. Am I understood?”

“We can talk when that undead bastard leaves the Innit Fortress! He betrayed us, Tech! He could’ve fucking killed us!” Practically vibrating with how tense his body was, Tommy shouts loud enough to make the floor rumble.

“So could’ve Wil. Yet we keep him here.” It is a low-blow, but it needs to be said. Plus there’s that new zombie that Tubbo brought with him. He still remembers what happened that time he saw one of those ‘kids.’

“He doesn’t count and you fucking know that!”

“I may not know the full story, but he has a point, Boss man-“ Tubbo is cut off as the sound of wobbling footsteps entered the room.

Speaking of Wilbur.

“*F-Friend..! M-Made.. a f-friend.. M-Mich..ael..*” Icarus stumbles inside as if nothing is wrong. Because clearly in his infected brain, nothing was. For creatures that are highly sensitive to sound, they certainly know how to tune things out.

Before anyone could stop him, his zombified twin spots the shivering teenager who is covered in blood.

That’s when he does the last thing anyone expected.

He smiles.

“*K-Kin..? M-More.. Others..?*”

The room is dead silent for a moment. Ranboo looks like he is about to be sick, but Tommy doesn’t fucking care. He’s too busy giving the traitor a death glare.

“Tommeee..y.. l-look.. friend..!” Icarus looks sincerely joyful, even over the moon. In fact, probably the happiest anyone had ever seen him. A bit of guilt tugs at his heart at the thought that his zombified brother might’ve been lonely. While he doesn’t understand zombies very well, Icky has been mentioning wanting to see his *“kin”* lately.

Now, this isn’t the first time Icarus has used strange words for his fellow zombies. Nobody took it too seriously, as the thought of the undead seeing each other in a familial sense is too unnerving to consider.

But hearing Icarus refer to someone he legitimately hates as “kin” or a “friend” is too fucking creepy. Usually his brother would snarl and growl at the guy warningly whenever he got too close.

This sudden change of mind does not help Ranboo’s case at all.

“Uhhh.. right. So listen, Theseus. Before you explode again or somethin’, there was a radio broadcast I heard before the blizzard hit-”

“Yeah, sure, the storm’s going to come back stronger probably. We get it! If you’re telling me this to make me feel bad for Ranbitch its not going to fucking work-”

“No, *listen* to me. I don’t wanna have to repeat myself, okay? Get mad at me all ya want, Theseus.” Techno takes a deep breath. “Before the radio was cut off I heard the host guy talking about a group researching a cure or somethin’. I didn’t tell you because uh.. who hasn’t tried researching it? Didn’t think it was worth chasing something that’d probably fail, y’know?”

Silence filled the room. Well, aside from Icarus’s disinterested humming.

“Probably fail-PROBABLY FAIL?! What the fuck do you mean by ‘probably fail’?!” Tommy raises his voice to a shout. People are working on a goddamn cure nearby, something that could bring Wilbur back, and Techno doesn’t tell him?

“Look. Countless people have tried and failed, would you really expect me to think this group would be any different? I didn’t even hear a name, much less how to find them. Besides, I’ve been here for a month. You know what my beliefs are. I’ve made peace with it. But that’s not important right now.”

“So then why the fuck are you telling me about it?!”

“Buddy, think about it. I think Techno’s onto something here. *If* that group is still around, maybe we could take Ranboo to them. They could run tests, man.” Quackity steps in, trying to mediate.

“Well, what about Wil-Icarus!” Tommy catches his mistake before the zombie can notice. Guilt hitting him yet again. Thankfully Icky’s hands were covering his ears from the volume of the argument. “He’s different! He’s getting better. You-you all know that!”

“Tommy. I like Icky too! He’s a good guy, but it wouldn’t work like that. He’s still... *y’know*. A zombie.” Charlie smiles nervously at first, attempting to be lighthearted in his words, but his smile soon faded, sensing that it was useless.

“Bunch of bastards you lot are... I can’t believe this shit. I need to go fucking think. Don’t follow me-“

“Dinner! Come get it, everyone!” Ghostbur’s cheerful voice calls from the kitchen. Providing everyone a much needed escape.

“Fuck. Uh, be right there, Ghostbro!” The blonde shouts back before staring daggers at his friends. “This isn’t fucking over. I swear to prime.”

Quackity and Charlie, obviously hungry, go ahead to the kitchen. Ranboo nervously stands there for a full minute before heading there himself, leaving just Tommy, Techno, and a distracted Icky behind.

‘This is just my fucking luck...’ Grumbling, Tommy is about to follow behind when he felt a hand grip his shoulder.

“Hold on. Think of it this way, Theseus.” The warrior looks around to make sure Icarus is out of ear-shot (*too busy snuggling up to the fireplace to care since he already had his dinner,*) and whispers. “You want Wil back, right? Looks like Ranboo’s our best shot for a cure. If you kick him out and something happens then humanity might not get another chance. That’s all I’m saying.”

“I guess... I guess you’re right. I’m not fucking happy, but I...” Tommy glances over to Icarus. The rage slowly dies away into bitter regret. The zombie is basking in the warmth of the fire, much like a cat with a heater, snoring contentedly with a small smile on his bleeding face. “I want him back.”

“So do I. At least, now that I know there could be a way.” Techno says truthfully. “Anyway... go eat dinner. Ghostbur gets all pouty when you’re late. He worries about you. I gotta go do something.”

“True. What about you, Tech? Not hungry or some shit?” The boy raises a brow, slightly annoyed but attempting to cover it with a grin. He is feeling pretty peckish anyways, and after the trouble he and the gang went through to get supplies, he is definitely ready for a meal.

“Got more important things to do. Plannin’ out what to do next. Just give me some time.” The warrior explains. Makes sense. It is usually Techno who did the planning around here. At least, he does, when it isn’t Tommy or Quackity. Even then, plans are usually discussed with the man considering his survival skills.

“That’s fair, king. I’ll save a plate for you, then.”

The young survivor soon heads into the kitchen. With his initial shock and anger towards the group’s recent discovery, his fear begins to fade into curiosity and apprehension.

What would happen in the coming weeks?

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Sorry again for the wait and the shortness.. I really want to honour my New Years Resolution of writing more, so I'm going to try much harder to get these chapters done! Also sorry if Techno springing up the group thing is really dumb. I just had no idea how to introduce it, and I really want to work on finishing the story so I can work on the sequel. Also I will admit, I forgot Tubbo was in the room with Tommy so I had to improvise the line he said. Writing multiple characters at once is really hard. I hope you guys liked this chapter though! Please leave a comment if you did as I'd love some feedback! :')

Making Others.

Chapter Summary

Icarus and Micheal go outside. Surely nothing will go wrong.

TW: Gore, cannibalism, Second half gets really dark!

Chapter Notes

Chapter 128 guys! I'm really happy this chapter didn't take another month but just in case I'm sorry if this one still took awhile! Today we get to see what's up with Icky now that a month has passed! Just a warning though, the second half of this chapter gets pretty dark so I'm sorry if that's upsetting! Also sorry if there's any problems! I'll try my best to fix them if I find any!

Special thanks to Fanta and Toastea for editing and beta-reading! This would've taken a lot longer without the help, I really appreciate it! :D

Here's a link to the story's discord if you'd like to see art, facts about the characters and how the zombies work, and snippets of future chapters! It's also a fun place to hang out and make new friends! <https://discord.gg/zwynvSR8>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Today was... exciting.

Stuck with the Pink-Thing earlier. That was not exciting. Icarus doesn't like the Pink-Thing. His Tommy calls it 'Techno' and Icarus doesn't like that name either.

Painting is fun. Colours are nice. He likes colours. Reading is hard, but fun. Learned more words lately. Not much, but some. Tommy says this is 'good.' The Charlie says this is 'awesome' but he doesn't know how to say that word. Charlie-Thing makes learning very fun, but everyone was gone today except for Pink-Thing and Ghostbur. Ghostbur is great. That was fine. Pink-Thing was not fine though.

Icarus tried to leave and find his familiar-thing and the pretty-thing, but that made the Pink-Thing upset. Which made the Other upset. Somehow they both got back inside though.

It's hard to remember when. Maybe it was when he was drawing something for the Pretty-Thing... but a new fast-thing appeared earlier. He wanted to eat it, but that would've made

everyone mad.

Icarus is getting confused about fast-things anyway. With all the things in the house, some bad and some good, they can't all be like his Tommy. Could they? Just New-Things that look like fast-things?

It's so, so hard to tell them apart.

All Voice seems confused by them as well. The Chorus has been getting a bit louder too. It's noisy in his head, but that's okay. It's always okay.

Noisy yet quiet, at the same time.

Icarus recalls he'd forgotten something, but he knows it's not important, nor is it worth remembering.

Help me.

Blood trickles from his eyes. Staining the floorboards as he watches the Warm-Bright dance. He loves it. So warm. So safe. He tried to go inside it once, but his Tommy got very angry. So he hasn't tried it since.

The New-Thing brought a Little with it. Littles are nice. Good Others. They help with sound. Lure food with noises. They're small though. Weak. Others try to keep them safe. Icarus will try to keep Michael-Other safe too.

Then there was the-

The...

Who was that?

Another Other? Looked so familiar, but smelled like kin. It made him so happy. So, so happy. He'd been lonely without family. Bendy-Twig hardly shows itself anymore even when they're alone. It's too shy. All the New-Things make it nervous. It just lives in his hair.

Icarus wanted to talk to the Other, but it didn't look right. It looked scared. Why would it be afraid? Everything was fine. This is all so confusing...

When things get confusing, Icarus gets frustrated. Charlie-Thing has been showing him ways to deal with that. It's hard to understand, but strangely helps. He found him a Soft-Squeeze. He squeezes it in his hand when things get too confusing.

Speaking of confusing.

His Tommy and the Pink-Thing are talking right now. Fast-Thing speech is getting a bit easier, but it is still hard a lot of the time.

"-Looks like Ranboo's our best shot for a cure. If you kick him out and something happens then humanity might not get another chance."

The evil Ranboo? What did he do now? He still doesn't like him. Bad-Thing. Stupid, useless. Weird food that hurt him with a Loud-Stick. Icarus hasn't forgotten that.

"I'm not fucking happy, but I... I want him back." He hears his precious Familiar-Thing say. Icarus tilts his head. Not happy? Want who back?

The Ranboo? He hopes not. Icarus hasn't seen the Ranboo since he left into the Cold-White. The Other feels pretty good about that. Smiling is hard, but he tries.

"So do I. At least, now that I know there could be a way."

A way for what?

This is boring. As much as he loves his Tommy, his conversations with New-Things are hard to understand.

Should he go look for the strange familiar Other? Icarus can't remember where he saw it, but it smells close. The scent of their shared blood is close by.

Actually, it could be Michael-Other's, but Icarus doesn't think so.

Tommy and Pink-Thing are in the room where the New-Things eat. Maybe the new Other is there too? Icarus wobbles away from the warmth and goes inside.

If Icarus knew the word, he'd describe the place as 'packed.' All the New Things were there. Michael was there and he waved. The young man waved back.

"Micheal-Other! Know where Other-Other go? You know?" He asked the Little with a small smile.

"No know Icky-Other! Outside play? We go?" Michael smiled back. Oh. So the Little doesn't know? That's okay. Outside does sound fun. Maybe the new Other is out there too?

Meanwhile unbeknownst to Icarus the room had gone totally silent. It wasn't until he noticed everyone staring at him and the Little, that he realized it was so quiet.

But Icarus was in too good of a mood to care. So he simply turned to his Tommy. "T-Tom..mmmy. We go.. o-out?"

"Uh. What? The fuck?" His Familiar-Thing looked at him with an expression that Icarus couldn't understand.

What? Why what? Icarus just asked to go outside. Micheal-Other wants to go too. He's pointing at the Moving-Wall (or door as the things he's told to look at say) and bouncing.

"W-We go.. out. B-Bye!"

"B-Bye.. b-bye..!"

...

And the next thing Icarus knew was that he was outside with his Other friend. It's cold. Cold-white everywhere. Wait. Whose idea was it to go outside again? House has warmth. Warmth... nice warmth.

"We play? Make Others? Cold-White?" Michael-Other asked.

Hmm. He'll have to think about that. "Cold-White cold... but yes do!" The Other couldn't say no. Not to a Little, and definitely not to his first Other friend in so long.

Michael made a big smile. Very very happy! Icarus is happy too. It's so nice to be around kin again. The two of them grab at the Cold-White with their hands. Cold. So cold... but fun. Make shapes with the white. Small shapes become bigger shapes. Micheal wipes inside stuff on the Cold-White shape. It's an Other now!

This is nice. This is a nice day.

Michael pulls something off his shirt (A smaller Warm-Soft he'd learned) and puts it on the Other they made. Hard to read, but Icarus thinks it says Micheal's name.

Reaching into his pockets, the young man pulls out some old green ground-things he'd found. They were supposed to be for the Pretty-Thing he thinks... but Icarus forgot. Still, he liked them and put them onto the Cold-White Other.

Despite the increasing chill the pair were having a lot of fun. Icarus hates the cold. All Others do, but spending time with family was something he missed so much. This is worth it. Icarus even gave the small Other his heavy Warm-Soft so he'd be happier. It was too big for Micheal, but that's okay. Others like to share.

"Pretty. Nice Other!" Micheal clapped his hands. To which the older Other began agreed with. It's a very nice Other! An Other made of Cold-White!

"Micheal? It's getting late. How about you and uh. Uncle Icarus come inside?" The new New-Thing said. The one that Micheal likes. Icarus isn't sure how long he and the Little were outside for, but the colours in the sky are dark now.

Hmmm. Icarus wanted to stay out a little longer. Maybe look for the other Other that had been in the house. He picks the Little up. Micheal-Other giggles, and he hands him to the weird New-Thing.

"I-I.. go l-look.. for.. frie..nd.. bye." Icarus exclaims with a bit of pep in his step. Not that he knows what that is though.

"I don't think that's a good idea-"

Aaaaaaand he's already walking away. Time to look for the other Other.

Darker. Colder. That's okay. Icarus will find the new Other and then go home.

He thinks he remembers the way back..

Oh well. Michael is nearby. If he gets lost, all he has to do is scream very loudly. The Little will hear, and tell the New Things.

Icarus sees the forest. He remembers this forest. It was where he met Ghostbur. That is a good memory. He smiles a bit thinking about it.

It's also close to where he found his Tommy the first time. Another good memory, even if his Familiar-Thing didn't like him at the time.

Tommy does like him now.. right?

The boy had been nice to him lately. Not making him stay in the lonely shed was great. He gets him food. It still doesn't taste as good as Fast-Things, but food is food. Tommy also gives him more warm-softs from the standing box.

These are good signs, he thinks.

A snap-

Movement. Noise? Smell.

Follow smell. Follow noise.

Icarus already ate dinner, but Charlie-Thing told him about something called 'dessert' and he wants to try it.

"-Shit! Hold still, you're making it worse!"

A voice?

Fast-Things or New-Things?

To be honest they all look alike. Icarus only knows what a New-Thing is if Tommy or another New-Thing tells him they're New-Things.

"It hurts! It fucking hurts! Get it off me!"

Another voice.

Could there be more New-Things out here?

No.

No? Why not?

Yéou lazy Dōw.

Icarus isn't lazy, why would All Voice say that?

I.. I.. I.. I.. I.. I..

~~Need more More Others~~
Wait. Wait what-

Suddenly Icarus feels a stabbing pain in his stomach. His head is growing fogged. It hurts too. Thinking. Hard. Hard to think..

~~Fast~~

Hungry.

So...

HUNGRY.

A primal shriek tears from his throat. Blood spills from his mouth. Voices. There are voices. Food. Delicious and so alive...

He runs towards the voices, tripping over fallen logs and branches. Cutting himself up in the progress but it doesn't matter. He's hungry. So hungry.

Icarus spots the two Fast-Things. His body is twitching, spasming. His onyx eyes darting back and forth between the meals. One of them was stuck in a metal thing. Familiar. He'd seen one of these before. The other Fast-Thing appears to be trying to help it get free.

"K-Kill it! JASON KILL IT!"

The Fast thing that is trapped screams in terror. The other one tries to grab a shiny-sharp, but it is already too late.

"No, no, no wait!-"

With an enraged scream, the Other charges towards the food. Sending it to the group as his teeth latch onto its neck. It opens. Red goes everywhere. It's all he can see. The Fast-Thing screams, and so does the one that is stuck.

He tastes the flesh and it's wonderful. Better than anything he'd had in so long. How could his Tommy keep this from him?! Cruel, so cruel, after everything he'd done to keep him safe. The other food is filth compared to this. This. THIS. THIS. MORE HE WANTS MORE.

Sobs and horror-filled cries come from the second Fast-Thing. It tries again to get away but only manages to cut itself on the metal contraption. It screams in pain, but Icarus doesn't care. He's too busy shovelling viscera into his mouth. Besides. Once he's done with this meal, they'll be next.

But then-

~~Enough~~

Enough? What 'enough'?

~~Leave other food~~

No. Why? Why can't he have both? This isn't fair!

~~No greed. Leave for new kin~~

Leave it... for new kin?

Yes. Yes. He can do that. Share. Must share. It's the right thing to do.

~~Return properly~~

Return. Go home. He needs to go home now.

Icarus stumbles away from the mess he made. As he walks away, he can still hear the sobs from the Fast-Thing that is still alive. The screams start up again. He doesn't know why though.

The more he walks away, the fogged up feeling starts to dissipate. Past the trees, out of the woods. He can see the farm.

The farm is nice. He loves the farm. Why did he leave again?

He starts to blink in confusion. What had he just been doing? Why does he feel so full too?

Did he have the 'dessert' thing that Charlie mentioned?

Weird... the last thing he remembers was looking for something... after playing with Micheal-Other. He spots the Cold-White Other he had made with him. That was fun.

Hmm. Icarus wonders if he can make an actual Other. How would he do that? Should he do that? Tommy probably wouldn't like that. So maybe not.

Icarus reaches the house. It's very cold out. So cold.. but spending time with his family was fun!

It's a struggle to open the moving-wall. Icarus still has trouble turning the knob, but he managed thankfully, and wobbled inside.

"Hey, Icky! Tubbo said you were looking for some- WOAHH." His Tommy must've been waiting for him because he soon came into the hallway. "W-What the fuck happened to you?!"

Happened? Nothing. What is Tommy talking about?

"L-Look... for... fr..iend!" Icarus smiles.

“Yeah, no. I don’t think so, big man. You’re covered in blood!” Tommy looked at him with a strange expression. “C’m on. You gotta get cleaned up!”

However, Icarus didn’t have time to process what his Familiar-Thing was saying as he was now being dragged by the ear.

“N-No! N-No.. T-Toms..!”

But alas. There was no getting out of this mess.

Odd though. Icarus really doesn’t remember getting dirty.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! It was originally meant to be entirely wholesome but I ended up getting inspired by this awesome song from this one zombie movie I’m too afraid to watch lol. Sorry if it’s not great! I’ll admit I forgot quite a few things as I wrote this. Like Michael should have told the farm group about the screams because he definitely should have heard them, but I forgot and I don’t know how to fix it. But I hope it’s good nonetheless! Sorry if it was too scary by the way! I hope you guys liked this chapter though! If you did please leave a comment as I’d love some feedback. It really helps with the motivation!

Works inspired by this one

[What if the Earth just got tired of spinning? \(and this is only the beginning\)](#) by [orphan_account](#)

[As long as you were there with me](#) by [orphan_account](#)

[The worlds not so bad with you by my side \(even if it's just false hope\)](#) by [ListerineBubbleTea](#)

[My Brother's Other](#) by [Milkway_Ahoy](#)

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